Oct. 17, 1977

THE NEW YORKER

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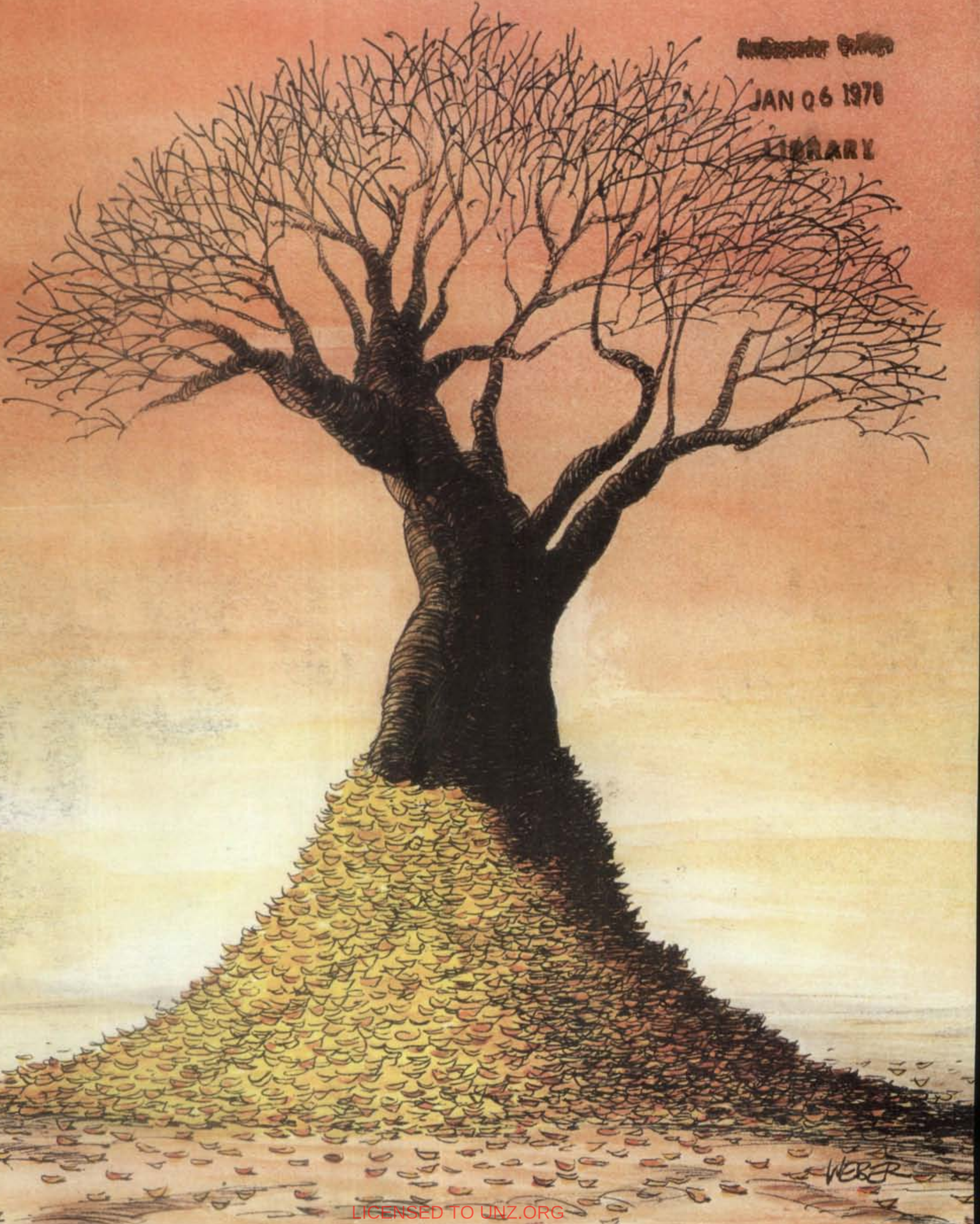

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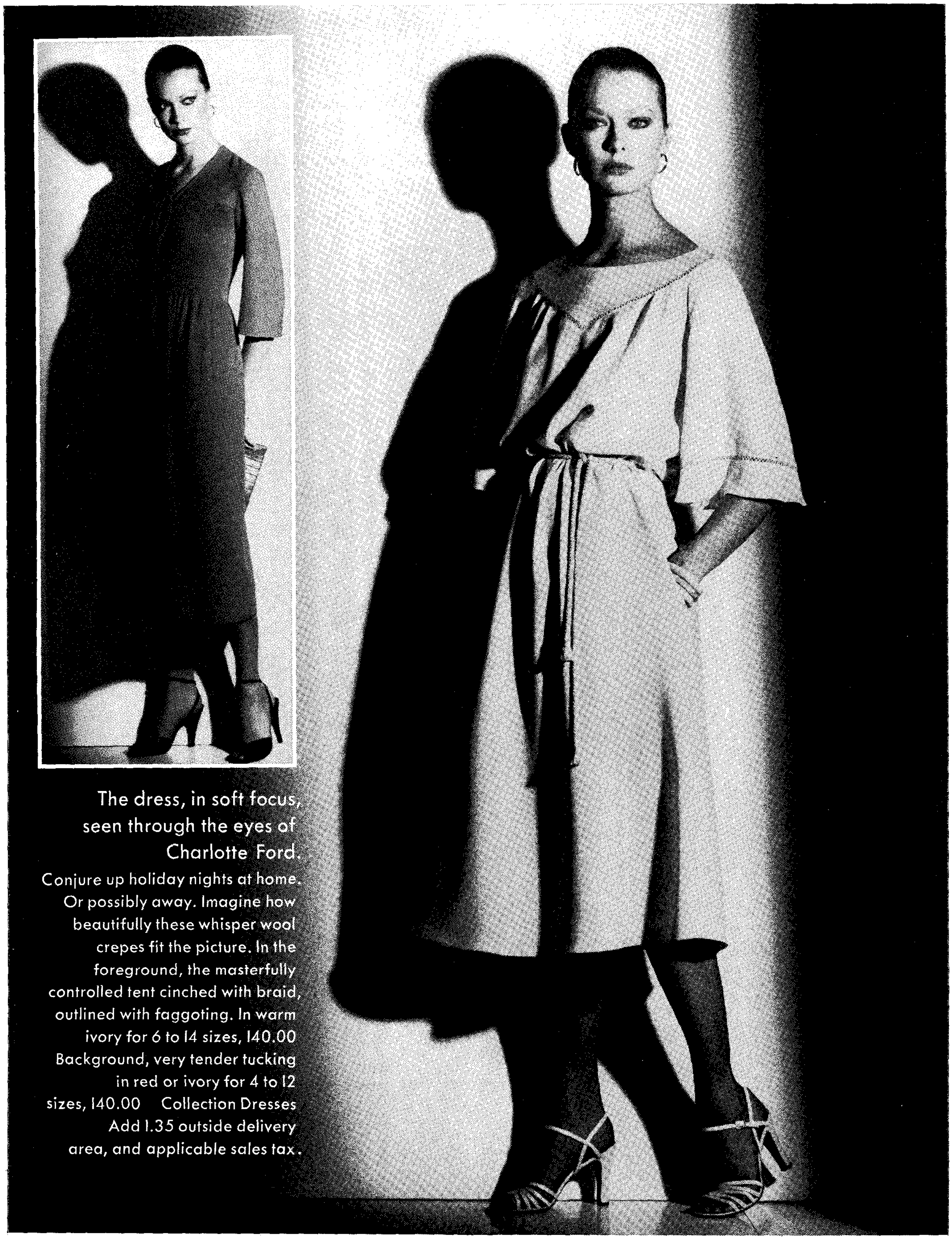

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THE SOFT LIFE AT BONWIT TELLER

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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

A CONSCIENTIOUS CALENDAR OF EVENTS OF INTEREST

S	M	T	W	T	F	S
			12	13	14	15
16	17	18	19	20	21	22

THE THEATRE

PLAYS AND MUSICALS

Annie—An old-fashioned musical, based on the once popular comic strip "Little Orphan Annie." The agreeable book is by Thomas Meehan, and the so-so songs are by Charles Strouse and Martin Charnin. (Alvin, 250 W. 52nd St. 757-8646. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)

La Cantatrice Chauve and **Larimaquoi? Larimarien**—Ionesco's play and, as a curtain-raiser, a selection of sketches and songs by Jacques Prévert, both performed in French by Le Tréteau de Paris. (French Institute/Alliance Française, 22 E. 60th St. 355-6100. Saturday and Sunday, Oct. 15-16, at 3 and 8, and Monday and Tuesday, Oct. 17-18, at 8:30.)

Cockfight—A play by Elaine Jackson, directed by Woodie King, Jr. (American Place, 111 W. 46th St. 427-0393. Wednesdays through Saturdays at 8, and Sundays at 7. Matinées Saturdays and Wednesday, Oct. 19, at 2, and Sundays at 3. Closes Sunday, Oct. 30.)

Comedy with Music—Victor Borge is one of the funniest and most intelligent performers alive. A joyful evening. (Imperial, 249 W. 45th St. 265-2412. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3. Closes Sunday, Oct. 30.)

Counsellor at Law—This literal, earthbound production doesn't do much for Elmer Rice's forty-six-year-old melodrama about a self-made Jewish lawyer, exposing its hokum and often failing to register its valid points—its details of business and dialogue—of which there are more than you might expect. There are interesting performances, though, by Robert Nersesian and John Neary, as the lawyer's clerk and partner, respectively; and George Guidall and Claudine Catania are sincere in the leading roles. (Quaigh, Hotel Diplomat, 108 W. 43rd St. 221-9088. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 7:30. Matinées Saturdays at 2 and Sundays at 3.)

Dracula—Frank Langella heads the cast in the John Balderston-Hamilton Deane adaptation of Bram Stoker's horror tale, originally produced on Broadway in 1927. Directed by Dennis Rosa. Previews Thursday through Wednesday, Oct. 13-19. Opens officially on Thursday, Oct. 20. (Martin Beck, 302 W. 45th St. 246-6363. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8; opening-night curtain at 6:45. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)

Equity Library Theatre—A revised version by Edward H. Mabley of his 1951 comedy **Glad Tidings** will be the first in this season's series of eight productions. Preview Wednesday, Oct. 12. Opens officially on Thursday, Oct. 13, and will run through Sunday, Oct. 23. (Equity Library Theatre, 103rd St. and Riverside Dr. Nightly, except Mondays, at 8. Matinées Saturdays and Sundays at 2:30. For information about tickets, for which contributions are requested, call 663-2028.)

Feedlot—A play by Patrick Meyers. Preview Wednesday, Oct. 12. Opens officially on Thursday, Oct. 13, at 7, and will run through Saturday, Nov. 19. (Circle Repertory Company Theatre, 99 Seventh Ave. S., at Sheridan Sq. 924-7100. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8, and Saturdays at 7 and 10. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

Gemini—In Albert Innaurato's very funny comedy, a Harvard undergraduate, son of an Italian-American laborer, is paid a surprise visit by a pair of his classmates—a well-to-do brother and sister from Cambridge—and is thrown into a panic that at first appears to be social, but is actually sexual. With Danny Aiello as the father and Anne DeSalvo, Jonathan Hadary, and Robert Picardo, among other good actors. Peter Mark Schifter directed. (Little Theatre, 240 W. 44th St. 221-6425. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.)

The Gin Game—Jessica Tandy and Hume Cronyn in a harsh new comedy about the horrors of old age. Needless to say, the playwright—D. L. Coburn—is young. (Golden, 252 W. 45th St. 246-6742. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)

Hair—Silver threads among the gold. (Biltmore, 261 W. 47th St. 582-5340. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)

Hot Grog—A musical by Jim Wann and Bland Simpson. Previews through Thursday, Oct. 13. Opens Friday, Oct. 14, at 6:30, and will run through Sunday, Oct. 23. (Marymount Manhattan Theatre, 221 E. 71st St. 765-1281. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8, and Sundays at 7:30. Matinées Saturdays and Sundays at 3.)

I Love My Wife—A rather simpleminded little study of attempted wife-swapping in Trenton, New Jersey. Some lively songs by Cy Coleman, and some lively performances, especially by Lenny Baker. (Ethel Barrymore, 243 W. 47th St. 246-0390. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.)

The King and I—The Rodgers and Hammerstein

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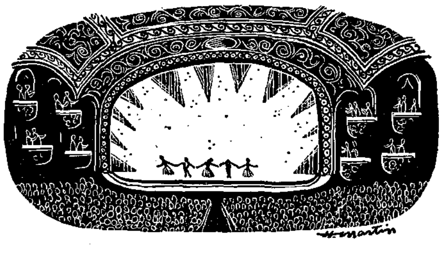
GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN



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success of twenty-six years ago. Yul Brynner is better than ever as the King—and what songs! (Uris, 51st St. west of Broadway. 586-6510. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)

Landscape of the Body—A play by John Guare, with Shirley Knight, Peg Murray, F. Murray Abraham, and Remak Ramsay. Directed by John Pasquin. Opens Wednesday, Oct. 12. (Public, 425 Lafayette St. 677-6350. Nightly, except Mondays, at 8; opening-night curtain at 6:15. Matinées Saturdays and Sundays at 3.)

Man of La Mancha—A stirring revival of one of the most romantic of all musicals. Richard Kiley (Chev Rodgers fills in for him on Wednesday afternoons) is superb as Quixote, and Emily Yancy makes a satisfactory Dulcinea. (Palace, Broadway at 47th St. 757-2626. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.)

Miss Margarida's Way—Estelle Parsons as a passionate, foul-mouthed schoolteacher, whose forte is not education. The author of this peculiar play is a young Brazilian named Roberto Athayde. (Ambassador, 215 W. 49th St. 265-1855. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Saturdays at 2 and Sundays at 3.)

Mummenschanz—A merry evening of pantomime with three masked players—Andrés Bossard and Bernie Schürch, from Switzerland, and Floriana Frassetto, from Italy. The masks are ingenious and surprising, and so are the ideas of this nimble troupe. (Bijou, 209 W. 45th St. 221-8500. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. *Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at* 2, and Sundays at 3.)

The Night of the Tribades—A play by Per Olov Enquist, translated from the Swedish by Ross Shideler, with Max von Sydow, Bibi Andersson, Eileen Atkins, and Werner Klemperer. Directed by Michael Kahn. Previews Wednesday, Oct. 12. Opens officially on Thursday, Oct. 13. (Helen Hayes, 210 W. 46th St. 246-6380. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8; opening-night curtain at 6:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.)

Otherwise Engaged—Dick Cavett (Steven Sutherland takes over for him on Wednesday afternoons) and a first-rate company in a comedy by the English playwright Simon Gray. The hero is a publisher who prefers to have as few feelings as possible; this proves harder than he has had reason to hope. Directed by Harold Pinter. (Plymouth, 236 W. 45th St. 246-9156. Nightly, except Sundays and Thursdays, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3. Closes Sunday, Oct. 30.)

The Passion of Dracula—Christopher Bernau makes an effective, menacing Count, and Giulia Pagano is good, too, as the object of his predatory affections in this unpretentious, entertaining adaptation (in the British manner) of Bram Stoker's old thriller. Bob Hall and David Richmond are the adapters, Peter Bennett is the commendable director. (Cherry Lane, 38 Commerce St. 989-2020. Wednesdays through Fridays at 8; Saturdays at 8 and 11; and Sundays at 8. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

The Present Tense—A cheerful little revue, though hardly a memorable one. It is, however, the only place in town to see a very funny new comedian named Lee S. Wilkof. (Park Royal Cabaret Theatre, 23 W. 73rd St. 787-3980. Tuesdays through Thursdays at 8:30; Fridays and Saturdays at 8 and 10:30; and Sundays at 8.)

The Shadow Box—A play by Michael Cristofer about how people face the imminence of death. With Sloane Shelton, Gwyda Don-Howe, and Josef Sommer. The director is Gordon Davidson. (Morosco, 217 W. 45th St. 246-6230. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2. Closes Saturday, Oct. 29.)

Side by Side by Sondheim—An excellent display of Sondheim songs, splendidly performed by a company of six (including two pianists). Starting Monday, Oct. 17, the singers will be Nancy Dussault, Larry Kert, Georgia Brown, and Hermione Gingold. (Music Box, 239 W. 45th St. 246-4636. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.)

Survival—A South African play with music, written and performed by Fana David Kekana, Selaelo Dan Maredi (who also composed the music), Themba Ntinga, and Seth Sibanda. (Astor Place Theatre, 434 Lafayette St., near Astor Pl. 254-4370. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8; Saturdays at 9; and Sundays at 7. Matinées Saturdays at 6 and Sundays at 3.)

Tartuffe—Molière's villainous sycophant is well embodied by John Wood, and Tammy Grimes proves a match for him. The translation is by Richard Wilbur. (Circle in the Square, Broadway at 50th St. 581-0720. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)

Treats—A play by Christopher Hampton, with Susan Lederer, John Glover, and Kenneth Welch. (Hudson Guild Theatre, 441 W. 26th St. 760-9800. Wednesdays through Sundays at 8. Matinées Sundays at 3. Closes Sunday, Oct. 30.)

Long Runs—**BUBBLING BROWN SUGAR:** Harlem in the twenties, when it was part of the night-club merry-go-round. A scrapbook of great songs and lively dancing by a cast both old and young. (ANTA Theatre, 245 W. 52nd St. 246-6270. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 2:30.)... **A CHORUS LINE:** A group of young dancers audition for a handful of chorus jobs in a show not yet in rehearsal, and by the time the evening is over we know everything about all of them. A brilliant, innovative musical, conceived, choreographed, and directed by Michael Bennett. (Shubert, 225 W. 44th St. 246-5990. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.)... **THE CLUB:** Eve Merriam's musical entertainment is set in a gentlemen's club in 1903, but the company consists of seven women, lightly disguised in top hats, white tie, and tails, who sing and dance to authentic, indelicate songs of the period. As feminist projects go, this one is unusually good-humored, and the singing, and especially the dancing, under Tommy Tune's direction, is proficient and pleasing. (Circle in the Square Downtown, 159 Bleecker St. 254-6330. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 7:30. Matinées Sundays at 3.)... **THE FANTASTICKS:** 7,273 performances so far. (Sullivan Street Playhouse, 181 Sullivan St., at Bleecker St. 674-3838. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 7:30. Matinées Sundays at 3.)... **FOR COLORED GIRLS WHO HAVE CONSIDERED SUICIDE:** The marvellous poems and prose of an American writer, Ntozake Shange, are spoken and danced to by seven remarkably gifted young black women. The director, Oz Scott, must be given high credit for the captivating result. Choreography by Paula Moss. (Booth, 222 W. 45th St. 246-5969. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)... **GREASE:** A musical that parodies, by faithful imitation, the songs and dances of the nineteen-fifties. The young cast performs capably and with spirit. (Royale, 242 W. 45th St. 245-5760. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)... **THE MAGIC SHOW:** A wretched musical, but the magic tricks make up for it all. (Cort, 138 W. 48th St. 489-6392. Wednesdays through Saturdays at 7:30. Matinées Saturdays and Wednesday, Oct. 19, at 2 and Sundays at 2 and 5.)... **OH! CALCUTTA!:** A collection of short sketches that purport to give us a refreshing view of sex and do not. (Edison, 240 W. 47th St. 757-7164. Mondays through Wednesdays, and Fridays, at 8; Saturdays at 7 and 9:30; and Sundays at 7. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Sundays at 3.)... **SAME TIME, NEXT YEAR:** A comedy as neatly put together as a Cartier watch and with scarcely more heart. Hope Lange and Don Murray are the cast. (Brooks Atkinson, 256 W. 47th St. 245-3430. Nightly, except Sundays and Thursdays, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)... **SLY FOX:** Robert Preston, Jack Gilford, James Gallery, Hector Elizondo, and John Heffernan, all in rip-roaring farcical high spirits. The author is Larry Gelbart, standing on the shoulders of rare Ben Jonson. (Broadhurst, 235 W. 44th St. 247-0472. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)... **VANITIES:** In three acts, three Southern high-school girl cheerleaders change from all but identical "best friends" (1963) into quite different and incompatible New Yorkers (1974), in this amusing and gently ironic comedy by Jack Heifner. Garland Wright directed the attractive performance. (Downstairs at the Westside Theatre, 407 W. 43rd St. 541-8394. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8, and Saturdays at 7 and 10. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Sundays at 3.)... **THE WIZ:** A black musical version of that well-remembered movie "The Wizard of Oz." The stars of the occasion are Tom H. John, who did the sets, and Geoffrey Holder, who did the costumes and also directed the show. (Broadway Theatre, Broadway at 53rd St. CI 7-7260. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 7:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)... **YOUR ARMS TOO SHORT TO BOX WITH GOD:** Rousing song and dance, inspired by the New Testament and turned into frisky show biz by Vinnette Carroll. (Lyceum, 149 W. 45th St. JU 2-3897. Wednesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 2 and 5:30.)

MISCELLANY

Beatlemania—A multimedia and live-music production about the sixties, with four musicians doing thirty-seven songs written by John Lennon, Paul McCartney, and George Harrison. (Winter Garden, Broadway at 50th St. 245-4878. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 7:30. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

DANCE

Joffrey Ballet—Opening performances of a five-week season that will run through Sunday, Nov. 13—Wednesday, Oct. 12, at 7:30 (a benefit preview; for tickets, call 265-7300), and Thursday, Oct. 13, at 7:30 (company première): "Romeo and Juliet."... ¶ Friday, Oct. 14, at 8: "Kettentanz," "Touch Me" (première), "The Lesson," and "Trinity."... ¶ Saturday, Oct. 15, at 8: "Moves," "Pas de Deux," "The Moor's Pavane," and "Rodeo."... ¶ Sunday, Oct. 16, at 2: "Kettentanz," "Cacklin' Hen," "Pas de Deux," and "Rodeo."... ¶ Sunday, Oct. 16, at 7:30: "Moves," "Pas de Deux," "The Lesson," and "Trinity."... ¶ Tuesday, Oct. 18, at 8: "Viva Vivaldi!," "Touch Me," "Parade," and "Rodeo."... ¶ Wednesday, Oct. 19, at 8: "Kettentanz," "Cacklin' Hen," "Pas de Deux," and "Douce Coupe II."... ¶ Thursday, Oct. 20, at 8: "Moves," pas de six from "La Vivandière," "The Lesson," and "Cakewalk."... ¶ Friday and Saturday, Oct. 21-22, at 8: "Romeo and Juliet." (City Center, 131 W. 55th St. 489-6810.)

Dance Umbrella—Opening performances of a five-week season by a dozen contemporary dance companies which will end Sunday, Nov. 20. **PEARL LANG DANCE COMPANY:** Tuesday through Saturday evenings, Oct. 18-22, and Sunday matinée and evening, Oct. 23.... **MINI UMBRELLA**, with Rosalind Newman and Dancers, Marcus Schulkind Dance Company, and Michael Sullivan Dance Company: Saturday matinée, Oct. 22. (Entermedia, 189 Second Ave., at 12th St. 475-4191. Evenings at 8. Matinées at 2.)

NIGHT LIFE

(A highly arbitrary listing, in which bold-face type is used to pick out a few of the more no-

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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

table performers in town. . . . ¶ Musicians and night-club performers live complicated lives that are subject to last-minute change; it is therefore always advisable to call ahead.)

●

Bucky Pizzarelli (Café Pierre, in the Pierre Hotel, Fifth Ave. at 61st St. 838-8000. Tuesdays through Thursdays from eight-thirty to twelve-thirty, and Fridays and Saturdays from nine to one.)—Everything Bucky Pizzarelli has done in the five or six years since he has come to prominence—as the ballast in duos with Zoot Sims and the late George Barnes, as the sole accompanist for Teddi King at a Town Hall concert, as a sideman with Benny Carter and Benny Goodman, as a solo performer at various clubs around town—has been easy and swinging and attractive. He is a mellifluous guitarist whose roots go back to Charlie Christian and Django Reinhardt and whose tone is extraordinarily rich and pleasant. He doesn't twang, he doesn't roar, he doesn't whine: he is the Platonic ideal for the electric guitarist. Now Pizzarelli, moving in still another winning direction, has put together a brilliant trio, with TONY MONTE on piano and RON NASPO on bass, that provides what has been almost completely absent from New York since the close of the Café Societies twenty-five years ago—superior jazz music played for both listening and dancing in a handsome room with excellent food. The trio turns on Monte, who has been heard at length during the past year at Michael's Pub, but only as an accompanist for Johnny Hartman, Mary Mayo, and Marlene VerPlanck. He is an exceptional soloist (and accompanist), whose single-note melodic lines somewhat resemble Tommy Flanagan and Hank Jones. He constantly does outrageous things with rhythm and pulls them off, and there is an almost ecstatic lyricism to his solos. And no less exhilarating are the bursts of counterpoint that he and Pizzarelli fashion once or twice in each set. The Café Pierre is roughly the size and shape of a railroad car, and is parked at right angles to Fifth Avenue. The bar and the dining room sandwich the dance floor, which is small. Reservations would seem essential.

●

Ali's Alley, 77 Greene St., between Spring and Broome Sts. (226-9042)—Many of the best contemporary post-hard-bop and new-jazz musicians are booked into these sympathetic quarters. The Jankry Ensemble, a quintet, winds up a visit on Saturday, Oct. 15. On Mondays, trumpeter and flugelhornist Ted Daniels leads Energy, an occasionally gangly, often free-form, and nearly always accessible fourteen-piece band. Music from about ten. Closed Sundays.

Axis in SoHo, in the M. Elson Gallery, 463 West Broadway, between Houston and Prince Sts. (228-0882)—A weekend coffee-house-gallery-loft. German vibraharpist Gunter Hampel and his Galaxy Dream Band will perform Friday, Oct. 14; on Saturday, Oct. 15, alto saxophonist ARTHUR BLYTHE will lead a combo; and after he winds up the evening here he'll be playing with Chico Hamilton uptown at Mikells (see below). Music at nine and eleven-thirty. On Sundays, HOWARD JOHNSON leads a tuba-heavy ensemble—six tubas, including Johnson's, and a five-piece rhythm section—called Gravity, from six to nine.

Ballroom, 458 West Broadway, between Houston and Prince Sts. (473-9367)—A cabaret that, with its white walls, white slatted-back chairs, white Formica tables, and pale-blue ceiling, is as light and airy as a breakfast room. LEE HORWIN, who has a startling rich, deep voice, is singing Tuesdays through Saturdays. The last time she appeared here, Miss Horwin's repertoire was mired in maudlin cabaret fare, such as "Non, Je Ne Regrette Rien," "Marieke," and other numbers that show off vocal theatrics instead of vocal ability. Mondays are devoted to the "Art of the Accompanist," the management's title for a series of solo performances by pianists who are most often heard in supporting roles. Mondays through Thursdays at eight-thirty and ten-thirty, and Fridays and Saturdays at nine-thirty and eleven-thirty. Dinner.

Bar None, 167 E. 33rd St. (684-3223)—Sort of thirties chophouse. The pianist DARDANELLE is on hand from seven until midnight, Tuesdays through Saturdays. Her playing is genteel Tatum, but her singing is pure, effortless, and delightful.

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Beefsteak Charlie's, 55 Fifth Ave., at 12th St. (675-4720)—Situated amid the high-rise dorms of New York University, the pleasantly relaxed cocktail lounge of this restaurant lures in good players and a healthy number of customers. Singer, pianist, and Chicago avant-gardist Amina Claudine Myers performs through Saturday, Oct. 15; Wednesday through Saturday, saxophonist SONNY STITT will work with a pianist. Music from nine until two Wednesdays and Thursdays, and from ten on Fridays and Saturdays. Dinner.

Bottom Line, 15 W. 4th St., at Mercer St. (228-6300)—Here's the lineup: The Dwight Twilley rock band performs on Wednesday and Thursday, Oct. 12-13; Friday and Saturday, Oct. 14-15, will be given over to singer Don McLean; on Monday, Oct. 17, conga whiz RAY BARRETTO and his salsa band will visit; Tuesday and Wednesday, Oct. 18-19, Robin Williamson will lead his band through Irish and Scottish folk tunes; and Thursday through Saturday, Oct. 20-22, singer Rick Nelson and his Stone Canyon Band will play some southern-California country music. Sundays through Thursdays at eight-thirty and eleven-thirty, and Fridays and Saturdays at nine and midnight. Dinner.

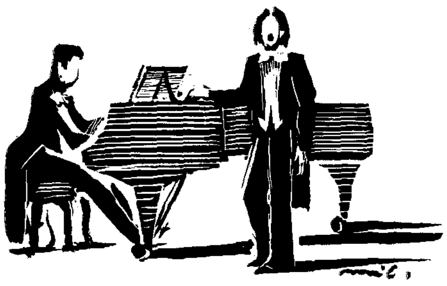
Bradley's, 70 University Pl., at 11th St. (228-6440)—An attractive little bar where business *always* seems to be booming. Pianist TOMMY FLANAGAN, the wonderful bop sideman and composer, and Ella's accompanist for years, is here with a bassist through Saturday, Oct. 15; on Monday, Oct. 17, DAVE MC KENNA will begin a week of piano solos. On Sundays, pianist BARRY HARRIS takes a turn. Music from ten most nights; from nine-thirty on Sundays. Dinner.

Café Pierre, in the Pierre Hotel, Fifth Ave. at 61st St. (838-8000)—BUCKY PIZZARELLI (see above) and his trio are here Tuesdays through Thursdays from eight-thirty to twelve-thirty, and Fridays and Saturdays from nine to one. Dinner and dancing.

Carlyle Hotel, Madison Ave. at 76th St. (RH 4-1600)—There are two BOBBY SHORTS at the piano in the Café Carlyle. One is the famous, exhilarating balladeer, the other is the secret jazz lover. His accompanists—BEVERLY PEER on bass and GENE GAMMAGE on drums—remain mirror-perfect. Tuesdays through Thursdays at ten and midnight, and Fridays and Saturdays at nine-forty-five, eleven-thirty, and one. Dinner and supper. . . . MARIAN MC PARTLAND is at the piano in the Bemelmans Bar weeknights from nine-thirty to one.

C.B.G.B. & O.M.F.U.G., 315 Bowery, at Bleecker St. (982-4052)—Local, primitive rock bands on the bandstand; local, primitive rock-band entourages in the audience—an interesting jumble of torn T-shirts, dirty sneakers, rear-guard platform shoes, jeans, feathered boas, slicked-down hair, leather, and a wholesome plaid Madras shirt or two. Monday is showcase night. The music usually begins after nine-thirty.

Cleo, 1 Lincoln Plaza, Broadway at 63rd St. (724-6301)—MABEL MERCER does the vocals, Jimmy Lyon does the accompanying. What more is there to say? Tuesdays through Saturdays at nine-thirty and eleven-thirty. Dinner.



Cookery, 21 University Pl., at 8th St. (OR 4-4450)—ALBERTA HUNTER, who sang the blues with Louis Armstrong, Fletcher Henderson, and Fats Waller in the twenties (and who is now over eighty), practices the art of the twelve-bar riff with pianist JIMMY ROWLES Mondays through Saturdays. Music from eight to one. Dining.

Crawdaddy, Vanderbilt Ave. at 45th St. (687-1860)—The twenty-six-year-old trumpeter WARREN VACHÉ has a big, soft tone, excellent agility, and an easy legato attack. His accompanists are DON COATES, a pianist who lingers near Earl Hines, and FRED STOLL, a drummer who should, by way of putting some spine in his work, study Sid Catlett. The room flanks 45th Street and has ceiling fans, a tile floor, high-backed Windsor chairs, and food with a New Orleans tinge. Mondays through Fridays from six-thirty to eleven-thirty. Closed Saturdays and Sundays.

Daly's Daffodil, 1079 First Ave., at 59th St. (688-0018)—Not to be confused with Daly's Dandelion (also owned by Skitch Henderson). Nice, earthy touches to this East Side hangout: the view of the 59th Street Bridge embankment and concrete floors. But the nicest attribute is ELLIS LARKINS, who is at the piano Tuesdays through Saturdays from nine, along with his bassist, BILLY POPP. Dinner.

David K's, 1115 Third Ave., at 65th St. (371-9090)—HUGH SHANNON, the international café-society singer-pianist, tosses off tunes by Porter, Coward, and Wonder (Stevie) in the Aquarium Lounge Wednesdays through Sundays from nine to two.

Eddie Condon's, 144 W. 54th St. (265-8277)—The audiences are largely characterized by coats and ties and cigars, and they come here (and to Jimmy Ryan's, just thirty paces west) to hear traditional small-band jazz. The house band, which begins after nine-thirty, is a low-keyed and controlled sextet headed by bassist-proprietor Red Balaban. Sundays, SCOTT HAMILTON, a young swing-inspired tenor saxophonist, directs a quintet, beginning at eight-thirty. Dinner.

Gregory's, 1149 First Ave., at 63rd St. (371-2220)—Pianist HOD O'BRIEN and his sparkling bassist, FRANK LUTHER, play standards and O'Brien compositions, and they also support conscientious vocal work by Alicia Sherman. They're here Wednesdays through Saturdays from ten to three, and on Sundays from seven to three. Mondays and Tuesdays from ten to three, pianist AL HAIG works with CHUCK WAYNE and bassist Jamil Nasser. Weeknights, Gene Roland, Jim Watkins, and Morris Edwards hold sessions from five to ten.

Hopper's, 452 Sixth Ave., at 11th St. (260-0250)—JOE BECK is one of the most sought-after studio guitarists working in New York. He has recorded with Paul Simon and Burt Bacharach, Woody Herman and Michel Legrand, Chico Hamilton and Miles Davis. A few years ago, one could hear him at Bradley's, with only his bassist, playing a subdued version of what came to be known as fusion music or jazz-rock. Lately, Beck has been playing a style of rhythm and blues that resembles what the funky R. & B. band Stuff plays, except that Beck uses a lot of old-fashioned, George Van Eps-style chording to liven up the harmony. (Beck also uses the wa-wa pedal, an electronic effect that, after a decade of rock-and-roll overkill, is beginning to sound corny.) Fender bassist HERB BUSHLER, who goes back with Beck to the Bradley's days, is fine and understated, and is fun to watch—with his beard, scruffy hair, shades, and an air of unconcern, he could be mistaken for a used-car dealer on Hollywood Boulevard. And drummer VICTOR LEWIS, always on the mark, plays with ball-bearing ease. Through Saturday, Oct. 15. On Monday, Oct. 17, singer Jon Hendricks will arrive with his singing wife and two singing children. Mondays through Thursdays, at nine-thirty and eleven-thirty, and on Fridays and Saturdays, at nine-thirty, eleven-thirty, and one. No music Sundays.

Jimmy Ryan's, 154 W. 54th St. (664-9700)—ROY ELDRIDGE is buoyed by the resident blowers—pianist Johnny Morris, drummer Eddie Locke, clarinettist Joe Muranyi, bassist Ted Sturgis, and trombonist Bobby Pratt. On

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Mondays, Max Kaminsky leads the group. Music weeknights from nine-thirty to three. On Sundays, Kaminsky directs another group of musical archivists from eight until two.

Larson's, 1160 Third Ave., at 68th St. (744-2540)—**BROOKS KERR**, the young stride pianist and Ellington admirer, is back in action, along with saxophonist **RUSSELL PROCOPE** and bassist **AARON BELL**, both genuine Ellington exes. **SHELTON GARY** is their drummer. The quartet performs Thursdays through Saturdays; Kerr and Bell team up on Tuesdays and Wednesdays. Nine o'clock is the starting time. Dinner.

Michael's Pub, 211 E. 55th St. (758-2272)—A musical survey, "The Ms. in Music," examines the treatment of women in music and lyrics; Tuesdays through Saturdays from nine-fifteen. On Mondays, from nine-thirty to midnight, Woody Allen comes and goes, talking of Lorenzo Tio. Dinner and supper. Closed Sundays.

Mikell's, 760 Columbus Ave., at 97th St. (864-8832)—An often crowded upper West Side contemporary-music hangout that mostly features rhythm and blues. Pianist Kenny Brawner leads a nine-piece R. & B. outfit through Thursday, Oct. 13. On Friday and Saturday, Oct. 14-15, **CHICO HAMILTON**, a wily, melodious drummer and a smooth, good-natured showman—he doesn't simply introduce the members of his band, he improvises a tune about each of them—will be present. His sturdy young sextet, which includes alto saxophonist **ARTHUR BLYTHE**, who seems equally at home playing avant-garde or soul music, and a wonderful guitarist named **MARVIN HORNE**—plays rhythm and blues at its subtlest. Wednesday through Saturday, Oct. 19-22, drummer **FREDDIE WAITS** will be here with his quartet. Music from ten to three. Dinner.

Other End, 149 Bleecker St. (673-7030)—A reformed coffeehouse: tables and chairs instead of benches; Perrier and even headier stuff instead of ice cream and tea; and, occasionally, jazz and rock instead of folk music. Folksingers Brewer and Shipley are onstage Thursday through Saturday, Oct. 13-15; on Monday and Tuesday, Oct. 17-18, Larry Gatlin, a country singer and songwriter from Nashville, will drop by; and Thursday through Saturday, Oct. 20-22, singer Gail Wynters will work with her backup band. Shows most nights at nine and eleven-thirty; on Fridays and Saturdays at nine and midnight. Snacks.

Rainbow Room, 30 Rockefeller Plaza. (PL 7-9090)—**SY OLIVER** leads a dance septet that is firmly (except for the Fender bassist) rooted in the thirties—even when it plays the Watusi—and this is entirely appropriate in this spectacular thirties room. Tuesdays through Thursdays from seven to one, Fridays and Saturdays from eight to two, and Sundays from six to midnight. Dining.

Reno Sweeney, 126 W. 13th St. (691-0900)—Holly Woodlawn sings Wednesday and Thursday, Oct. 12-13; two young singers, Libby Titus and Alan Rich, will take turns on Friday and Saturday, Oct. 14-15. Shows at nine and midnight. Wednesdays through Saturdays from five-thirty to seven, **BLOSSOM DEARIE** is at the piano and singing "Peel Me a Grape," "I'm Following You," and "The Pro Musica Antiqua." Dinner.

Storyville, 41 E. 58th St. (755-1640)—A dark but somehow cheerful big, square, sprawling room that, with its heavy, distressed-wood furniture and ceiling beams and youthful audiences, resembles a college dining commons. Drummer **MAX ROACH** and his quartet—trumpeter **CECIL BRIDGEWATER**, tenor saxophonist **BILLY HARPER**, and the very fine **REGGIE WORKMAN**, on bass—have moved in. Their solos, which are well received, are post-Coltrane in length and, sometimes, a bit self-indulgent. On Mondays, electric pianist David Chesky leads a fourteen-piece jazz-rock band. Music from ten to two-thirty. Closed Sundays.

Stryker's, 103 W. 86th St., at Columbus Ave. (874-8754)—On Mondays, electric pianist **DAVE MATTHEWS** smiles and leads his twelve-piece band through his arrangements; on Wednesday, Oct. 12, altoist **LEE KONITZ**, melodic and pensive, heads a trio; Thursdays through Saturdays, trumpeter **CHET BAKER** works with his nouveau-cool quartet; on Tuesday, Oct. 18, trombonist Harry Shields will direct five other trombonists and a rhythm section; and on Wednesday, Oct. 19, Janet Lawson, a young bebop revivalist, will sing with her trio. Music from nine-thirty.

Sweet Basil, 88 Seventh Ave. S., at Bleecker St. (242-1785)—A knotty-pine-and-brick-walled jazz room with the kind of informal coziness you'd expect to find in Aspen. Tenor saxophonist **DEWEY REDMAN** heads up a quintet through Saturday, Oct. 15. Beginning Tuesday, Oct. 18, pianist **MUHAL RICHARD ABRAMS**, the brains behind the Chicago avant-garde movement embodied in the Association for the Advancement of Creative Musicians, will grace the premises for five nights. Sundays and Mondays belong to **BOB MOVER**, a twenty-four-year-old driving alto saxophonist whose solos go right back to Charlie Parker in their shape and full-tilt tempo. And what sidemen Mover has alongside him; drummer **BEN RILEY**, pianist **KENNY BARRON**, bassist **RON MC CLURE**, and Brazilian trumpeter **CLAUDIO RODITI**, who plays sharp, clear, and musical upper-register solos. Music from nine-thirty. Dinner.

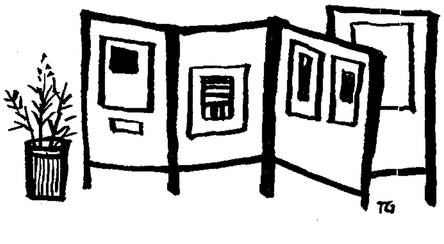
Third Phase, 2864 Broadway, at 111th St. (749-0200)—A Spartanly simple and appealing downstairs music haunt that brings the Columbia University community swing music every night. Trumpeter Franc Williams' quartet works out Mondays through Thursdays; the **COUNTSMEN—EARLE WARREN, DICKY WELLS, DILL JONES, FRANKLIN SKEETE**, and **JO JONES, JR.**—will perform on Friday, Oct. 14, and Friday and Saturday, Oct. 21-22. Sundays through Thursdays from eight to two; Fridays and Saturdays at nine-thirty and midnight. Snacks and setups.

Village Gate, 160 Bleecker St. (475-5120)—Harpist **DAPHNE HELLMAN**, guitarist **EDDIE BERG**, and bassist **LISLE ATKINSON** work together on Thursdays in the ground-floor bar area from nine to midnight; downstairs, drummer Idris Muhammad and a combo will be on hand at ten on Friday and Saturday, Oct. 14-15; trumpeter **BILL HARDMAN** and his quintet will alternate with tenor saxophonist Harold Ousley's group on Monday, Oct. 17, at eight and ten-thirty; and singer Elly Stone will be in concert at the Top of the Gate Friday through Sunday, Oct. 21-23, at eight-thirty.

Village Vanguard, 178 Seventh Ave. S., at 11th St. (989-9011)—The air quality in this world-famous jazz institution is unacceptable, but go anyway. **MILT JACKSON** plays fulfilling blues on his beautiful vibraharp through Sunday, Oct. 16; on Tuesday, Oct. 18, pianist **BILL EVANS** will descend the stairs with his trio. Monday night, **THAD JONES-MEL LEWIS**-big-band night, should never be taken for granted. Music from ten.

West Boondock, 114 Tenth Ave., at 17th St. (924-9723)—A soul-food *boîte* with a friendly staff, hundreds of gold Christmas ornaments hanging (year round) from the ceiling, a near-impenetrable layer of sawdust on the floor, and some glowing piano-bass duos. Mondays through Wednesdays are assigned to pianist Sonelius Smith, who plays "Nature Boy," "Over the Rainbow," Red Garland's version of "Billy Boy," and other selections in a tongue-in-cheek variety of overlapping styles—he can sound like a cocktail pianist or noodle like Keith Jarrett or attack like Cecil Taylor. Sadik Hakim has the Thursday-through-Sunday shift at the keyboard. Music begins at eight.

West End Café, 2911 Broadway, at 113th St. (666-8750)—Four-string guitarist **TINY GRIMES** leads a trio on Tuesdays and Wednesdays. The rest of the week is allotted to fledgling and more experienced musicians. Music from nine-thirty to one-thirty, except Mondays. Student food at student prices.



W.P.A., 152 Spring St., near West Broadway. (226-3444)—A friendly bar and candlelit back-room restaurant in beautiful downtown SoHo. But don't expect an evening of artist-watching—most of the patrons look strictly from uptown. Right now, two fine pianists are working here: **JUDD WOLDIN**, with bassist **FRANK LUTHER**, Mondays and Tuesdays; and **HAROLD DANKO** and his bassist **RUFUS REID**, Wednesdays through Saturdays. Music from nine, except Sundays.

JAZZ/FOLK/ROCK CONCERTS, PERSONAL APPEARANCES, ETC.

Arlo Guthrie—With Shenandoah. (Avery Fisher Hall. TR 4-2424. Friday, Oct. 14, at 8.)

Livingston College Jazz Ensemble—Led by Frank Foster. (New York Jazz Museum, 236 W. 54th St. 765-2150. Saturday, Oct. 15, from 2 to 5.)

Mahogany Rush, Grinders Switch, and **Topaz**—Palladium, 126 E. 14th St. Saturday, Oct. 15, at 7:30. For information about tickets, call 977-9020.

Melissa Manchester—Carnegie Hall. CI 7-7459. Saturday, Oct. 15, at 8.

Santana—With Nona Hendryx. (Radio City Music Hall, Sixth Ave. at 50th St. 246-4600. Saturday, Oct. 15, at 8 and at midnight.)

Tom Waits—Beacon Theatre, Broadway at 74th St. 874-1717. Saturday, Oct. 15 , at 8.

David Bromberg Band—Palladium. Sunday, Oct. 16, at 8.

Robin Trower—Radio City Music Hall. Monday, Oct. 17, at 8.

Emerson, Lake & Palmer—A benefit concert. (Madison Square Garden, Eighth Ave. between 31st and 33rd Sts. 564-4400. Monday, Oct. 17, at 8.)

Interludes—The first offering in a varied series of hour-long performances at Town Hall (JU 2-4536) will be by **MARILYN SOKOL** on Wednesday, Oct. 19, at 5:45.

Rod Stewart and **Air Supply**—Madison Square Garden. Thursday and Friday, Oct. 20-21, at 8.

Gato Barbieri, Freddie Hubbard, and **George Duke**—Palladium. Friday, Oct. 21, at 8.

Harry Chapin—Singing "The Harry Chapin Song Book." (Avery Fisher Hall. Part I, Friday, Oct. 21, at 8; and Part II, Sunday, Oct. 23, at 8.)

Michael Henderson and **Phyllis Hyman**—Carnegie Hall. Friday, Oct. 21, at 8.

Peter Lemongello—Carnegie Hall. Saturday, Oct. 22, at 7 and 10.

Jerry Jeff Walker—With Asleep at the Wheel. (Beacon Theatre. Saturday, Oct. 22, at 8.)

Thin Lizzy and **Graham Parker & the Rumour**—Palladium. Saturday, Oct. 22, at 8.

Red Clay Ramblers and **Highwoods String Band**—Eisner and Lubin Auditorium, Loeb Student Center, Washington Sq. S. and LaGuardia Pl. Saturday, Oct. 22, at 8. For information about tickets, call 427-1488.

Note—Film clips and short subjects that document the times and styles of various celebrated jazz musicians are being exhibited by the New York Jazz Museum on a weekly schedule. Wednesday, Oct. 12, at 7:30: "Jazz in the Recording Studio"—Peggy Lee, Dave Lambert, Maynard Ferguson, and others; and "Blues and the Gospel"—Mahalia Jackson, Jack Teagarden, Louis Armstrong, and Velma Middleton. . . . ¶ Wednesday, Oct. 19, at 7:30: "Tenor Titans"—the Don Byas quartet, the Thad Jones-Mel Lewis band, Coleman Hawkins, and others. (New York Jazz Museum, 236 W. 54th St. 765-2150.)

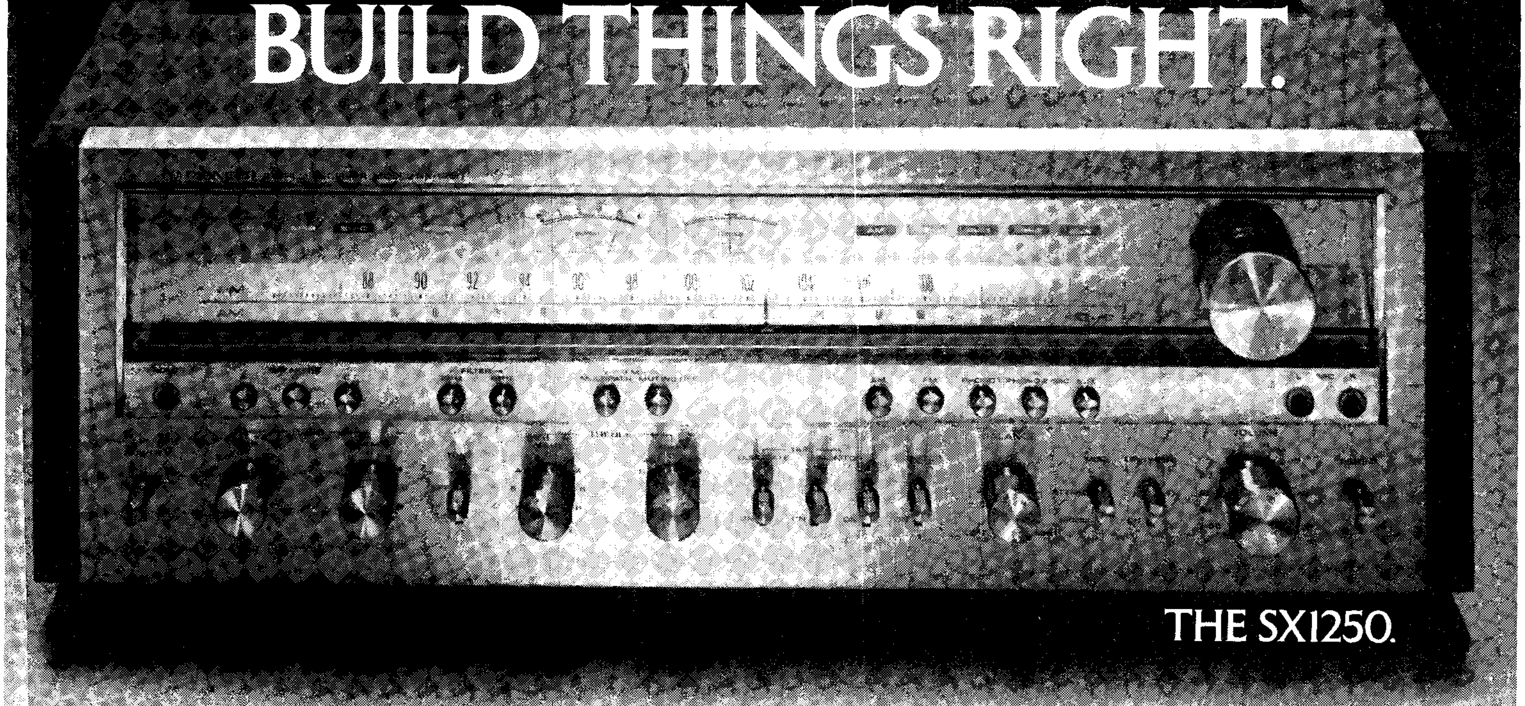
ART

(Unless otherwise noted, galleries are open Tuesdays through Saturdays from around 10 or 11 to between 5 and 6.)

GALLERIES—UPTOWN

Eleanor Antin—A new, eighty-minute color video in which the artist continues her paper-doll fantasy as a nurse, this time taking on

WHEN YOU'RE NOT IN A RUSH TO CATCH UP, YOU'VE GOT THE TIME TO BUILD THINGS RIGHT.



THE SX1250.

At Pioneer high fidelity, we've always made it a habit to try and introduce incredibly refined high fidelity components long before our competition.

Last year, for example, we brought out the interesting little item shown above. The Pioneer SX1250. The world's first truly high powered receiver. With the unique ability to crank out 160 watts per channel.*

Naturally, the SX1250 caused quite a stir. And it caused our competition to hastily introduce a bevy of their own high powered receivers. But unlike the others, the SX1250 wasn't thrown together in a hurry. And the time and care that went into it can both be seen and heard.

Inside, for example, you'll find that we took the time to shield every critical section from electrical interference. So things like your neighbor's CB broadcasting won't interfere with your listening.

Our pre-amp circuit was designed with the unheard of phono overload level of 500 millivolts. Which means that the loudest, most dynamic section of any record won't sound distorted.

And where most high powered receivers come with a three, or four gang variable capacitor for FM tuning, the SX1250 features a five gang zinc plated variable capacitor that cleans up FM reception much better. And helps to pull in stations that some three or four gang capacitors can't even touch.

Obviously, as a quick glance at all the buttons and dials above will tell you, these are only a few of the refinements that went into the SX1250.

But the important point is that no matter which Pioneer receiver you buy, you can be guaranteed that it got the same amount of time and energy that went into building the SX1250.

That's what's made our high fidelity receivers number one today with people who care about music.

After all, when you take the time to build things right, people tend to hear about it.

High Fidelity Components
PIONEER
WE BRING IT BACK ALIVE.

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*160 watts per channel minimum RMS continuous power output at 8 ohms, from 20 to 20,000 Hz, with no more than 0.1% total harmonic distortion.

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some airplane-hijacking revolutionaries. It is shown at 11, 1, and 3. Through Oct. 29. (Feldman, 33 E. 74th St. Open Mondays.)

Peter Arno (1904-68)—Cartoons spanning a thirty-year period. Through Nov. 5. (Nicholls, 1014 Madison Ave., at 78th St.)

Joe Bascom—Oil paintings that simulate a stone or cement surface, the darker ones looking for all the world like panels of slate. Through Saturday, Oct. 15. (Gallery 84, 1046 Madison Ave., at 80th St. Opens at noon.)

Pierre Bonnard (1867-1947)—Paintings and drawings. Through Nov. 12. (Acquavella, 18 E. 79th St. Open Mondays.)

Joan Brams—Textural paintings built up of several layers of a plasterlike mixture of marble dust, sand, and mortar, stained here and there with acrylics—the total effect being more or less like that of a surviving interior wall in a wrecked building. Through Oct. 29. (Findlay, 984 Madison Ave., at 77th St.)

Edward Corbett (1919-71)—Abstract landscapes. Through Oct. 28. (Borgenicht, 1018 Madison Ave., at 79th St.)

Alan Davie—Lively abstract paintings by an English artist who lives part of the year on St. Lucia and uses Carib hieroglyphs, along with contemporary island motifs, in his work. Through Saturday, Oct. 22. (Gimpel, 1040 Madison Ave., at 79th St.)

Willem de Kooning—Twelve oil paintings done this year. Through Nov. 19. (Fourcade, 36 E. 75th St.)

Frank Faulkner—Richly textured wall hangings. Through Nov. 5. (Knowlton, 19 E. 71st St.)

Robert Jordan—New Mexico landscapes. Through Nov. 5. (FAR Gallery, in handsome new quarters at 22 E. 80th St. Open Mondays.)

Lois Lane—A number of stark oil paintings. Through Oct. 27. (Willard, 29 E. 72nd St.)

Leo Lionni—Carved-wood, ivory, and metal representations of, for instance, *Solea casoni* and *Oblona nocturna*—botanical wonders that have eluded science and might well have been classified *Lionni originalis.* Also drawings. Through Nov. 5. (Staempfli, 47 E. 77th St.)

Dean Mars / Ann Cole Phillips—Tabletop-size sculpture in polished marble, most of it figurative, some of it semi-abstract. Through Saturday, Oct. 15. / Watercolors and drawings of flowers and of English gardens. Through Wednesday, Oct. 19. (Bodley, 1063 Madison Ave., at 80th St.)

Alice Neel / Miriam Beerman—A new series of paintings, mostly portraits, by this artist, whose relentless honesty is generally rather tough on her subjects. / Outsize drawings of animal heads—monkeys, mountain goats, crocodiles, rhinos, and a mean-looking vampire bat—done in loose brushstrokes of oil and black ink, and most of them shown glaring from a white background. Through Oct. 29. (Graham, 1014 Madison Ave., at 78th St.) . . . ¶ The Cathedral Museum of Religious Art, Amsterdam Ave. at 112th St., has a show of fifty of Beerman's paintings, drawings, and collages. Through Nov. 30. (Tuesdays through Fridays, 9 to 5; Saturdays and Sundays, noon to 5.)

Howard Newman—Smoothly finished cast-bronze sculptures that seem to be a coalescence not only of man and machine but of Cubism and latter-day figurative pieces. Through Nov. 5. (Cordier & Ekstrom, 980 Madison Ave., at 76th St.)

Joseph Piccillo—Small pencil drawings of faces—George Bernard Shaw and General Pershing, for instance—with an occasional vegetable thrown in. They have a curious documentary quality, as if one were looking at fading newspaper photographs of people once in the news. Through Saturday, Oct. 22. (Krasner, 1043 Madison Ave., at 80th St.)

Audrey Shirk—Figure paintings, misty landscapes, and charcoal drawings of nudes. Through Saturday, Oct. 22. (Wauters, 1014 Madison Ave., at 78th St.)

Raphael Soyer—A new sense of freedom and ease with his medium is manifest in these latest paintings by one of our real old-timers. The works include portraits of fellow-artists (Alex Katz, Mimi Gross Grooms), as well as his perennial seamstresses. Through Oct. 29. (Forum, 1018 Madison Ave., at 79th St.)

Roland Topor—Color drawings on paper and canvas by an artist who does literal representations of such clichés as "looking ahead" and "the long view." Through Oct. 29. (Lefebre, 47 E. 77th St.)

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Albert York / Gwen John (1876-1939)—Small-scale figure paintings, still-lifes, and landscapes. / Watercolors and drawings. Through Nov. 5. (Davis & Long, 746 Madison Ave., at 65th St.)

Dada Artists—Paintings, drawings, photographs, and other works by Marcel Duchamp, Kurt Schwitters, Man Ray, and others at **LA BOETIE,** 9 E. 82nd St. Through Nov. 26. . . . ¶ Collages and watercolors by Hannah Höch at **CARUS,** 1044 Madison Ave., at 79th St. Through Oct. 29. . . . ¶ Works by George Grosz (1893-1959), including watercolors, drawings, and illustrated postcards. Starts Friday, Oct. 14. (Goethe House, 1014 Fifth Ave., at 83rd St. Tuesdays through Thursdays, 11 to 7; Fridays and Saturdays, 11 to 5.)

Group Shows—At the **CENTER FOR INTER-AMERICAN RELATIONS,** 680 Park Ave., at 68th St.: "Warp-Patterned Weaves of the Andes," an exhibit of modern and ancient textiles. Through Nov. 13. (Daily, except Mondays, noon to 6.) . . . **ELKON,** 1063 Madison Ave., at 80th St.: Two paintings by Sam Francis, and a single painting each by Kline, Louis, Pollock, Reinhardt, Still, and Rothko. Through Nov. 17. . . . **KNOEDLER,** 19 E. 70th St.: Works by Braque, Gris, Léger, Chagall, Matisse, and Picasso. Through Oct. 27. . . . **KRAUSHAAR,** 1055 Madison Ave., at 80th St.: Characteristic works by such early-twentieth-century American painters as Guy Pène du Bois, Glackens, and Marin, and an early, glowing nude by John Sloan. Through Saturday, Oct. 15. . . . **LERNER-HELLER,** 956 Madison Ave., at 75th St.: American paintings dating from 1910 to the present by Avery, Burchfield, O'Keeffe, and Wallace Putnam. Through Nov. 30.

GALLERIES—57TH STREET AREA

Mino Argento / Maud Morgan—Abstractions worked out in shades of white, upon which crisp geometric patterns are incised with a pencil. / Collages made of rice paper in various colors; the darker tones are often laid on like Chinese calligraphy. Through Saturday, Oct. 15. (Parsons, 24 W. 57th St.)

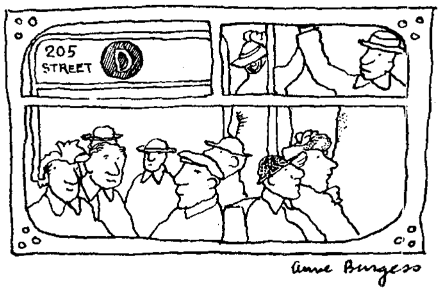
Milton Avery (1893-1965)—Forty monotypes from the fifties. Through Oct. 28. (Associated American Artists, 663 Fifth Ave., at 53rd St. Open Mondays.)

Enrico Baj / Jeff Hoare—Comic assemblages, usually taking the form of overdecorated noblemen. They are done in a wide range of materials, including metal, ceramic, and fabric. / Abstract seascapes involving swirls of deep reds and blues. Through Nov. 4. (Arras, 29 W. 57th St.)

Power Boothe—Abstract paintings that look like Venetian blinds in which each slat is a vivid streak of color. An occasional diagonal relieves all this horizontality. Through Oct. 27. (Sachs, 29 W. 57th St.)

Jon Carsman—Suburban vistas in various parts of the country, most of them wintry scenes, by an artist whose work is becoming a cross between Sheeler and Burchfield. Through Thursday, Oct. 20. (Fischbach, 29 W. 57th St.)

William Clutz—This artist specializes in New York City scenes, and in this year's crop of paintings and drawings he focusses on the upper West Side, reducing the buildings and the traffic to almost abstract patterns. Through Oct. 27. (Alonzo, 30 W. 57th St.)



Ronnie Elliott—Collage paintings in which found objects—combs, buttons, fabric, metals—are combined with paint and pastels. Through Saturday, Oct. 15. (Zarre, 41 E. 57th St.)

Robert Graham—Delicately modelled female figures cast in bronze (complete with their stands) by the lost-wax process, plus several torsos in other mediums. Through Saturday, Oct. 22. (Miller, 724 Fifth Ave., at 57th St.)

Aristodemos Kaldis—New landscapes that are a happy patchwork of symbols representing features of the mountainsides here and in the artist's native Greece. Through Thursday, Oct. 20. (Kornblee, 20 W. 57th St.)

Ed Kerns—Abstract collages, somewhat geometric in appearance, made of painted fabric that is both cut and sewn. Through Nov. 5. (Esman, 29 W. 57th St.)

Ibram Lassaw—Abstract metal sculptures whose surfaces have been altered by molten metals or chemicals. Through Nov. 12. (Zabriskie, 29 W. 57th St. Open Mondays.)

Agnes Martin / David von Schlegell—This artist rings another set of changes on the grid pattern, this time scoring variations of it with a pencil on a silver-gray canvas field. / Large, angular floor sculptures made of painted steel. Through Saturday, Oct. 15. (Pace, 32 E. 57th St.)

Maryan (1927-77)—A memorial exhibition of the violent works of this Polish abstract artist. Through Friday, Oct. 14. (Frumkin, 50 W. 57th St.)

Alice Trumbull Mason (1904-71)—A retrospective of oil paintings by this abstract artist. Through Oct. 29. (Washburn, 42 E. 57th St.)

George McNeil—Abstract Expressionist paintings and works on paper. Through Nov. 8. (Aaron Berman, 50 W. 57th St.)

Robert Murray—Large, globular works made of crumpled sheets of five-eighths-inch aluminum, painted with automobile enamels, which have a natural casual grace and balance. Through Saturday, Oct. 15. (Hamilton, 20 W. 57th St.)

Henry Pearson—A Bierstadt landscape reproduction becomes a Pearson original with the addition of a dark rectangle in the upper center. And so on. Through Nov. 5. (Truman, 38 E. 57th St.)

Donald Sandstrom—Boxes made of painted hardware cloth—a sort of metal mesh—containing rural landscapes constructed of the same mesh material. Through Friday, Oct. 14. (Dintenfass, 50 W. 57th St.)

Joaquín Torres-García (1874-1949)—Constructivist paintings by this Uruguayan artist, who used Indian and Latin-American symbols to form what looked like proclamations in hieroglyphics—fish, boats, trains, clocks all take their parts in these fascinating compositions. Through Oct. 29. (Janis, 6 W. 57th St. Open Mondays.)

Nancy Wissemann-Widrig—Landscapes, interiors, and some figurative paintings by a realist. Through Oct. 27. (De Nagy, 29 W. 57th St.)

Ball, Bat, and Glove—A celebration of the national pastime in painting, sculpture, photographs, and prints, by a group of artists including Lichtenstein, Steinberg, Oldenburg. Through Oct. 28. (Spectrum, a new gallery at 30 W. 57th St.)

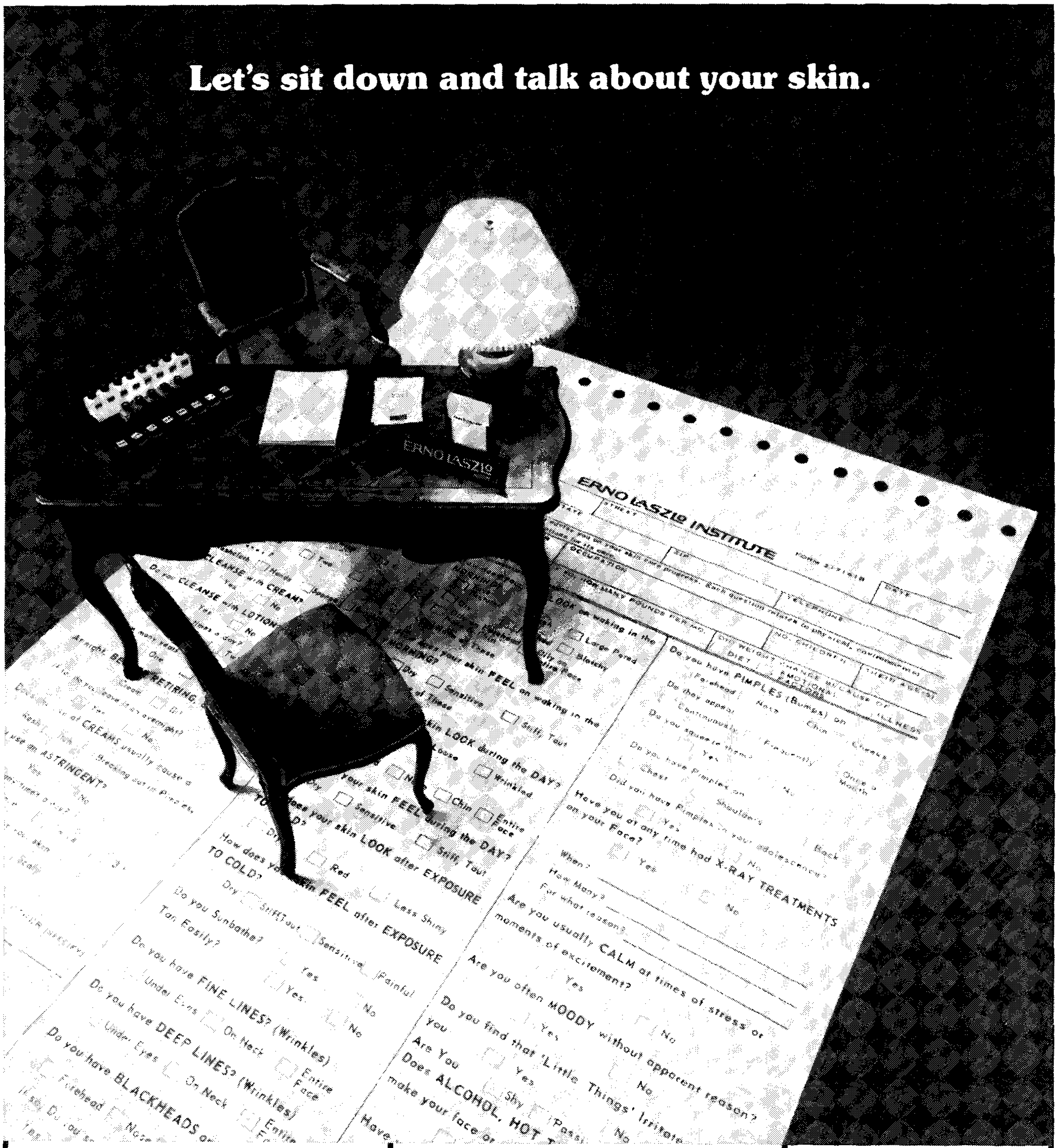
GALLERIES—SoHo

Jennifer Bartlett—Enamel-on-steel-plate works on which a grid has been silk-screened. Through Nov. 9. (Cooper, 155 Wooster St.)

Tom Blackwell—Resplendent motorcycles and other subjects by a Photo-Realist. Through Oct. 29. (Meisel, 141 Prince St.)

Flory Chowe—Colorful sculptural Plexiglas constructions, the largest seven feet tall. Through Sunday, Oct. 16. (Pleiades, 152 Wooster St.)

Walter De Maria—Two hundred and twenty thousand pounds of earth, tastefully and evenly distributed by this pioneer earth artist over thirty-six hundred square feet of exhibition space. It is visible only through a foyer



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door. Through Nov. 5. (Friedrich, 141 Wooster St. Opens at noon.)... ¶ Thirteen stainless-steel circles, all over six feet in diameter, and sixteen stainless-steel squares, all over six feet across, laid out on the floor in pairs, each encompassing precisely the same area (within an eighth of an inch). Through Jan. 31. (Lone Star Foundation, 19 Waverly Pl., east of Washington Square. Opens at noon.)

JOSEPH KONOPKA / JIM YOUNGERMAN—Scenes of downtown Manhattan—the tall ships sailing by on the Fourth of July, holiday bunting on the fire escapes, single figures on the Battery—by an artist who envelops everything in a shimmery haze. / Detailed childlike drawings of humorous fantasies. Through Wednesday, Oct. 19. (Razor, 464 West Broadway. Opens at noon.)

ROBERT MANGOLD—New works by this Minimalist painter in which triangular figures are outlined in graphite on a solid-color background consisting of two rectangular panels, usually different in size. Through Oct. 25. (Weber, 420 West Broadway.)

SALVATORE ROMANO—A dimly lighted black vinyl environment, consisting of two shallow, contiguous reflecting pools (altogether fifty-five feet long and forty-one feet wide) with four twelve-foot shafts rising from each, and three polystyrene floats drifting slowly about in each, thanks to a hidden pump that keeps the water in steady but almost imperceptible movement. Through Saturday, Oct. 15. (Sculpture Now, 142 Greene St.)

JAMES ROSENQUIST—Large paintings done with airbrush smoothness and depicting implausible juxtapositions—automobile gears piled up with moist-looking lipsticks and strings of pearls, for instance. Through Saturday, Oct. 15. (Castelli, 420 West Broadway.)... ¶ Etchings, lithographs, and a solid-gold garbage can, six inches tall. Through Thursday, Oct. 20. (Getler-Pall, 50 W. 57th St.)

OTHER GALLERIES

REGINALD CASE—Paintings in which a figure is silhouetted against a background of upholstery-and-tile patterns. Also collages. Through Oct. 29. (Roko, 90 E. 10th St. Opens at noon.)

DONA NELSON—Abstract oils. Through Sunday, Oct. 16. (NoHo, 542 LaGuardia Pl. Tuesdays through Sundays, 1 to 6.)

MICHAEL ROBBINS—Oil paintings depicting speed as sensed from the rider's seat of a bicycle. (Klein, a new gallery, at 85 Fourth Ave., at 10th St. Opens at noon.)... ¶ Drawings, again about speed, but involving hurtling trucks and motorcycles and people falling. (Truman, 38 E. 57th St.) Both shows through Saturday, Oct. 22.

PHOTOGRAPHY

BERENICE ABBOTT—Close to eighty vintage prints of New York in the thirties, including a photograph of a stalwart little frame house on the corner of Bedford and Grove Streets. Through Oct. 23. (Midtown Y Gallery, 344 E. 14th St. Sundays through Thursdays, noon to 8; Fridays, noon to 4.)

CHAUNCEY HARE—A show of interiors of homes and other spaces has been mounted by the Museum of Modern Art. See below, under "Museums," for dates and times.

VILEM KRIZ—Surrealist prints by a Czech photographer who was closely associated with Cocteau and Renoir when he lived in Paris during the forties. Through Saturday, Oct. 15. (Kimmel-Cohn, 1 W. 64th St.)

BEN SHAHN (1898-1969)—Vintage prints of boys in knickers playing handball in a Houston Street playground, of two black-robed women sitting on the stoop of a Little Italy tenement, and of a black family waiting for a Lenox Avenue No. 2 bus are included in this show centered on New York in the thirties. Through Oct. 29. (Prakapas, 19 E. 71st St.)

PETER SIMON / GODFREY FRANKEL—Photographs of reggae musicians in their native Jamaica. / More pictures of New York, these picking up where Abbott and Shahn left off. Through Saturday, Oct. 22. (Neikrug, 224 E. 68th St. Wednesdays through Saturdays, 1 to 6.)

ROBERT J. STEINBERG—Albumen-process prints of abandoned railroad terminals and other architectural subjects, on muslin (some four feet by five) and paper. Through Oct. 28. (Pfeifer, 825 Madison Ave., at 69th St.)

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PAUL STRAND (1890-1976)—A retrospective that covers sixty years of his career, plus his last works, made in his garden in Orgeval, France. Through Oct. 29. (Light, 724 Fifth Ave., at 57th St.)

WEEGEE (1899-1968)—A retrospective of more than a hundred vintage prints. Through Nov. 6. (International Center of Photography, 1130 Fifth Ave., at 94th St. Open Tuesday evenings until 8; also Sundays.)

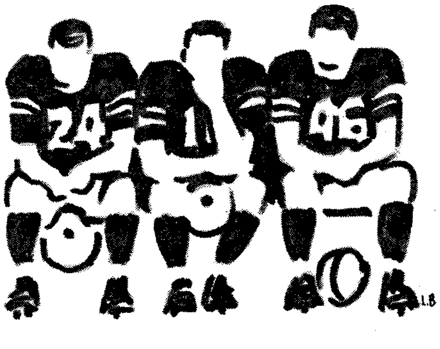
GROUP SHOWS—At the **GREY ART GALLERY** of New York University, Washington Place, just east of Washington Square: A survey of panoramic photographs, some of them quite large (one is twenty feet long), which includes, along with the usual pictures of Civil War battlefields, cityscapes, and Martian landscapes, a picture of a 1935 White House luncheon in which Eleanor Roosevelt can be pinpointed among the hundred or so ladies, all of them wearing hats. Through Nov. 2. (Tuesdays through Fridays, 10 to 5, and Wednesday evenings until 8:30; Saturdays, 1 to 5.)... **VISUAL ARTS**, 209 E. 23rd St.: Works by William Wegman, Jared Bark, Jan Groover, John Baldessari, Jan Dibbets, and Bernd and Hilla Becher. Through Nov. 4. (Mondays through Thursdays, noon to 9; Fridays, 11 to 4:30.)... **WITKIN**, 41 E. 57th St.: Forty-five photographers are represented in a show drawn from the Julien Levy Collection. Through Nov. 12.

MUSEUMS AND LIBRARIES

METROPOLITAN MUSEUM, Fifth Ave. at 82nd St.—A loan show of Irish art dating from the Bronze Age to 1500 A.D. includes early-Christian metalwork (the Ardagh Chalice, the Tara Brooch, the Cross of Cong) and illuminated manuscripts (the Book of Kells, the Book of Durrow). Starts Saturday, Oct. 15. ... ¶ Paintings, drawings, and prints by Paul Signac, all taken from the museum's collections. Through Nov. 27.... ¶ Fifty drawings and oil sketches by a teacher of Signac, Georges Seurat, several of them studies for "La Grande Jatte." Through Nov. 27.... ¶ A large selection of English and Continental decorative objects, dating from the fourteenth century to the eighteenth, from the Irwin Untermyer Collection. (Open daily except Mondays. Hours: Tuesdays, 10 to 8:45; Wednesdays through Saturdays, 10 to 4:45; Sundays, 11 to 4:45.)

MUSEUM OF MODERN ART, 11 W. 53rd St.—An exhibit of oils and watercolors by Cézanne, all of them from his last decade. Through Jan. 3.... ¶ Book jackets, posters, magazine covers, and such, juxtaposed with architectural models, furniture, decorations—all produced in Holland, Germany, and the Soviet Union between 1920 and 1940—in a show that underscores the relationship between graphics and other art forms. Through Oct. 31.... **PHOTOGRAPHY**: Chauncey Hare. Through Oct. 23. (Open daily, except Wednesdays, 11 to 6, and Thursday evenings until 9.)

GUGGENHEIM MUSEUM, 1071 Fifth Ave., at 89th St.—Various aspects of the mythical monster Cronus, by David Hare, whose paintings give enough personification to the rocky devourer of his own young that one can almost feel a dim sympathy for him. Through Oct. 30.... ¶ Paintings, sculptures, and works on paper acquired by the museum during the past year. Louise Nevelson, Richard Diebenkorn, and Eva Hesse are among those represented. Through Sunday, Oct. 16. (Open daily except Mondays. Hours: Tuesdays, 11 to 8, with no admission charge from 5 to 8; Wednesdays through Sundays, 11 to 5.)



WHITNEY MUSEUM, 945 Madison Ave., at 75th St.—About seventy-five paintings, drawings, and sculptures from the museum's permanent collection are the main show at the moment. Through Oct. 23. (Open daily except Mondays. Hours: Tuesdays, 11 to 9, with no admission charge after 6; Wednesdays through Saturdays, 11 to 6; Sundays, noon to 6.)

WHITNEY DOWNTOWN MUSEUM, 55 Water St., two blocks south of Wall St.—"City Life" is a show of paintings and drawings (on loan from the uptown branch) by Raphael Soyer, Kenneth Hays Miller, Howard Kanovitch, and others, dating from 1900 to 1975. Through Friday, Oct. 21. (Open Mondays through Fridays, 11 to 3.)

BROOKLYN MUSEUM, Eastern Parkway—"Women Artists: 1550 to 1950," an exhibition of paintings, mostly, by major American and European artists. Through Nov. 27.... ¶ Gouaches, drawings, and prints by Anni Albers. Through Nov. 11. (The museum is open Wednesdays through Sundays. Hours: Wednesdays through Saturdays, 10 to 5; Sundays, noon to 5. The Albers show opens at 1:30 on Fridays and Saturdays.)

AMERICAN MUSEUM OF NATURAL HISTORY, Central Park W. at 79th St.—"Peru's Golden Treasures," an exhibit of gold objects (masks, beakers, figurines, jewelry) that surveys nearly two thousand years of the pre-Columbian goldworking tradition. Through Dec. 31. (Open daily. Hours: Weekdays, 10 to 4:45, and Wednesday evenings until 9; Sundays, 11 to 5.)

ASIA HOUSE, 112 E. 64th St.—More than sixty Japanese art objects, dating from the seventeenth century through the nineteenth, decorated with scenes that reflect the Japanese absorption with nature. Through Dec. 4. (Open daily. Hours: Weekdays, 10 to 5, and Thursday evenings until 8:30; Sundays, 1 to 5.)

JAPAN HOUSE, 333 E. 47th St.—"Utamaro and Hiroshige," an exhibit of prints by these (and other) Japanese printmakers, collected by James A. Michener. Through Oct. 23. (Open daily, 11 to 5, and Friday evenings until 7:30.)

JEWISH MUSEUM, Fifth Ave. at 92nd St.—A retrospective of the prominent American sculptor Chaim Gross includes as well drawings, watercolors, prints, and tapestries. Through Oct. 24. (Open daily except Fridays and Saturdays. Hours: Mondays through Thursdays, noon to 5; Sundays, 11 to 6.)

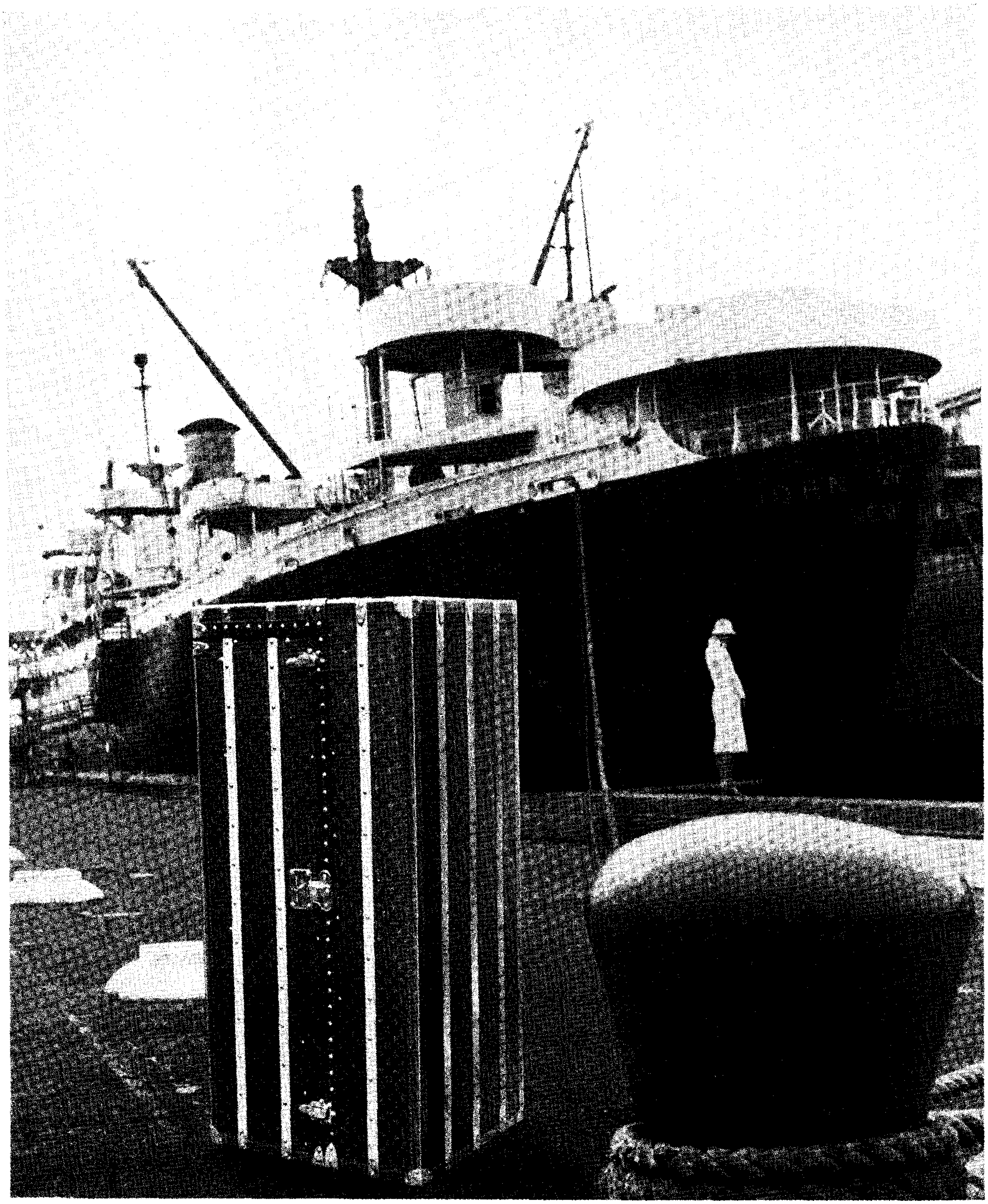
MORGAN LIBRARY, 29 E. 36th St.—Manuscripts and autograph letters by nineteenth-century luminaries, among them Washington Irving, Thoreau, Emily Dickinson, and Henry James. Through Nov. 27.... ¶ Musical manuscripts that trace notation from the eighth century through the sixteenth. Through Dec. 4.... ¶ Forty etchings by Rembrandt, most of them landscapes and portraits. Through Dec. 4. (Open daily except Mondays. Hours: Tuesdays through Saturdays, 10:30 to 5; Sundays, 1 to 5.)

MUSEUM OF AMERICAN FOLK ART, 49 W. 53rd St.—Andy Warhol's folk-art collection which includes ceramics, painted furniture, weathervanes, and a cigar-store Indian. Through Nov. 19. (Open daily, except Mondays, 10:30 to 5:30.)

MUSEUM OF CONTEMPORARY CRAFTS, 29 W. 53rd St.—A show of handcrafted objects, by craftsmen under thirty, in four mediums: fibre, wood, leather, and plastic. Through Dec. 31. (Open daily except Mondays. Hours: Tuesdays through Saturdays, 11 to 6; Sundays, 1 to 6.)

NEW YORK PUBLIC LIBRARY AT LINCOLN CENTER—Reginald Marsh's renderings of popular entertainments (burlesque, amusement parks the vaudeville acts of Houdini and Ina Claire) make up this show of more than eighty works in a variety of mediums. Through Nov. 19. (Open daily, except Sundays, noon to 6.)

STUDIO MUSEUM IN HARLEM, 2033 Fifth Ave., at 125th St.—Paintings, drawings, and prints by Adrienne W. Hoard.... ¶ Paintings of Ghanaian scenes by Andrews Ofori Danso. (Open daily except Mondays. Hours: Tues-



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days through Fridays, 10 to 6, and Wednesday evenings until 9; Saturdays and Sundays, 1 to 6.) Both shows through Nov. 6.

MUSIC

(The box-office number for the Metropolitan Opera House is 580-9830, for Avery Fisher Hall TR 4-2424, for Carnegie Hall CI 7-7459, and for Alice Tully Hall 362-1911. Other box-office numbers are included in the listings.)

OPERA

Metropolitan Opera—Wednesday evening, Oct. 12: "La Bohème," with Renata Scotto, Mary Costa, Placido Domingo, Mario Sereni, José van Dam, Robert Goodloe, Richard Best, and Paul Franke; conducted by James Conlon. . . . ¶ Thursday evening, Oct. 13: "Boris Godunov," with Florence Quivar, Martti Talvela, Wieslaw Ochman, Robert Nagy, Andrea Velis, Vern Shinall, Arthur Thompson, Paul Plishka, and Marius Rintzler; Kazimierz Kord. . . . ¶ Friday evening, Oct. 14: "Pelléas et Mélisande," with Teresa Stratas, Claudine Carlson, Raymond Gibbs, José van Dam, and Jerome Hines; James Levine. . . . ¶ Saturday matinée, Oct. 15: "La Bohème," with Mary Costa, Placido Domingo, Mario Sereni, José van Dam, Robert Goodloe, Richard Best, and Paul Franke; James Conlon. . . . ¶ Saturday evening, Oct. 15: "Eugene Onegin" (in English), with Teresa Zylis-Gara, Isola Jones, Sherrill Milnes, Nicolai Gedda, and Martti Talvela; James Levine. . . . ¶ Monday evening, Oct. 17: "Boris Godunov," with Mignon Dunn, Martti Talvela, Wieslaw Ochman, Robert Nagy, James Atherton, Vern Shinall, Arthur Thompson, Paul Plishka, and Marius Rintzler; Kazimierz Kord. . . . ¶ Tuesday evening, Oct. 18: "La Bohème," with Mirella Freni, Mary Costa, Placido Domingo, Mario Sereni, José van Dam, Robert Goodloe, Richard Best, and Paul Franke; James Conlon. . . . ¶ Wednesday evening, Oct. 19: "Pelléas et Mélisande," with Teresa Stratas, Claudine Carlson, Raymond Gibbs, José van Dam, and Jerome Hines; James Levine. . . . ¶ Thursday evening, Oct. 20: "Eugene Onegin" (in English), with Teresa Zylis-Gara, Isola Jones, Sherrill Milnes, Nicolai Gedda, and Martti Talvela; James Levine. . . . ¶ Friday evening, Oct. 21: "La Bohème," with Renata Scotto, Mary Costa, Placido Domingo, Mario Sereni, José van Dam, Robert Goodloe, Richard Best, and Paul Franke; James Conlon. . . . ¶ Saturday matinée, Oct. 22: "Boris Godunov," with Mignon Dunn, Martti Talvela, Wieslaw Ochman, Robert Nagy, James Atherton, Vern Shinall, Arthur Thompson, Paul Plishka, and Marius Rintzler; Kazimierz Kord. . . . ¶ Saturday evening, Oct. 22: "Pelléas et Mélisande," with Teresa Stratas, Claudine Carlson, Raymond Gibbs, José van Dam, and Jerome Hines; James Levine. (Evenings at 8. Matinées at 2.)

New York City Opera—Wednesday, Oct. 12, at 8: "Madame Butterfly," with Sung-Sook Lee, Sandra Walker, Lando Bartolini, and Pablo Elvira; conducted by William Noll. . . . ¶ Thursday, Oct. 13, at 8: "Rigoletto," with Catherine Malfitano, Victoria Vergara, Herman Malamood, Richard Fredricks, and Will Roy; Imre Pallo. . . . ¶ Friday, Oct. 14, at 8: "Die Fledermaus" (in English), with Karan Armstrong, Elizabeth Haley, David Griffith, John Lankston, David Holloway, David Rae Smith, Richard McKee, and James Billings; Imre Pallo. . . . ¶ Saturday, Oct. 15, at 2: "The Marriage of Figaro" (in English), with Martha Sheil, Gwenlynn Little, Delia Wallis, David Holloway, Vernon Hartman, and Richard McKee; Julius Rudel. . . . ¶ Saturday, Oct. 15, at 8: "Mefistofele," with Judith Ehrlich, Samuel Ramey, and Kenneth Collins; John Mauceri. . . . ¶ Sunday, Oct. 16, at 1: "Carmen," with RoseMarie Freni, Patricia Craig, Herman Malamood, and Richard Fredricks; Imre Pallo. . . . ¶ Sunday, Oct. 16, at 7: The company première of Puccini's "La Fanciulla del West," with Maralin Niska, Ermanno Mauro, and William Chapman; Sergiu Comissiona. . . . ¶ Tuesday, Oct. 18, at 8: "Manon," with Beverly Sills, Henry Price, Richard Fredricks, Samuel Ramey, Robert Hale, and Nico Castel; Julius Rudel. . . . ¶ Wednesday, Oct. 19, at 8: "The Voice of Ariadne," with Cynthia Clarey, Frances Bible, David Holloway, Thomas Jamerson, and Richard T. Gill; Thea Musgrave. . . . ¶ Thursday, Oct. 20, at 8: "The Magic Flute" (in English), with Faye Robinson, Gianna Rolandi, Henry Price, Charles Roe, and Will Roy; Julius Rudel. . . . ¶ Friday, Oct. 21, at 8: "Mefistofele," with Johanna Meier, Samuel Ramey, and Kenneth Collins; Julius Rudel. . . . ¶ Saturday, Oct. 22, at 2: "Manon," with Beverly Sills, Richard Taylor, Richard Fredricks, Richard T. Gill, Thomas Jamerson, and Nico Castel; Julius Rudel. . . . ¶ Saturday, Oct. 22, at 8: "La Fanciulla del West," with Maralin Niska, Ermanno Mauro, and William Chapman; Sergiu Comissiona. (New York State Theatre, Lincoln Center. TR 7-4727. Through Sunday, Nov. 13.)

ORCHESTRAS

New York Philharmonic—At Avery Fisher Hall—Erich Leinsdorf directing on Thursday, Oct. 13, at 8:30; Friday, Oct. 14, at 2; Saturday, Oct. 15, at 8:30; and Tuesday, Oct. 18, at 7:30 (all with Julius Baker, flute, and Faye Robinson, soprano); and Thursday, Oct. 20, at 8:30; Friday, Oct. 21, at 2; and Tuesday, Oct. 25, at 7:30 (all with Mark Zeltser, piano; Roland Kohloff, timpani; and Walter Rosenberger, Elden Bailey, and Morris Lang, percussion). . . . ¶ Andre Kostelanetz conducting on Saturday, Oct. 22, at 8:30 (with Jerome Lowenthal, piano, and Rodney Friend, violin).

Houston Pops Orchestra—Ned Battista conducting. (Carnegie Hall. Friday, Oct. 14, at 8.)

Brooklyn Philharmonia—Saturday, Oct. 15, at 2: Antonia Brico conducting a program of music by Slavic composers. . . . ¶ Friday and Saturday, Oct. 21-22, at 8, and Sunday, Oct. 23, at 3: Lukas Foss conducting an all-Tchaikovsky program, with Jorge Bolet, piano. (Brooklyn Academy of Music, 30 Lafayette Ave. 636-4100.)

Opera Orchestra of New York—Eve Queler directing an all-Beethoven program, with Pamela Kucenic, soprano; Natalia Chudy, mezzo-soprano; Richard Taylor, tenor; Paul Plishka, bass; Agustin Anievas, piano; and the New York Choral Society. (Walt Whitman Hall, Brooklyn College. 859-1180. Saturday, Oct. 15, at 8.)

New York Pro Arte Chamber Orchestra—Raffael Adler conducting an all-Handel program, with William Whitehead, organ. (Fifth Avenue Presbyterian Church, Fifth Ave. at 55th St. Sunday, Oct. 16, at 2:30. No tickets necessary.)

Symphony of the New World—Everett Lee conducting, with Delphin and Romain, duo piano. (Carnegie Hall. Sunday, Oct. 16, at 3.)

St. Paul Chamber Orchestra—At Alice Tully Hall, Dennis Russell Davies conducting—Thursday, Oct. 20, at 8: With Charles Rosen, piano; Rosalind Rees, soprano; and Priscilla McAfee Rybka, horn. . . . ¶ Saturday, Oct. 22, at 8: With Heinz Holliger, oboe and English horn, and sopranos Angela Bello, Janis Hardy, and Karen Smith. . . . ¶ Sunday, Oct. 23, at 8: With Mr. Holliger and Dwight Peltzer, piano.

Tarack Chamber Ensemble—A chamber group that performs without a conductor. (Brooklyn Academy of Music, 30 Lafayette Ave. 636-4100. Friday, Oct. 21, at 8:30.)

RECITALS

Fine Arts Quartet—With Walter Trampler, viola, in the first of two concerts presenting the cycle of Mozart viola quintets. (Kaufmann Concert Hall, 92nd Street Y, Lexington Ave. at 92nd St. 427-6000. Wednesday, Oct. 12, at 8.)

Maro and Anahid Ajemian—Piano and violin, in a sonata recital. (Town Hall. JU 2-4536. Friday, Oct. 14, at 8.)

Guarneri Quartet—The first in a series of six concerts presenting the Beethoven cycle. (Grace Rainey Rogers Auditorium, Metropolitan Museum, Fifth Ave. at 83rd St. 879-5512. Friday, Oct. 14, at 8. All seats have been sold, and only standing room is left.)

Chamber Music Society of Lincoln Center—James Buswell, violin; Walter Trampler, viola; Leslie Parnas, cello; Leonard Arner, oboe; Gervase De Peyer, clarinet; Loren Glickman, bassoon; Richard Goode, piano; and others. (Alice Tully Hall. Friday, Oct. 14, at 8, and Sunday, Oct. 16, at 5.)

Vladimir Pleshakov—Piano. (Alice Tully Hall. Saturday, Oct. 15, at 2:30.)

Thruston Johnson—Violin, in a program of

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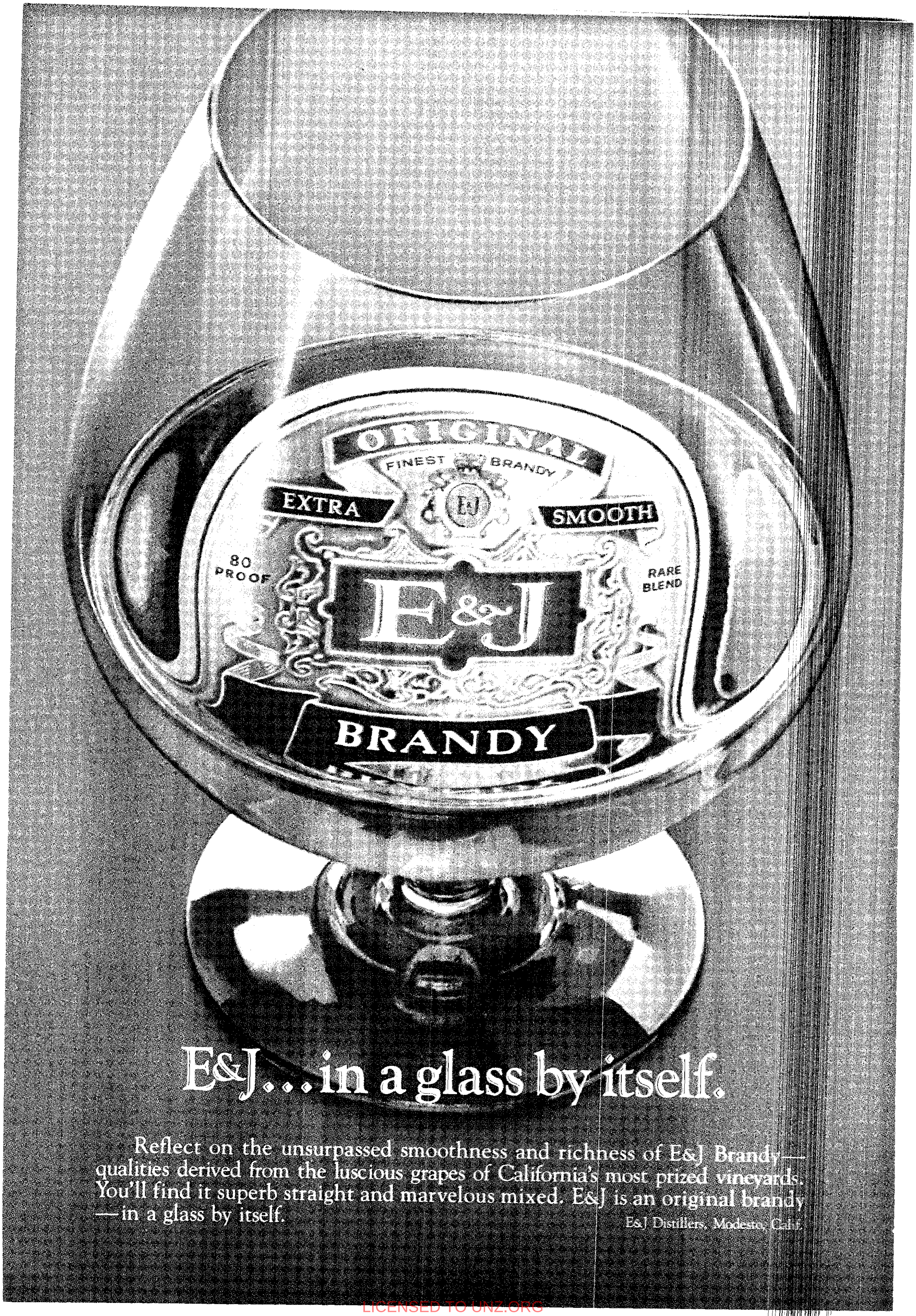
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Spanish music. (Carnegie Recital Hall. Saturday, Oct. 15, at 8:30.)

Ferruccio Tagliavini—Tenor. (Avery Fisher Hall. Sunday, Oct. 16, at 2:30.)

Beverly Somach—Violin. (Alice Tully Hall. Sunday, Oct. 16, at 8.)

Seth Carlin—Piano, in a program of Schubert sonatas. (Town Hall. JU 2-4536. Sunday, Oct. 16, at 8.)

Endre Balogh—Violin. (Alice Tully Hall. Monday, Oct. 17, at 8.)

Anthony Newman—Organ. (St. Thomas Church, Fifth Ave. at 53rd St. Tuesday, Oct. 18, at 7:30. Admission by contribution.)

Smt. M. S. Subbulakshmi—Indian vocalist, in a program of classical South Indian music, with assisting artists. (Carnegie Hall. Wednesday, Oct. 19, at 8.)

Strasbourg Percussionists—An ensemble of six, in a program of contemporary works. (Alice Tully Hall. Wednesday, Oct. 19, at 8.)

Concert-Party—The first in a series of six concerts, this one played by the Panoha String Quartet, with Bert Lucarelli, oboe. Drinks and coffee are available from a bar. (Metropolitan Club, 1 E. 60th St. Friday, Oct. 21, at 8:40. For information about tickets, call PL 2-4907.)

Gita Karasik—Piano. (Grace Rainey Rogers Auditorium, Metropolitan Museum, Fifth Ave. at 83rd St. 879-5512. Saturday, Oct. 22, at 2:30.)

Juilliard String Quartet—With John Graham, viola, in the first in a series of five all-Mozart concerts presenting the ten 'great' quartets and the cycle of quintets. (Alice Tully Hall. Saturday, Oct. 22, at 3.)

Alexander Schneider, Stephanie Brown, and Laurence Lesser—Violin, piano, and cello, in a program of Haydn trios. (Grace Rainey Rogers Auditorium, Metropolitan Museum, Fifth Ave. at 83rd St. 879-5512. Saturday, Oct. 22, at 8.)

Cleveland Quartet—With Leon Fleisher, piano. (Brooklyn Academy of Music, 30 Lafayette Ave. 636-4100. Saturday, Oct. 22, at 8:30, and Sunday, Oct. 23, at 2.)

MISCELLANY

Waverly Consort—Two staged productions adapted from medieval manuscripts—Monday through Wednesday, Oct. 17-19, at 8: "Le Roman de Fauvel," a program of poetry, music, and visual art, based on the fourteenth-century "Fauvel" collection in the Bibliothèque Nationale de Paris. With a narrator and ten singers and instrumentalists. . . . ¶ Saturday, Oct. 22, at 8, and Sunday, Oct. 23, at 3 and 8: "Las Cantigas de Santa Maria," story and song as performed in the thirteenth-century Castilian court of King Alfonso X. With six singers and instrumentalists and a narrator-troubadour. (Kaufmann Concert Hall, 92nd Street Y, Lexington Ave. at 92nd St. 427-6000.)

SPORTS

(The box-office number for Madison Square Garden, Eighth Ave. between 31st and 33rd Sts., is 564-4400.)

Baseball—World Series—Yankees vs. Los Angeles. The second game will be played at Yankee Stadium Wednesday, Oct. 12, at 8:15; the third, fourth, and, if necessary, fifth games in Los Angeles Friday through Sunday, Oct. 14-16; and the final two, if required, at Yankee Stadium Tuesday and Wednesday, Oct. 18-19, at 8:15. The New York Telephone Company will furnish running scores; call 999-1313.

Professional Basketball—At MADISON SQUARE GARDEN: Knicks vs. Kansas City, Tuesday, Oct. 18, at 7:30. . . . ¶ Knicks vs. Washington, Saturday, Oct. 22, at 8. . . . RUTGERS UNIVERSITY ATHLETIC CENTER, Piscataway, N.J.: Nets vs. New Orleans, Friday, Oct. 21, at 8:05.

College Football—SATURDAY, OCT. 15 (all games at 1:30): Army vs. Notre Dame, at Giants Stadium, the Meadowlands. . . . ¶ Brown vs. Cornell, at Providence. . . . ¶ Columbia vs. Yale, at Baker Field. . . . ¶ Harvard vs. Dartmouth, at Cambridge. . . . ¶ Princeton vs. Colgate, at Princeton. . . . ¶ Rutgers vs. Lehigh, at New Brunswick. . . . SATURDAY, OCT. 22: Amherst vs. Wesleyan, at Amherst, at 1:30. . . . ¶ Army vs. Lafayette, at West Point, at 1:30. . . . ¶ Columbia vs. Colgate, at Baker Field, at 1:30. . . . ¶ Dartmouth vs. Cornell, at Hanover, at 1:30. . . . ¶ Harvard vs. Princeton, at Cambridge, at 1:30. . . . ¶ Holy Cross vs. Brown, at Worcester, at 1:30. . . . ¶ Navy vs. William and Mary, at Annapolis, at 2. . . . ¶ Yale vs. Pennsylvania, at New Haven, at 1:30.

Professional Football—Sunday, Oct. 16: Giants vs. San Francisco Forty-Niners, at Giants Stadium, the Meadowlands, at 1. . . . ¶ Jets vs. Miami Dolphins, at Miami.

Hockey—At MADISON SQUARE GARDEN (all games at 7:35): Rangers vs. Vancouver Canucks, Wednesday, Oct. 12. . . . ¶ Rangers vs. Islanders, Sunday, Oct. 16. . . . ¶ Rangers vs. Pittsburgh Penguins, Wednesday, Oct. 19. . . . NASSAU COLISEUM (all games at 8:05): Islanders vs. Boston Bruins, Saturday, Oct. 15. . . . ¶ Islanders vs. Los Angeles Kings, Tuesday, Oct. 18. . . . ¶ Islanders vs. Rangers, Saturday, Oct. 22. (Hempstead Turnpike, Uniondale, L.I. 516 794-9100.)

Racing—At BELMONT: Daily at 1:30; through Saturday, Oct. 15. The Temple Gwathmey Steeplechase, Friday, Oct. 14, and the Jockey Club Gold Cup and the Champagne, Saturday, Oct. 15. (Frequent trains will leave Penn Station for the track Wednesday through Friday between 11 and 1:10, and Saturday between 11 and 1:15.) . . . AQUEDUCT: Weekdays at 1:30, from Monday, Oct. 17, through Friday, Dec. 23. The Jamaica Handicap, Monday, Oct. 17, and the Vosburgh Handicap, Saturday, Oct. 22. . . . MEADOWLANDS: Weeknights at 8: through Saturday, Dec. 31. The Queen Charlotte, Saturday, Oct. 15, and the Nelson, Saturday, Oct. 22.

Trotting—At Yonkers Raceway: Weeknights at 8; through Saturday, Nov. 5.

ET ALIA

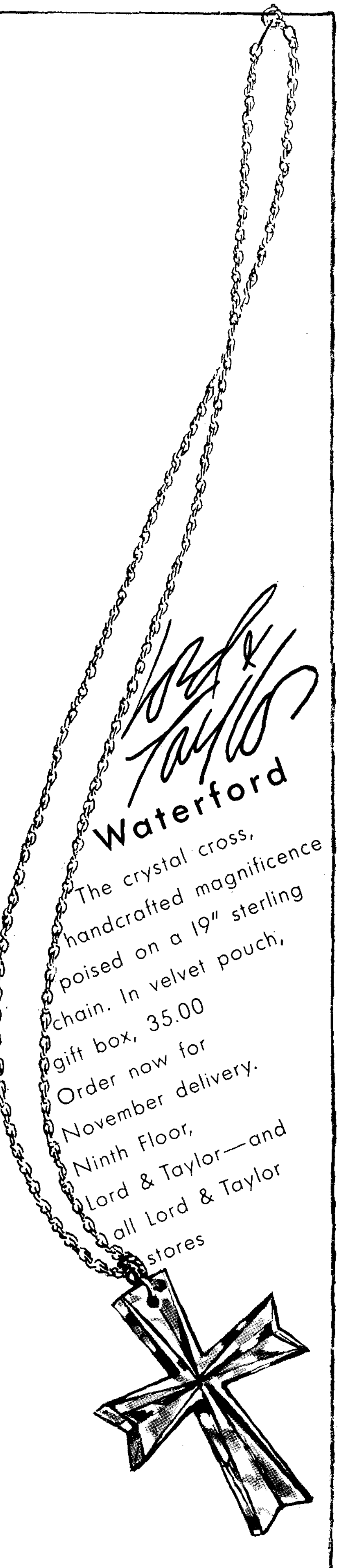
(The New York Parks Department number to call for information about all free entertainment in the city is 755-4100.)

National Arts and Antiques Festival—A benefit exhibition, combining handicrafts from around the world with a wide range of traditional antiques. Among the displays are art in contemporary glass by sixty American craftsmen, two hundred netsuke objects, and a collection of pipes from the United States Tobacco Museum. (7th Regiment Armory, Park Ave. at 66th St. Wednesday through Saturday, Oct. 12-15, from 1 to 10, and Sunday, Oct. 16, from 1 to 7.)

Bryant Park Flower Show—Included will be exhibits by the Garden Club of America, the New York Botanical Garden, and the Brooklyn Botanic Garden. (Sixth Ave. at 42nd St. Friday through Wednesday, Oct. 14-19, from 10 to 5:30, and Thursday, Oct. 20, from 10 to noon.)

Auctions—At SOTHEBY PARKE BERNET, 980 Madison Ave., at 76th St. (Exhibition hours: Tuesdays through Saturdays, 10 to 5.) Wednesday and Thursday, Oct. 12-13, at 2: Jewelry, from the estate of Edith Kane Baker and from other sources. . . . ¶ Friday, Oct. 14, at 2, and Saturday, Oct. 15, at 10:15 and 2: African, Oceanic, pre-Columbian, and American Indian art, from various owners. . . . ¶ Wednesday, Oct. 19, at 8: Nineteenth- and twentieth-century paintings and sculptures, from the collection of Mr. and Mrs. Sidney F. Brody. Following the Brody sale, Impressionist and modern paintings and sculptures, from the collection of Mrs. Maurice Newton and from other sources. Exhibition starts Friday, Oct. 14. Admission to both sales by card only; for information, call 472-3617. . . . ¶ Thursday, Oct. 20, at 2: Nineteenth- and twentieth-century drawings and watercolors, from many owners. Exhibition starts Saturday, Oct. 15. . . . ¶ Thursday, Oct. 20, at 8: Contemporary art, including works by such artists as Hans Hofmann, Mark Rothko, Jackson Pollock, and Claes Oldenburg; from various owners. Admission by card only; for information, call 472-3617. Exhibition starts Saturday, Oct. 15. . . . CHRISTIE'S, 502 Park Ave., at 59th St. (Exhibition hours: Tuesdays through Saturdays, 10 to 5.) Tuesday, Oct. 18, at 8: Impressionist and modern paintings, drawings, and sculptures by Boudin, Degas, Léger, and others; from many owners. . . . ¶ Wednesday, Oct. 19, at 10:30: Impressionist and modern paintings, drawings, and sculptures by Archipenko, Buffet, Klee, Picasso, and others; the property of Mrs. William Zeckendorf and others.

Election Registration—The registration dates for the Nov. 8 elections are Thursday, Oct. 13, and Saturday, Oct. 15, from 1 P.M. to 9 P.M.



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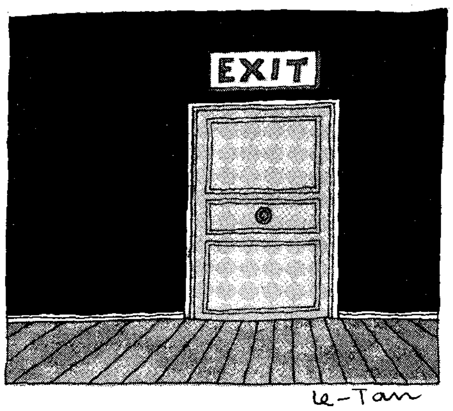
THE MOVIE HOUSES



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16	17	18	19	20		

THE FILMS PLAYING THE REGULAR MOVIE HOUSES ARE DESCRIBED IN BRIEF IN THE SECTION BELOW

EAST SIDE

Art, 36 E. 8th. (GR 3-7014)
Through Oct. 18: "Slap Shot" and "The Seven-Per-Cent Solution."
From Oct. 19: To be announced.

St. Marks Cinema, 2nd Ave. at 8th. (533-9292)
Through Oct. 18: "Suspiria" and "Zardoz."
From Oct. 19: To be announced.

Gramercy, Lexington at 23rd. (GR 5-1660)
Through Oct. 13: "Annie Hall."
From Oct. 14: "The Other Side of Midnight."

Murray Hill, 160 E. 34th. (685-7652)
"Star Wars."

34th St. East, 241 E. 34th. (683-0255)
"Valentino."

Eastside Cinema, 3rd Ave. at 55th. (755-3020)
"A Piece of the Action."

Sutton, 3rd Ave. at 57th. (PL 9-1411)
"Short Eyes."

Trans-Lux East, 3rd Ave. at 58th. (PL 9-2262)
Through Oct. 15: "Valentino."
From Oct. 16: "Equus."

Fine Arts, 130 E. 58th. (755-6030)
"The Lacemaker."

Plaza, 42 E. 58th. (EL 5-3320)
"One Sings, the Other Doesn't."

Baronet, 3rd Ave. at 59th. (355-1663)
"Bobby Deerfield."

Coronet, 3rd Ave. at 59th. (355-1663)
"Bobby Deerfield."

59th St. East, 220 E. 59th. (688-0750)
"The Savage Is Loose."

D. W. Griffith, 235 E. 59th. (759-4630)
Through Oct. 13: "Pardon Mon Affaire."
From Oct. 14: "Desperate Living."

Cinema I, 3rd Ave. at 60th. (PL 3-6022)
"Julia."

Cinema II, 3rd Ave. at 60th. (PL 3-0774)
"Outrageous!"

Columbia I, 2nd Ave. at 64th. (832-1670)
Through Oct. 15: "The Kentucky Fried Movie."
From Oct. 16: "Roseland."

Columbia II, 2nd Ave. at 64th. (832-2720)
"The Lincoln Conspiracy."

Beekman, 2nd Ave. at 66th. (RE 7-2622)
"A Special Day."

68th St. Playhouse, 3rd Ave. at 68th. (RE 4-0302)
"Let Joy Reign Supreme."

Loews Tower East, 3rd Ave. at 71st. (879-1313)
Through Oct. 18: "The Spy Who Loved Me."
From Oct. 19: "Looking for Mr. Goodbar."

72nd Street East, 1st Ave. at 72nd. (BU 8-9304)
Through Oct. 18: "La Grande Bourgeoise."
From Oct. 19: "The Other Side of Midnight."

Trans-Lux 85th St., Madison at 85th. (BU 8-3180)
"Valentino."

U. A. East, 1st Ave. at 85th. (249-5100)
"The Lincoln Conspiracy."

Loews Orpheum, 3rd Ave. at 86th. (289-4607)
"Star Wars."

Loews Ciné, 3rd Ave. at 86th. (427-1332)
"Oh, God!"

86th St. East, 3rd Ave. at 86th. (249-1144)
"A Piece of the Action."

R.K.O. 86th St. Twin 1, Lexington at 86th. (289-8900)
Through Oct. 13: "Cinderella" (R-rated).
From Oct. 14: "Rolling Thunder."

R.K.O. 86th St. Twin 2, Lexington at 86th. (289-8932)
Through Oct. 13: "Rabid" and "Demon!"
From Oct. 14: "Murder by Death."

WEST SIDE

Waverly, 6th Ave. at 3rd. (929-8037)
"A Piece of the Action."

Renoir Cinema, 100 Seventh Ave. S., at Sheridan Square. (873-8702; theatre opens in the late afternoon.)
Oct. 12: "The Criminal Life of Archibaldo de la Cruz" and "The Great Madcap."
Oct. 13-15: "Bonaparte."
Oct. 16-19: "J'Accuse."
From Oct. 20: To be announced.

8th St. Playhouse, 52 W. 8th. (674-6515)
Through Oct. 18: "Annie Hall" and "Harry and Walter Go to New York."
From Oct. 19: To be announced.

Greenwich, Greenwich Ave. at 12th. (929-3350)
"The Spy Who Loved Me."

Quad Cinema, 34 W. 13th. (255-8800)
Theatre 1: Through Oct. 15: "Forbidden Planet" and "The Time Machine." Oct. 16-18: "San Francisco" and "Mutiny on the Bounty." From Oct. 19: "The Wizard of Oz" and "Meet Me in St. Louis."
Theatre 2: "The Lincoln Conspiracy."
Theatre 3: Through Oct. 13: "Stroszek." From Oct. 14: "Desperate Living."
Theatre 4: "Children of Rage."

Guild, 33 W. 50th. (PL 7-2406)
"MacArthur."

Ziegfeld, 141 W. 54th. (765-7600)
"Tommy."

Festival, 6 W. 57th. (581-2323)
"Salò, 120 Days of Sodom."

Playboy, 110 W. 57th. (JU 6-4448)
Through Oct. 18: "A Bridge Too Far."
From Oct. 19: "The Other Side of Midnight."

Little Carnegie, 146 W. 57th. (246-5123)
"Handle with Care."

Paris, 4 W. 58th. (688-2013)
"Black and White in Color."

Cinema 3, 2 W. 59th. (752-5959)
"A Woman's Decision."

Paramount, B'way at 61st. (247-5070)
"Short Eyes."

Cinema Studio, B'way at 66th. (877-4040)
"The American Friend."

Embassy 72nd St., B'way at 72nd. (SC 4-6745)
"New York, New York."

Loews 83rd Triplex, B'way at 83rd. (877-3190)
Theatre 1: "The Spy Who Loved Me."
Theatre 2: Through Oct. 13: "Rabid" and "Demon!" From Oct. 14: "Rolling Thunder."
Theatre 3: Through Oct. 13: "Cinderella" (R-rated). From Oct. 14: "Murder by Death."

New Yorker, B'way at 88th. (TR 4-9189)
"The Other Side of Midnight."

Olympia, B'way at 107th. (865-8128)
Through Oct. 18: "The First Nudie Musical" and "Next Stop, Greenwich Village."
From Oct. 19: "The Other Side of Midnight."

REVIVAL HOUSES

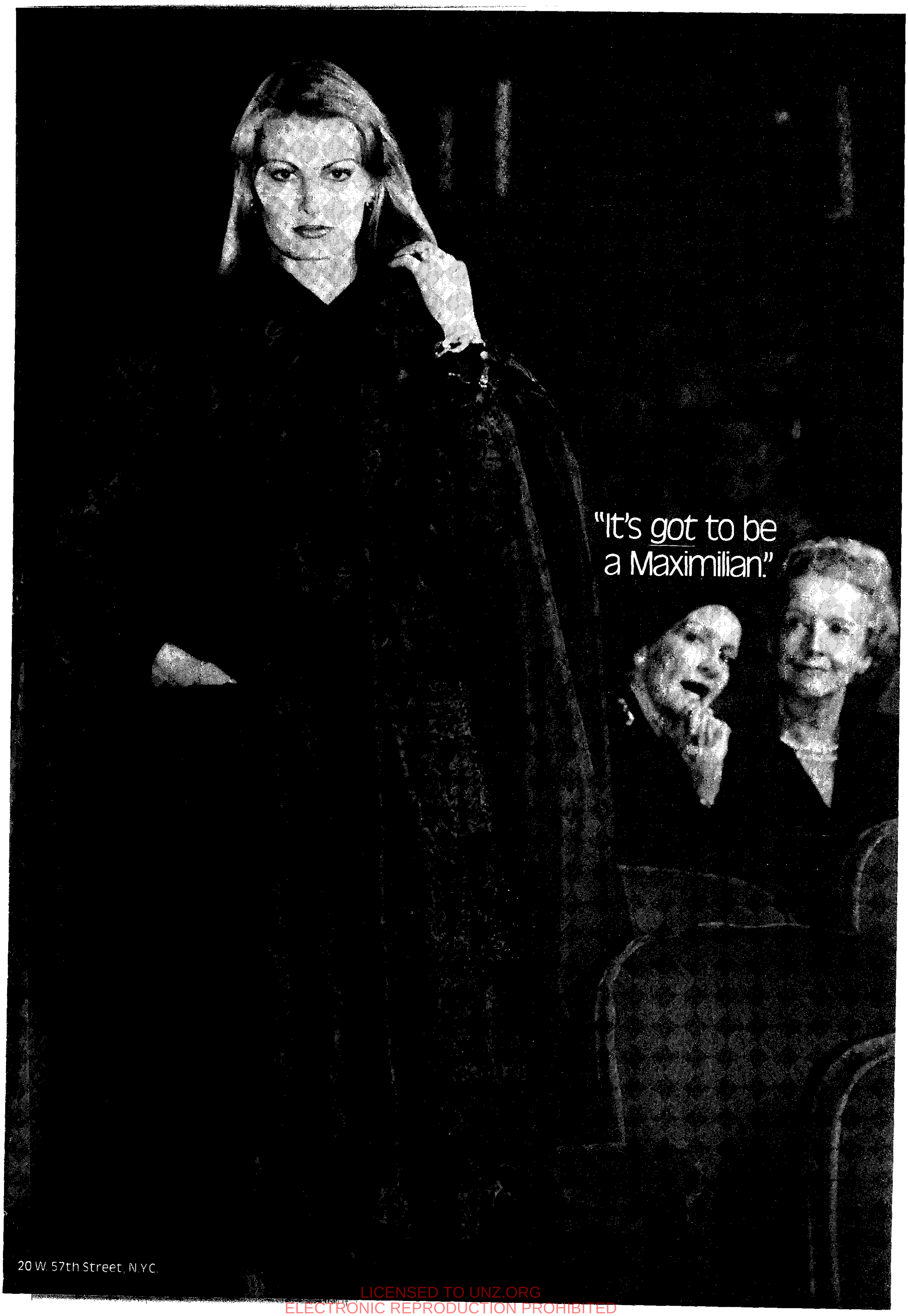
(These theatres are showing revivals exclusively, and for abbreviated runs. For reasons of space, or lack of it, only the films marked with a dagger are described in our "In Brief" section, further along.)

Bleecker St. Cinema, 144 Bleecker St. (674-2560)
Through Oct. 13: "Mr. Arkadin" (1955), directed by Orson Welles, with Mr. Welles, Michael Redgrave, Akim Tamiroff, Mischa Auer, and Katina Paxinou; and "Touch of Evil" (1958), directed by Orson Welles, with Mr. Welles, Charlton Heston, and Janet Leigh.
Oct. 14-15: "Super Fly" (†) and "Claudine." (†)
Oct. 16-17: "Fantastic Planet" (†) and "The Harder They Come." (†)
Oct. 18: "Diary of a Shinjuku Burglar" (1969), in Japanese, directed by Nagisa Oshima; and "Music" (1973), in Japanese, directed by Yasuzo Masumura.
Oct. 19-20: "The Discreet Charm of the Bourgeoisie" (1972), in French, directed by Luis Buñuel, with Fernando Rey, Stéphane Audran, and Delphine Seyrig; and "Le Fantôme de la Liberté" (1974), in French, directed by Luis Buñuel, with Jean-Claude Brialy, Monica Vitti, and Adriana Asti.

Carnegie Hall Cinema, 7th Ave. at 57th. (757-2131)
Oct. 12: "Vivacious Lady" (1938), directed by George Stevens, with Ginger Rogers, James Stewart, James Ellison, Beulah Bondi, and Charles Coburn; and "The More the Merrier" (1943), directed by George Stevens, with Jean Arthur, Joel McCrea, and Charles Coburn.
Oct. 13: "Funeral Rights" (1972), in Kannada, directed by T. P. Rama Reddy; and "The Whole Sky" (1970), in Hindi, directed by Basu Chatterji.
Oct. 14: "Shadow of a Doubt" (†); and "Family Plot" (1976), directed by Alfred Hitchcock, with Karen Black, Bruce Dern, Barbara Harris, and William Devane.
Oct. 15: "Romeo and Juliet" (1968), directed by Franco Zeffirelli, with Leonard Whiting and Olivia Hussey; and "A Midsummer Night's Dream" (1968), directed by Peter Hall, with the Royal Shakespeare Company.
Oct. 16: "The Bolshoi Ballet" (1957), directed by Paul Czinner, including Galina Ulanova in a full-length performance of "Giselle."
Oct. 17: "Boudu Saved from Drowning" (†); and "Swamp Water" (1941), directed by Jean Renoir, with Walter Huston and Virginia Gilmore.
Oct. 18: "October" (†); and "May I Have the Floor?" (1976), in Russian, directed by Gleb Panfilov.
Oct. 19: "New Babylon" (1929), a Russian silent film, directed by Grigori Kozintsev and Leonid Trauberg; and "Slave of Love" (1976), in Russian, directed by Nikita Mikhalkov.
Oct. 20: "27 Down" (1973), in Hindi, directed by Awtar Kaul; and "Chomana's Drum" (1975), in Kannada, directed by B. V. Karanth.

Cinema Village, 22 E. 12th. (924-3363)
Through Oct. 13: "Welcome to L.A." (1977), directed by Alan Rudolph, with Keith Carradine, Geraldine Chaplin, Lauren Hutton, Harvey Keitel, John Considine, and Sissy Spacek; and "The Day of the Locust" (1975), directed by John Schlesinger, with Donald Sutherland, Karen Black, Burgess Meredith, Billy Barty, and William Atherton.
Oct. 14-15: "Fillmore" (†) and "Phantom of the Paradise." (†)
Oct. 16-17: "The Queen" (†); and "The Killing of Sister George" (1968), directed by Robert Aldrich, with Beryl Reid and Susannah York.
Oct. 18: "Back Street" (1941), directed by Robert Stevenson, with Margaret Sullavan and Charles Boyer; and "No Sad Songs for Me" (1950), directed by Rudolph Maté, with Margaret Sullavan and Wendell Corey.
Oct. 19-20: "Repulsion" (†) and "The Tenant." (†)

Regency, B'way at 67th. (724-3700)
Oct. 12: "Hush . . . Hush, Sweet Charlotte" (1965), directed by Robert Aldrich, with Bette Davis, Olivia de Havilland, Agnes Moorehead, and Joseph Cotten; and "Phone Call from a Stranger" (1952), directed by Jean Negulesco, with Shelley Winters, Gary Merrill, and Bette Davis.
Oct. 13-15: "The Petrified Forest" (1936), directed by Archie Mayo, with Leslie Howard, Bette Davis, and Humphrey Bo-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a Maximilian."
20 W. 57th Street, N.Y.C.

gart; and "Johnny Guitar" (1954), directed by Nicholas Ray, with Joan Crawford, Sterling Hayden, Mercedes McCambridge, and Ernest Borgnine.

Oct. 16-18: "Dangerous" (†) and "Possessed." (†)

From Oct. 19: "All About Eve" (1950), directed by Joseph L. Mankiewicz, with Bette Davis, Anne Baxter, Hugh Marlowe, Celeste Holm, and Thelma Ritter; and "Harriet Craig" (1950), directed by Vincent Sherman, with Joan Crawford and Wendell Corey.

THALIA, B'way at 95th. (222-3370)

Through Oct. 13: "The Hunchback of Notre Dame" (1939), directed by William Dieterle, with Charles Laughton, Maureen O'Hara, Edmond O'Brien, and Cedric Hardwicke; and "The Private Life of Henry VIII" (1933), directed by Alexander Korda, with Charles Laughton, Merle Oberon, Binnie Barnes, Wendy Barrie, and Elsa Lanchester.

Oct. 14-15: "Smile" (†) and "To Be or Not to Be." (†)

Oct. 16-18: "The Blue Angel" (1929), in German, directed by Josef von Sternberg, with Marlene Dietrich and Emil Jannings; and "M" (1932), in German, directed by Fritz Lang, with Peter Lorre.

Oct. 19-20: "Alice in the Cities" (1974), and "The Goalie's Anxiety at the Penalty Kick" (1972), both films in German, directed by Wim Wenders.

THEATRE 80 ST. MARKS, 80 St. Marks Pl. (254-7400)

Oct. 12: "The Big Pond" (1930), directed by Hobart Henley, with Maurice Chevalier, Claudette Colbert, and George Barbier; and "Midnight" (1939), directed by Mitchell Leisen, with Claudette Colbert, Don Ameche, John Barrymore, Mary Astor, and Francis Lederer.

Oct. 13: "Bad Sister" (1931), directed by Hobart Henley, with Conrad Nagel, Sidney Fox, Bette Davis, and ZaSu Pitts; and "Payment on Demand" (1951), directed by Curtis Bernhardt, with Bette Davis, Barry Sullivan, Frances Dee, Jane Cowl, and Kent Taylor.

Oct. 14-15: "And Then There Were None" (1945), directed by René Clair, with Barry Fitzgerald, Walter Huston, and Louis Hayward; and "The Mystery of Marie Roget" (1942), directed by Phil Rosen, with Maria Montez, Patric Knowles, Maria Ouspenskaya, and Lloyd Corrigan.

Oct. 16-17: "The Good Fairy" (†); and "So Ends Our Night" (1941), directed by John Cromwell, with Margaret Sullavan and Fredric March.

Oct. 18: "Bolero" (†) and "Rumba." (†)

Oct. 19-20: "Easy Living" (†) and "Street of Chance." (†)

FILM LIBRARIES, ETC.

ROY AND NIUTA TITUS AUDITORIUM, Museum of Modern Art, 11 W. 53rd St. (956-7078)—Oct. 13 at 2:30: "The Suspect" (1945), directed by Robert Siodmak, with Charles Laughton and Ella Raines. . . . ¶ Oct. 13 at 6: "A Woman's Vengeance" (1947), directed by Zoltan Korda, with Charles Boyer, Ann Blyth, Jessica Tandy, and Cedric Hardwicke. . . . ¶ Oct. 13 at 8:30: "The Web" (1947), directed by Michael Gordon, with Edmond O'Brien, Vincent Price, and Ella Raines. . . . ¶ Oct. 14 at 2:30: "Magnificent Obsession" (1935), directed by John M. Stahl, with Irene Dunne, Robert Taylor, and Betty Furness; and "Imitation of Life" (1934), directed by John M. Stahl, with Claudette Colbert, Warren William, Louise Beavers, and Rochelle Hudson. . . . ¶ Oct. 14 at 6: "Les Amours de la Reine Elisabeth" (1912), a French silent film, directed by Louis Mercanton, with Sarah Bernhardt, English inter-titles; and "Amor Pedestre" (1914), an Italian silent film, directed by Marcel Fabre. . . . ¶ Oct. 15 at noon: "Something in the Wind" (1947), directed by Irving Pichel, with Deanna Durbin, John Dall, and Donald O'Connor. . . . ¶ Oct. 15 at 2:30: "Imitation of Life" (1959), directed by Douglas Sirk, with Lana Turner, John Gavin, Sandra Dee, Susan Kohner, and Juanita Moore. . . . ¶ Oct. 15 at 5: "Imitation of Life" (1934). . . . ¶ Oct. 16 at noon: "Canyon Passage" (1946), directed by Jacques Tourneur, with Susan Hayward, Dana Andrews, and Brian Donlevy. . . . ¶ Oct. 16 at 2:30: "Corvette K-225" (1948), directed by Richard Rosson, with Randolph Scott and Ella Raines. . . . ¶ Oct. 16 at 5: "Doctor Bull" (1933), directed by John Ford, with Will Rogers, Vera Allen, Marian Nixon, and Louise Dresser. . . . ¶ Oct. 17 at noon: Two Kenneth Anger short films—"Rabbit's Moon" (1950) and "Scorpio Rising" (1963). . . . ¶ Oct. 17 at 2:30: "The Strange Death of Adolf Hitler" (1943), directed by James Hogan, with Gale Sondergaard and Ludwig Donath. . . . ¶ Oct. 17 at 6: A program of short films by Charlie Ahearn. . . . ¶ Oct. 18 at noon: Two Kenneth Anger short films. . . . ¶ Oct. 18 at 2:30: "America, America" (1963), directed by Elia Kazan, with Stathis Giallelis. . . . ¶ Oct. 20 at 2:30: "The Imposter" (1944), directed by Julien Duvivier, with Jean Gabin, Ellen Drew, and Peter Van Eyck. . . . ¶ Oct. 20 at 6: "Flesh and Fantasy" (1943), directed by Julien Duvivier, with Charles Boyer, Edward G. Robinson, Barbara Stanwyck, and Betty Field. . . . ¶ Oct. 20 at 8:30: "Calling Dr. Death" (1943), directed by Reginald Le Borg, with Lon Chaney, Jr., and J. Carrol Naish; and "Destiny" (1944), directed by Reginald Le Borg, with Alan Curtis and Gloria Jean. (A limited number of tickets are available, but only to those applying for them in person at the museum after 11 on the day of the showing.)

WHITNEY MUSEUM, 945 Madison Ave., at 75th St.—Through Oct. 16: "Scenes from the Class Struggle in Portugal," directed by Robert Kramer and Philip Spinelli. Showings at noon, 2, and 4. . . . ¶ Starting Oct. 18: "Angel City," directed by Jon Jost, with Robert Glaudini, Winifred Golden, Kathleen Kramer, Pierce del Rue, and Mark Brown. Showings at noon, 1:30, 3, and 4:30 (plus 6:15 and 8 on Tuesday evenings). Call desk (794-0630) for ticket information. Closed Mondays.

ANTHOLOGY FILM ARCHIVES, 80 Wooster St. (226-0010)—Programs by Dovzhenko, Dreyer, Deren, Genet, Cornell, Kowalski, Devyatkin, von Moser, Chaplin, Flaherty, Eisenstein, and others. Showings Oct. 12-13 at 7 and 9; Oct. 14 at 7 and 10; Oct. 15 at 2:30, 7, and 10; Oct. 16 at 8; and Oct. 18-20 at 7 and 9.

FILM FORUM, 15 Vandam St., three blocks south of Houston St., at Sixth Ave. (989-2994)—"Breaking with Old Ideas" (1975), in Chinese, produced by the People's Republic of China; English subtitles. Showings Thursdays through Sundays at 7:45.

IN BRIEF

SEE ABOVE FOR THEATRE ADDRESSES AND TELEPHONE NUMBERS.
IF A MOVIE HAS BEEN REVIEWED IN THESE PAGES DURING THE PAST TWO YEARS, THE DATE OF ITS REVIEW IS GIVEN.

THE AMERICAN FRIEND—With Dennis Hopper and Bruno Ganz, directed by Wim Wenders. (Reviewed in this issue.) (Cinema Studio.)

ANNIE HALL—Woody Allen's newest film, very funny. His beguiling girl is played by Diane Keaton, for whom Mr. Allen has written a splendidly funny and loving part. (Reviewed in our issue of 4/25/77.) (Gramercy; through Oct. 13. . . . ¶ 8th St. Playhouse; through Oct. 18.)

BLACK AND WHITE IN COLOR—Directed by Jean-Jacques Annaud; at first anecdotal, then ironic and sharp and charming. The scene is West Africa in 1915, when the local French and German garrisons learn that they are at war. The hero is a good-looking, decisive French geographer called Hubert (Jacques Spiesser), who turns a tribe into a pukka regiment. In French. (5/23/77) (Paris.)

BOBBY DEERFIELD—A rich-meets-rich picture, and worse than one imagines. Al Pacino gives a torpid performance as a spiritually depleted Grand Prix racing-car driver who falls in love with a well-heeled free spirit (Marthe Keller), a metaphysical kook. Though she's dying, she asks him such meaningful questions that he is restored to life. The director, Sydney Pollack, tries for a Lelouch atmosphere but settles for the glitter of cash outlay. From Remarque's "Heaven Has No Favorites," adapted by Alvin Sargent; with Anne Duperey. (10/3/77) (Baronet, and Coronet.)

BOLERO (1934)—George Raft, wearing pants that start at the armpits, and Carole Lombard (before she became a comedienne), in clinging satin. The Astaire and Rogers pictures were making money for R.K.O., so somebody at Paramount got the idea of passing off Raft and Lombard as a dance team. The studio poured every sultry effect shameless people could dream up into this movie, and, almost incredibly, got by with it—though it was low camp even then. In the big number, set to Ravel's "Bolero," Raft and Lombard gyrated on a circular elevated platform while bare-chested black men sat around them, pounding on drums. Some of those who saw the picture in the thirties could never again keep a straight face when they heard that music. With Ray Milland, Sally Rand, and William Frawley; Wesley Ruggles directed. (Theatre 80 St. Marks; Oct. 18.)

BONAPARTE (1927, 1971)—This work of Abel Gance, one of the great pioneers of film and a master of fast editing, has not had the recognition it deserves because he was technically so far ahead of his time that theatres weren't designed or equipped to handle his films. His 1927 "Napoleon" was made in Polyvision, and those lucky enough to have seen it projected that way (or, as it sometimes was, on three ordinary screens) will recall that his conception was far more complex than what directors later did with Cinerama, since Gance frequently used the images at the left and right of the central image for contrapuntal effects. The imagery poured from the three sources; history seemed to be literally an avalanche of armies, battles, and crowds. His epic was, however, so rarely shown that in 1934 he edited another version of it, and then in 1971 prepared this version. Even though much of the visual complexity is gone, what's left is still worth seeing—sweepingly romantic, both naïve and sophisticated. Antonin Artaud appears as Marat, Gance himself as Saint-Just. (Four and a half hours.) (Renoir Cinema; Oct. 13-15.)

BOUDU SAVED FROM DROWNING (1931)—Despite the problems of sound recording in 1931, Jean Renoir went out of the studio and shot this film on the streets and along the banks of the Seine, and so it is not only a lovely fable about a bourgeois attempt to reform an early hippie (Michel Simon is the shaggy-bearded tramp who spills wine on the table and wipes his shoes on the bedspread) but a photographic record of an earlier France. A beautifully rhythmed film that makes one nostalgic for the period when it was made. Not released in the United States until 1967. In French. (Carnegie Hall Cinema; Oct. 17.)

A BRIDGE TOO FAR—A film too long. Inaccurate, to boot. About Arnhem in the Second World War, with a list of stars of whom only Laurence Olivier is worth your ticket money. (6/20/77) (Playboy; through Oct. 18.)

CHILDREN OF RAGE (1975)—With Helmut Griem, directed by Arthur Allan Seidelman. (Quad Cinema.)

CLAUDINE (1974)—A Harlem love story that would reflect a sophisticated, knowing exhaustion if it concerned whites, but maintains its stamina, good humor, and cheek because it is played, and mostly made, by blacks. A mother on welfare (Diahann Carroll), with six children, is loved by a garbage man called Roop, himself supporting three children. James Earl Jones plays the character with an endearing mixture of romance, cowardice, and natural sexiness about his beautiful but obstinate catch of a girl. Produced by Hannah Weinstein, directed by John Berry, written by Tina and Lester Pine. (Bleecker St. Cinema; Oct. 14-15.)

THE CRIMINAL LIFE OF ARCHIBALDO DE LA CRUZ (1955)—Only intermittently amusing black comedy, made in Mexico by Buñuel. Directed rather indifferently, though the story has a Buñuelian perversity. It's about a man whose attempts to commit murder are constantly frustrated by the deaths of his intended victims. In Spanish. (Renoir Cinema; Oct. 12.)

DANGEROUS (1936)—Bette Davis is such an eerie stimulant in this movie that you can see why some people loved her and others hated her, while still others were split. This is the mawkish, trashy movie for which she won her first Academy Award; the award was generally considered to be belated recognition of her work the year before in "Of Human Bondage," but terrible as "Dangerous" is, she hypes it with an intensity that frequently makes it exciting. She plays Joyce Heath, a self-destructive, hard-drinking actress (possibly modelled on Jeanne Eagels) who is convinced that she jinxes the people she gets involved with. Davis is remarkable in her gone-to-the-dogs barroom scene, and she can be tough and surly, as in her scene with Alison Skipworth ("I don't want any of your greasy food; give me a drink"), but nobody could do much with the sequences in which she's required to renounce her true love, an architect (Franchot Tone), and sacrifice herself to the mealymouthed, dependent husband (John Eldredge) who is crippled for life as a result of her enraged, suicidal driving. Alfred E. Green directed, without much control over the tone, so that certain scenes seemed ludicrous even when the picture first came out. With Margaret Lindsay and Dick Foran. (Regency; Oct. 16-18.)

Demon!—With Tony Lo Bianco, Sandy Dennis, Sylvia Sidney, and Sam Levene; directed by Larry Cohen. (R.K.O. 86th St. Twin 2, and Loews 83rd Triplex; through Oct. 13.)

Desperate Living—With Edith Massey, Mink Stole, and Mary Vivian Pearce; directed by John Waters. (D.W. Griffith, and Quad Cinema; starting Oct. 14.)

Easy Living (1937)—Manic congestion, written by Preston Sturges from a Vera Caspary story, directed by Mitchell Leisen. Secretaries, millionaires, jokes, sight gags, furies, attacks of cool sense—there are always three things going on at once. Ray Milland is funny as a rich boy working in an Automat, and Jean Arthur plays a gutsy, pretty girl who earns a few bucks a week at an improving magazine called the *Boy's Constant Companion*. (Theatre 80 St. Marks; Oct. 19-20.)

Equus—Based on the Peter Shaffer play, with Richard Burton and Peter Firth. Directed by Sidney Lumet. (Trans-Lux East; starting Oct. 16.)

Fantastic Planet (1973)—A French-Czech animated science-fiction feature, directed by René Laloux, with original art work by Roland Topor. In French. (Bleecker St. Cinema; Oct. 16-17.)

Fillmore (1972)—A record of the final days of Bill Graham's Fillmore West, in San Francisco. Directed by Richard T. Heffron. (Cinema Village; Oct. 14-15.)

The First Nudie Musical—A spoof of low-budget porno films and the musical comedies of the thirties and forties, with Stephen Nathan, Cindy Williams, and Bruce Kimmel; directed by Mr. Kimmel and Mark Haggard. R-rated. (Olympia; through Oct. 18.)

Forbidden Planet (1956)—The best of the science-fiction interstellar productions of the fifties lifted its plot and atmosphere from Shakespeare: the magical island of "The Tempest" becomes the planet Altair-4, where the sky is green and the sand is pink and there are two moons. The magician Prospero becomes the mad scientist Morbius (Walter Pidgeon); Prospero's daughter Miranda, who knows no man except her father, is Altaira (Anne Francis); and (though this is less clear) the sprite Ariel becomes Robby, the friendly robot. Caliban has become a marvellously flamboyant monster out of Freud—pure id. It's a pity the film, directed by Fred Wilcox, didn't lift some of Shakespeare's dialogue; the language is flat. (Quad Cinema; through Oct. 15.)

The Good Fairy (1935)—Hired to sanitize one of Ferenc Molnár's lesser plays, Preston Sturges embroidered the whimsical comedy until it was almost worthy of the talents of Margaret Sullavan. (He also managed to work in one of the movie-within-a-movie scenes that later became one of his trademarks.) Sullavan plays a naïve, unworldly orphan who becomes an usher in a movie theatre; she's so helplessly innocent that various men (Herbert Marshall, Frank Morgan, Reginald Owen) come to her aid, and their lives get turned upside down. William Wyler, who directed, has told the story of how he quarrelled with Margaret Sullavan at first, and the tension between them made her look nervous and strained in the rushes. In order to improve her appearance, he took her out to dinner to make peace, and was so successful that they were married two weeks before the picture was finished. With Cesar Romero, Alan Hale, Beulah Bondi, Eric Blore, and Hugh O'Connell. (Theatre 80 St. Marks; Oct. 16-17.)

La Grande Bourgeoise—A noble, beautiful piece of work by Mauro Bolognini, set in the Italy of 1897. The story has the quality of a fable. The Countess (Catherine Deneuve), daughter of the famed and powerful house of Murri, is married to a boorish doctor but is in

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love with her brother (played by Giancarlo Giannini). The Murris are rich Socialists; they excite the rage and envy of poorer fellow-Socialists and traditional monarchists alike. In French and Italian. (8/8/77) (72nd Street East; through Oct. 18.)

The Great Madcap (1949)—Directed by Luis Buñuel, in Mexico. In Spanish. (Renoir Cinema; Oct. 12.)

Handle with Care—With Paul Le Mat and Candy Clark, directed by Jonathan Demme. (Little Carnegie.)

The Harder They Come (1973)—Jimmy Cliff, the reggae singer, has the verve of an instinctive actor. In this crude but sensual Jamaican film, he plays a country boy who wants to become a pop star and who achieves his ambition only by becoming a famous killer. The film, directed by Perry Henzell, is feverish and haphazard, but the music redeems much of it. (Bleecker St. Cinema; Oct. 16-17.)

Harry and Walter Go to New York (1976)—A turn-of-the-century comedy, with James Caan, Michael Caine, Elliott Gould, and Diane Keaton. Directed by Mark Rydell. (8th St. Playhouse; through Oct. 18.)

J'Accuse (1937)—With Victor Francen, Jean-Max, and Renée Devillers; directed by Abel Gance. In French. (Renoir Cinema; Oct. 16-19.)

Julia—Jane Fonda as Lillian Hellman, Jason Robards as Dashiell Hammett, and Vanessa Redgrave as Julia in the film version of the Lillian Hellman story about her smuggling bribe money into Nazi Germany, from her book of memoirs "Pentimento." Directed by Fred Zinnemann, from a script by Alvin Sargent, it has been made in conservative—classical humanist—style; it's a perfectionist piece of moviemaking, but cautious and reserved. After a while, it becomes apparent that Zinnemann and Sargent are trafficking in too many quotations and flashbacks because they can't find the core of the material. The film's constraint is frustrating, because Jane Fonda has the power and invention to go further in the character and crack the smooth, contemplative surface and take us places we've never been to. (10/10/77) (Cinema I.)

The Kentucky Fried Movie—With David Zucker, Jim Abrahams, and Jerry Zucker; directed by John Landis. (Columbia I; through Oct. 15.)

The Lacemaker—With Isabelle Huppert and Yves Beneyton, directed by Claude Goretta. In French. (Fine Arts.)

Let Joy Reign Supreme—Bertrand Tavernier's sage reconstruction of the year 1719 in France, when the Duc d'Orléans (Philippe Noiret) was running the land as regent for the sickly little boy who was to survive—to everyone's surprise, and in the face of many hopes—to become Louis XV. Tavernier shows us the luxe, the muddle, the cruelty of the time, with many scenes full of wit. In French. (9/19/77) (68th St. Playhouse.)

The Lincoln Conspiracy—With Bradford Dillman, John Dehner, and Whit Bissell; directed by James L. Conway. (Columbia II, U.A. East, and Quad Cinema.)

Looking for Mr. Goodbar—From the novel by Judith Rossner, with Diane Keaton, Tuesday Weld, William Atherton, and Richard Kiley. Directed by Richard Brooks. (Loews Tower East; starting Oct. 19.)

MacArthur—A blockbuster film that is an act of homage to egocentricity and battle hunger. Gregory Peck plays the General perfectly. (7/11/77) (Guild.)

Meet Me in St. Louis (1944)—Judy Garland, sprightly and vocal, in an excellent musical-comedy adaptation of Sally Benson's stories. With Margaret O'Brien as Tootie, whose Halloween adventure is the high point of the movie. Directed by Vincente Minnelli. (Quad Cinema; starting Oct. 19.)

Murder by Death (1976)—A thriller thronged with the world's most famous detectives, written by Neil Simon, directed by Robert Moore. A funny night of a hundred stars, with Truman Capote as the host, a carefully spoken blind butler played by Alec Guinness, and Maggie Smith, never more limp-wristed or full of sophisticated common sense. Estelle Winwood plays the nurse of a Miss Marbles, but the nurse is the one in the wheelchair. (6/28/76) (R.K.O. 86th St. Twin 2, and Loews 83rd Triplex; starting Oct. 14.)

Mutiny on the Bounty (1935)—Charles Laughton is Captain Bligh—corrupt and sadistic, but a great sailor. Clark Gable (looking a little tubby in white pants) is Fletcher Christian, leader of the mutineers; Franchot Tone is the pivotal character—the officer who goes back to England to stand trial. Some of the thirties bits-of-business of the minor characters are tediously simpleminded, but it's a stirring sea adventure in the big Metro manner. Frank Lloyd directed. (Quad Cinema; Oct. 16-18.)

New York, New York—It begins on V-J Day; Liza Minnelli is a struggling singer, Robert De Niro is a struggling saxophonist, both parts written so as to represent the Hollywood chestnut that ruthlessness is necessary for success. The best thing about this movie is De Niro's firm, swift performance. Directed by Martin Scorsese. (7/4/77) (Embassy 72nd St.)

Next Stop, Greenwich Village (1976)—Paul Mazursky's wonderful autobiographical lyric satire about a young comedian's life in the Village in the early fifties. With a tip-top cast headed by Lenny Baker, Ellen Greene, Christopher Walken, and Antonio Fargas, and with Shelley Winters giving perhaps her best performance—as the comedian's mother, whose unused brains and talent have turned her into a morose, irrepressible, howling freak. (2/2/76) (Olympia; through Oct. 18.)

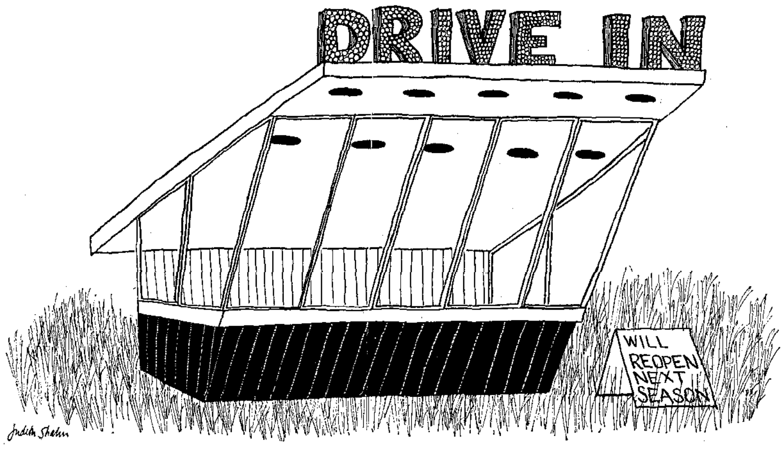
October (1927)—Eisenstein's classic on the October Revolution, and, for good or ill, a chief example of his "dialectic" montage. Also called "Ten Days That Shook the World." (Carnegie Hall Cinema; Oct. 18.)

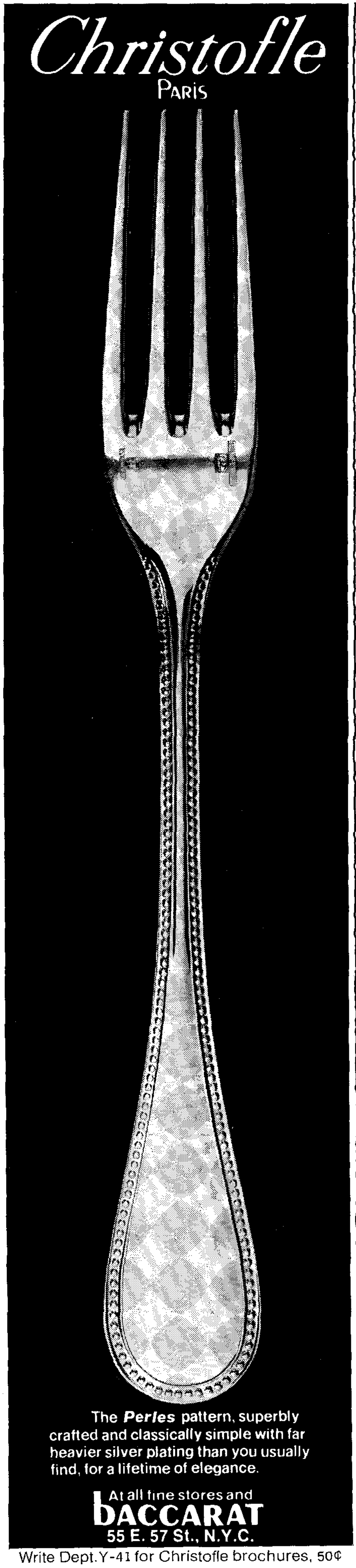
Oh, God!—With George Burns and John Denver, directed by Carl Reiner. (Loews Ciné.)

One Sings, the Other Doesn't—Directed by Agnès Varda. In French. (Plaza.)

The Other Side of Midnight—A fatuous, money-spinning film from a fatuous, money-spinning book about a girl called Noelle Page (Marie-France Pisier), who rises from lowish life in Marseilles to become the most famous and best-dressed film star in France. The dialogue and the plot are so dull that the film chiefly embeds itself in the memory as a conversation between women's clothes. (7/11/77) (New Yorker. . . . ¶ Gramercy; starting Oct. 14. . . . ¶ 72nd Street East, Playboy, and Olympia; starting Oct. 19.)

Outrageous!—A shock-the-bourgeois film from Canada about a friendship between a schizo-

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phrenic girl and a homosexual who is expert at drag entertainment. A cheap and false analogy is made between the states of the two characters, and it doesn't pass muster by miles. (9/12/77) (Cinema II.)

Pardon Mon Affaire—A soubrette of a movie, about a long-faced and very accident-prone Lothario (Jean Rochefort). Directed by Yves Robert, who made "The Tall Blond Man with One Black Shoe." Sabotaged sometimes by coquetry, but its high spirits save it. In French. (8/8/77) (D. W. Griffith; through Oct. 13.)

Phantom of the Paradise (1974)—This satire of horror movies is also a rock musical comedy, and it has a kinetic, breakneck wit. The writer-director, Brian De Palma, is a genuinely funny man, with a gassy, original comic temperament; he creates a new Guignol, in a modern idiom, out of the movie Guignol of the past. Creepy Paul Williams plays Swan, of Death Records; William Finley is the idealistic young composer who becomes the Phantom; and talented Jessica Harper is his ladylove. The singer, Beef, is played by Gerrit Graham, who gives the single funniest performance. (Cinema Village; Oct. 14-15.)

A Piece of the Action—With Sidney Poitier, Bill Cosby, and James Earl Jones; directed by Mr. Poitier. (Eastside Cinema, 86th St. East, and Waverly.)

Possessed (1947)—" 'I love you' is such an inadequate way of saying I love you," the impassioned Joan Crawford murmurs to her sweetheart (Van Heflin). When Heflin, who is an engineer as well as a coldhearted lady-killer, points out, in a passage of technological ecstasy, that he finds a girder he has devised more beautiful than Miss Crawford, she whimpers, "Why don't you love me like that? I'm a lot nicer than a girder." Heflin can't see it her way, and presently, in despair, she marries Raymond Massey, a big oil man with a lively daughter (Geraldine Brooks). Watching Heflin fall in love with her stepdaughter proves too much for Crawford, who comes down with a case of schizophrenia that really rattles the walls of the Massey homestead before the psychiatrists take her in tow. In terms of suspense, this picture, directed by Curtis Bernhardt, is often very striking, and, clearly, he and the cast are giving it all they've got. But insanity is used, in the usual Hollywood manner, to provide an excuse for so much heavy-breathing melodrama that there isn't a trace of believability. (Regency; Oct. 16-18.)

The Queen (1968)—A documentary centering on the transvestites entered in a "Miss All-American" beauty contest for female impersonators held at Town Hall in 1967. Directed by Frank Simon, the film (which runs just over an hour) has considerable humor and drama, as well as that mixture of perversity and sadness distinctive to the drag scene. (Cinema Village; Oct. 16-17.)

Rabid—With Marilyn Chambers and Frank Moore, directed by David Cronenberg. (R.K.O. 86th St. Twin 2, and Loews 83rd Triplex; through Oct. 13.)

Repulsion (1965)—Roman Polanski's clinical horror film, recording the deterioration of a murderous, terrified girl, played by Catherine Deneuve. (Cinema Village; Oct. 19-20.)

Rolling Thunder—With William Devane, directed by John Flynn. (R.K.O. 86th St. Twin 1, and Loews 83rd Triplex; starting Oct. 14.)

Roseland—With Teresa Wright, Lou Jacobi, Geraldine Chaplin, Helen Gallagher, Lilia Skala, and David Thomas; directed by James Ivory. (Columbia I; starting Oct. 16.)

Rumba (1935)—There's no discernible reason for resurrecting this turkey. Paramount, having got by with the ludicrous pseudo-primitive sexuality of "Bolero," pushed its luck in this attempt at a followup. George Raft and Carole Lombard carry on some pathetic activity that is meant to be dancing. With Lynne Overman and Margo; Marion Gering directed, miserably. (Theatre 80 St. Marks; Oct. 18.)

Salò, 120 Days of Sodom—Directed by Pier Paolo Pasolini. In Italian. (Festival.)

San Francisco (1936)—Jeanette MacDonald, courted by Clark Gable, comes carolling out of the appalling San Francisco earthquake in one of her most famous and effulgently absurd scenes. (Quad Cinema; Oct. 16-18.)

The Savage Is Loose (1974)—George C. Scott, Trish Van Devere, and John David Carson, as their son, are shipwrecked on a jungle island, and so is the audience. Agonizing. Scott directed. (59th St. East.)

The Seven-Per-Cent Solution (1976)—A civilized light entertainment, with Nicol Williamson's

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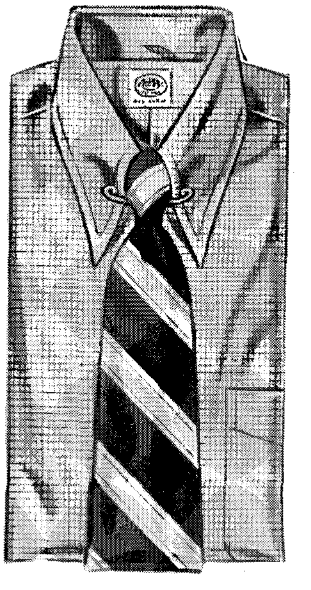

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Sherlock Holmes and Alan Arkin's Sigmund Freud pooling their deductive skills to solve the mysterious kidnapping of one of Freud's patients (Vanessa Redgrave). Chief among the overqualified performers, who seem to be having an actor's holiday, is Laurence Olivier, in high form as the criminal mastermind Prof. Moriarty. Herbert Ross directed. (11/1/76) (Art; through Oct. 18.)

Shadow of a Doubt (1942)—The setting is quiet, clean, sleepy Santa Rosa, California; it is invaded by a psychopathic killer (Joseph Cotten), who comes to visit his unsuspecting and adoring relatives. Alfred Hitchcock considers this fine thriller (from a script principally by Thornton Wilder) to be his best American film, and he may be right. With Patricia Collinge, Teresa Wright, Hume Cronyn, Henry Travers. (Carnegie Hall Cinema; Oct. 14.)

Short Eyes—Robert M. Young directed Miguel Piñero's adaptation of his own play—an insider's view of life in a men's house of detention, centering on the revulsion that prisoners feel toward child-molesters ("short eyes"). The play shows through the documentary surface, and the film's potency is in its words, yet parts of this disorganized, somewhat pedestrian movie seem as good as they could possibly be, and the neo-Cagney cocky humor and the moments of pain, danger, and cruelty suggest that this may be the most emotionally accurate—and so most frightening—movie about American prisons ever made. Shot entirely in the Tombs; with Piñero as Go Go, Bruce Davison as the child-molester, and Joe Carberry as Longshoe Murphy. (9/26/77) (Sutton, and Paramount.)

Slap Shot—Fast, noisy, profane comedy set in the world of minor-league ice hockey. The director, George Roy Hill, gets you laughing, all right, but you don't necessarily enjoy yourself; the picture is geared to giving the public "what it wants"—and there's an antagonistic feeling behind it. What holds the film together is the warmth supplied by Paul Newman, who, as Reggie, a player-coach, gives the performance of his life—to date. (3/7/77) (Art; through Oct. 18.)

Smile (1975)—A fresh, mussed-up comedy about the California finals of a national "Young American Miss" contest. A cousin to "Lord Love a Duck," the film is an affectionate satirical salute to the square; though we laugh at the gaffes of the rawboned teen-age girls, the laughter isn't cruel. Bruce Dern plays the chief judge, a booster who talks in homilies that express exactly how he feels; he's a donkey, but he doesn't have a mean bone in his body. With Barbara Feldon as the girls' den mother, Michael Kidd as the choreographer brought in to stage the beauty pageant, and several talented new actresses—Maria O'Brien, Joan Prather, and Annette O'Toole. Michael Ritchie's direction is highly variable in quality, but he's a whiz at catching details of frazzled behavior. The script is by Jerry Belson. (10/6/75) (Thalia; Oct. 14-15.)

A Special Day—With Sophia Loren and Marcello Mastroianni, directed by Ettore Scola. In Italian. (Reviewed in this issue.) (Beekman.)

The Spy Who Loved Me—This time around in the James Bond cycle, Roger Moore is 007, and his girl-object, a coldly luscious Russian spy, is Barbara Bach. Much ingenuity of blood lust. Directed by Lewis Gilbert. (8/8/77) (Greenwich, and Loews 83rd Triplex. . . . ¶ Loews Tower East; through Oct. 18.)

Star Wars—A film, written and directed by George Lucas (of "American Graffiti"), about an interstellar war in a galaxy inhabited by tiny, chattering, evil beings, by Tenniel creatures of high individuality (a henna-dyed wolf-man, snakes with the look of mathematicians), by a gold-plated robot, and by a computer that looks like a mixture of hair-dryer and mailbox. Witty and fun, with spectacular optical effects. (6/13/77) (Murray Hill, and Loews Orpheum.)

Street of Chance (1930)—William Powell, very cool and very sure as a gentleman racketeer, in a well-written, deftly plotted melodrama about gambling. In order to cure his younger brother, Babe (Regis Toomey), of gambling fever, he sets up a game with the slickest cardplayers in New York. When Babe cleans them out and makes off with all the cash in the pot, the gamblers think big brother has put one over on them, and they go after him. Jean Arthur and Kay Francis are the women; directed by John Cromwell, who also plays Imbrie. (Theatre 80 St. Marks; Oct. 19-20.)

Stroszek—Werner Herzog, the West German who wrote and directed this wonderful film, describes it as a ballad. Stroszek, played by Bruno S., feels himself like a castaway going round and round forever—merry-go-round or mill wheel, he doesn't know which. A masterwork. In German and English. (7/25/77) (Quad Cinema; through Oct. 13.)

Super Fly (1972)—Gaudy black-exploitation film with explicit racism and some that's implicit (the hero deals in cocaine, which is supposed to be O.K., since most users here are white). Partly slick, partly amateurish. With Ron O'Neal and Carl Lee, directed by Gordon Parks, Jr. (Bleecker St. Cinema; Oct. 14-15.)

Suspiria—With Jessica Harper, directed by Dario Argento. (St. Marks Cinema; through Oct. 18.)

The Tenant (1976)—Directed by Roman Polanski, written by Gérard Brach and Polanski, with Polanski himself as the hero. His name is Trelkovsky, a small-boned, easily wounded Pole who lives in Paris. One feels that he has only a lease on his own identity: it seems no longer his property. We see it being made available to the artistry of drag; even his gender seems a matter of rental. This film is no piece of whimsey and shock, as Polanski's latest films have been; it is a serious, exact film about the ache of exile, photographed by Sven Nykvist, most famous as Bergman's cameraman. (7/5/76) (Cinema Village; Oct. 19-20.)

The Time Machine (1960)—Entertaining George Pal sci-fi, loosely derived from the H. G. Wells novel and set at about the time the book was written—1895. The plush Victorian furnishings in the home of the time-travelling scientist (Rod Taylor) are contrasted with the catacombs of the cannibalistic future, where Yvette Mimieux is a dainty morsel on the menu. The machine itself is a beauty, with a red velvet seat and gadgets made of ivory and rock crystal, and the time-travel effects help to make this film one of the best of its kind. However, it deteriorates into comic-strip grotesqueries when the fat, ogreish future race of Morlocks torments the effete, platinum-blond, vacant-eyed race of Eloi. With Alan Young, Sebastian Cabot, and Whit Bissell. (Quad Cinema; through Oct. 15.)

To Be or Not to Be (1942)—Some people have great affection for this anti-Nazi comedy-melodrama, with its knockabout seriousness. The stars are Carole Lombard and Jack Benny, bizarrely cast as a famous Polish actress and her actor-husband; the plot involves actors disguising themselves as Nazis in order to foil the Nazis. Directed by Ernst Lubitsch, who is far off his usual delicate style. With Robert Stack, Lionel Atwill, Stanley Ridges, and Felix Bressart. It was Lombard's last film; two weeks after completing it, she was killed in a plane crash while on a tour to sell defense bonds. (Thalia; Oct. 14-15.)

Tommy (1975)—The famous rock opera composed and sung by The Who, turned into a clamorous, mindless film by Ken Russell. Lots of psychedelic shocks and comic-strip effects. Ann-Margret is appealing when she doesn't have to fling herself about. Roger Daltrey plays Tommy. (Ziegfeld.)

Valentino—With Rudolf Nureyev in the title role, directed by Ken Russell. (34th St. East, and Trans-Lux 85th St. . . . ¶ Trans-Lux East; through Oct. 15.)

The Wizard of Oz (1939)—Heavenly. Judy Garland as Dorothy, Bert Lahr as the Cowardly Lion, and Ray Bolger as the Scarecrow. (Quad Cinema; starting Oct. 19.)

A Woman's Decision—A Polish picture (awful title), directed by Krzysztof Zanussi, that has a touch of "Brief Encounter." An impetuous woman is married to a strict-faced, hide-bound man, and she foreseeably falls for a physical-education instructor who is the very symbol of spontaneity and ease. In Polish. (9/19/77) (Cinema 3.)

Zardoz (1974)—Sean Connery in a loincloth as the only virile man in an elitist commune of the future, dominated by hyperintellectual immortal women. John Boorman wrote, produced, and directed this lushly photographed piece of twaddle. (St. Marks Cinema; through Oct. 18.)

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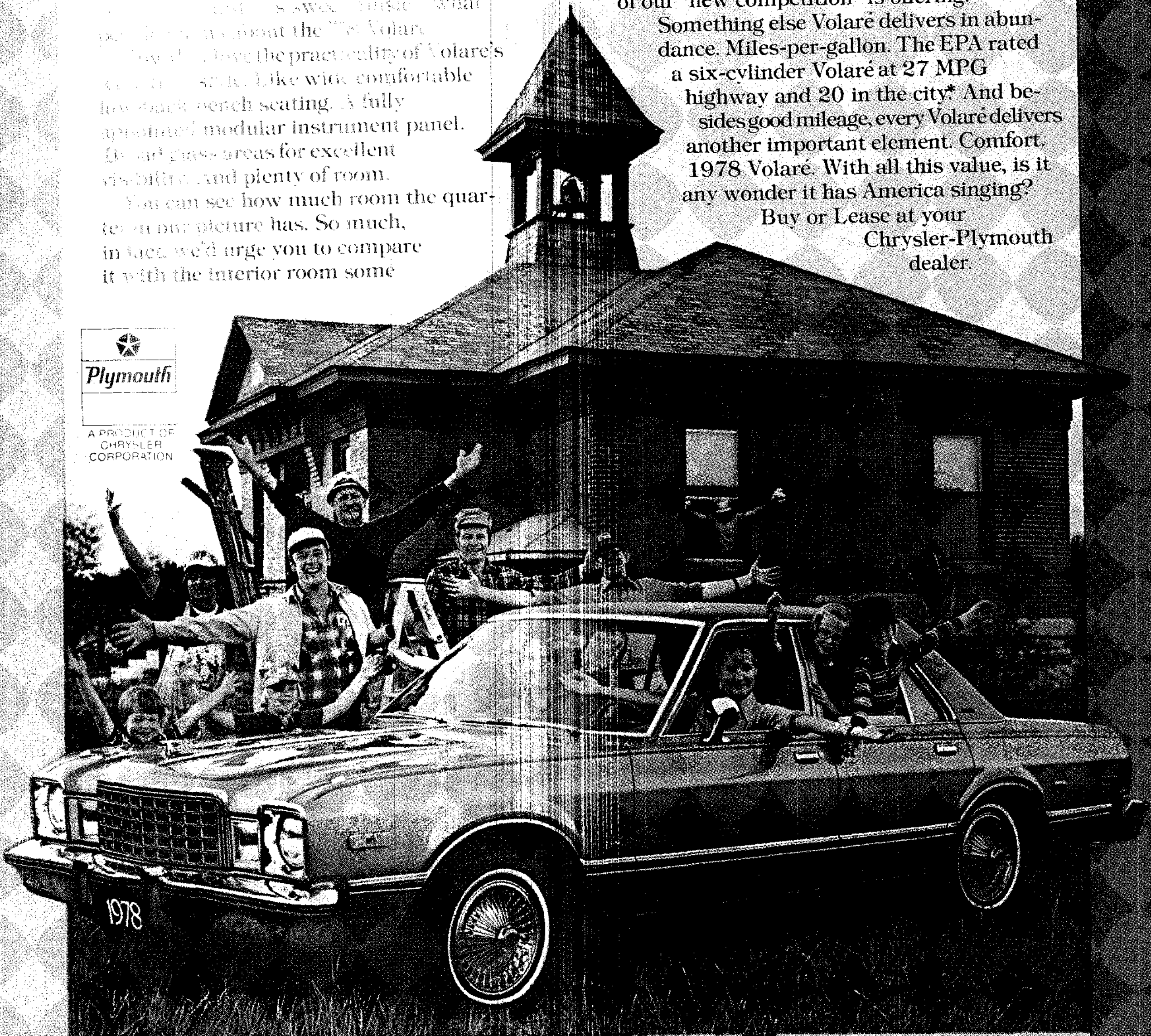

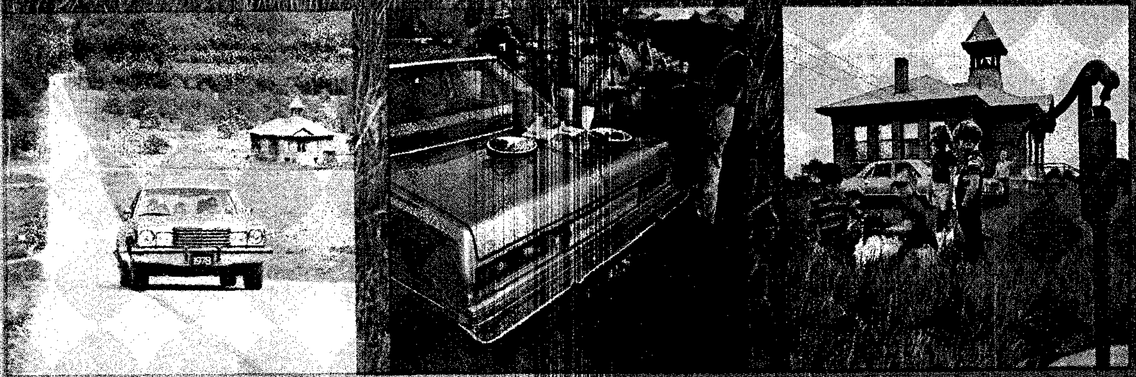

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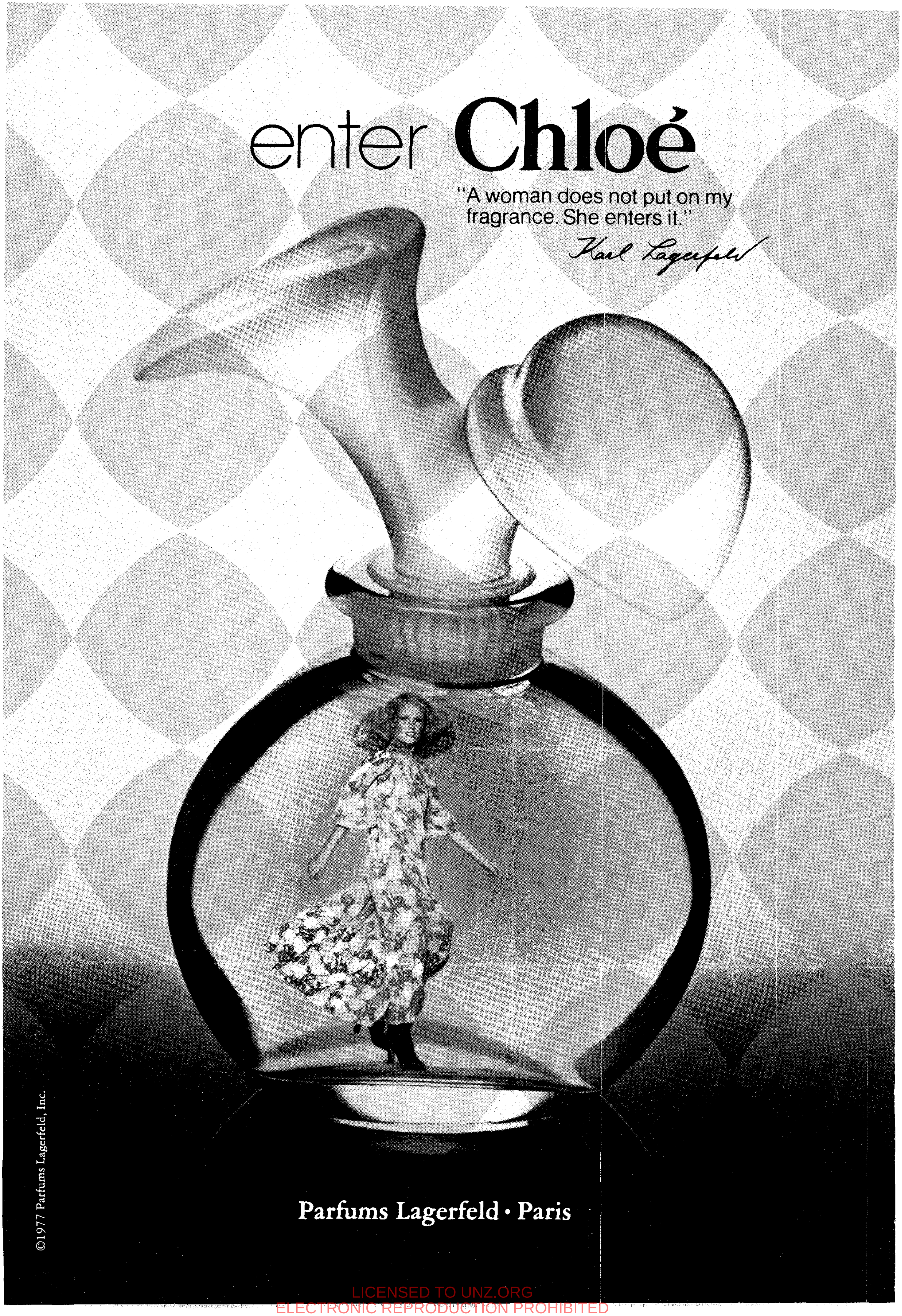

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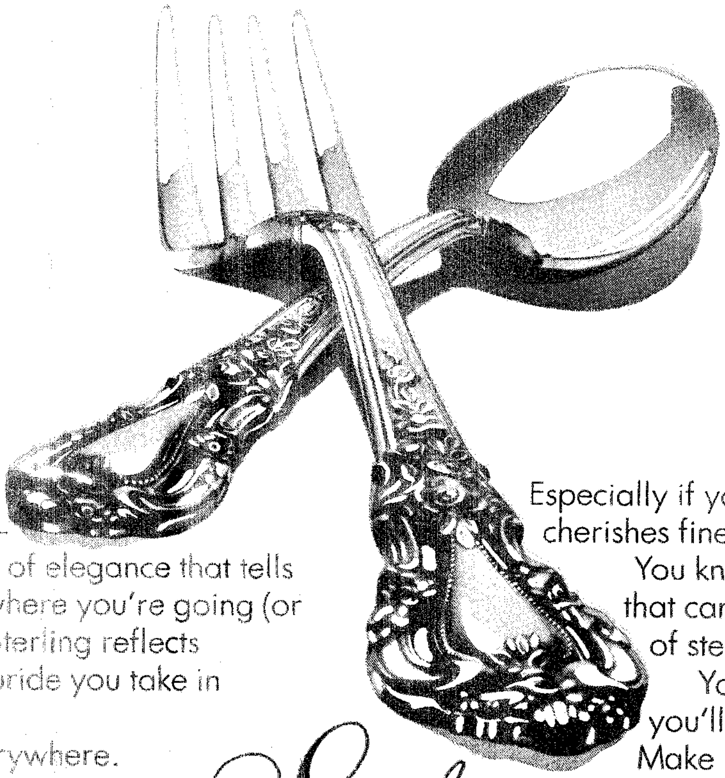

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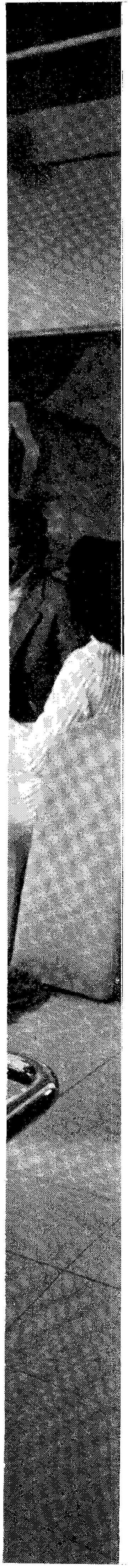

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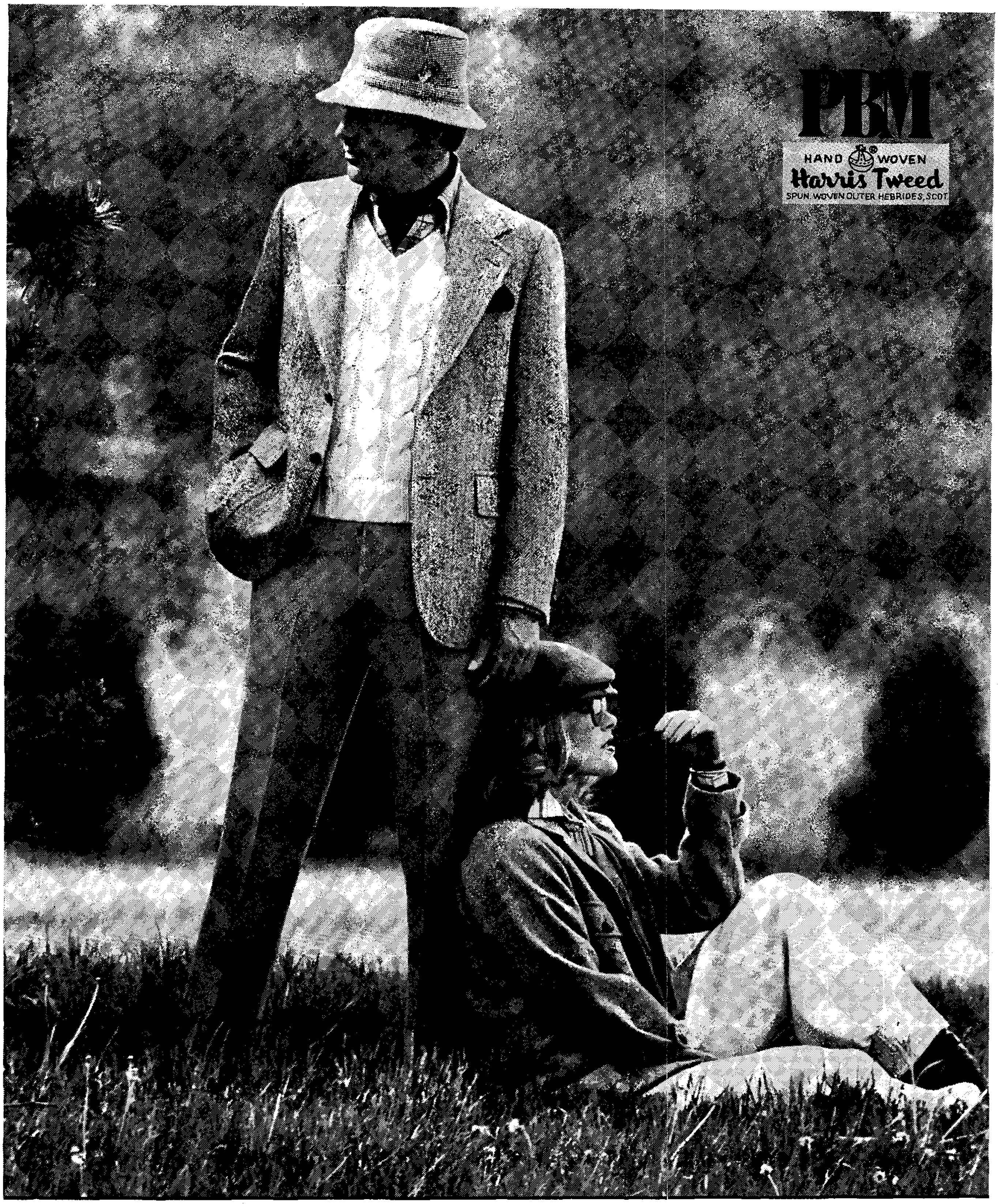
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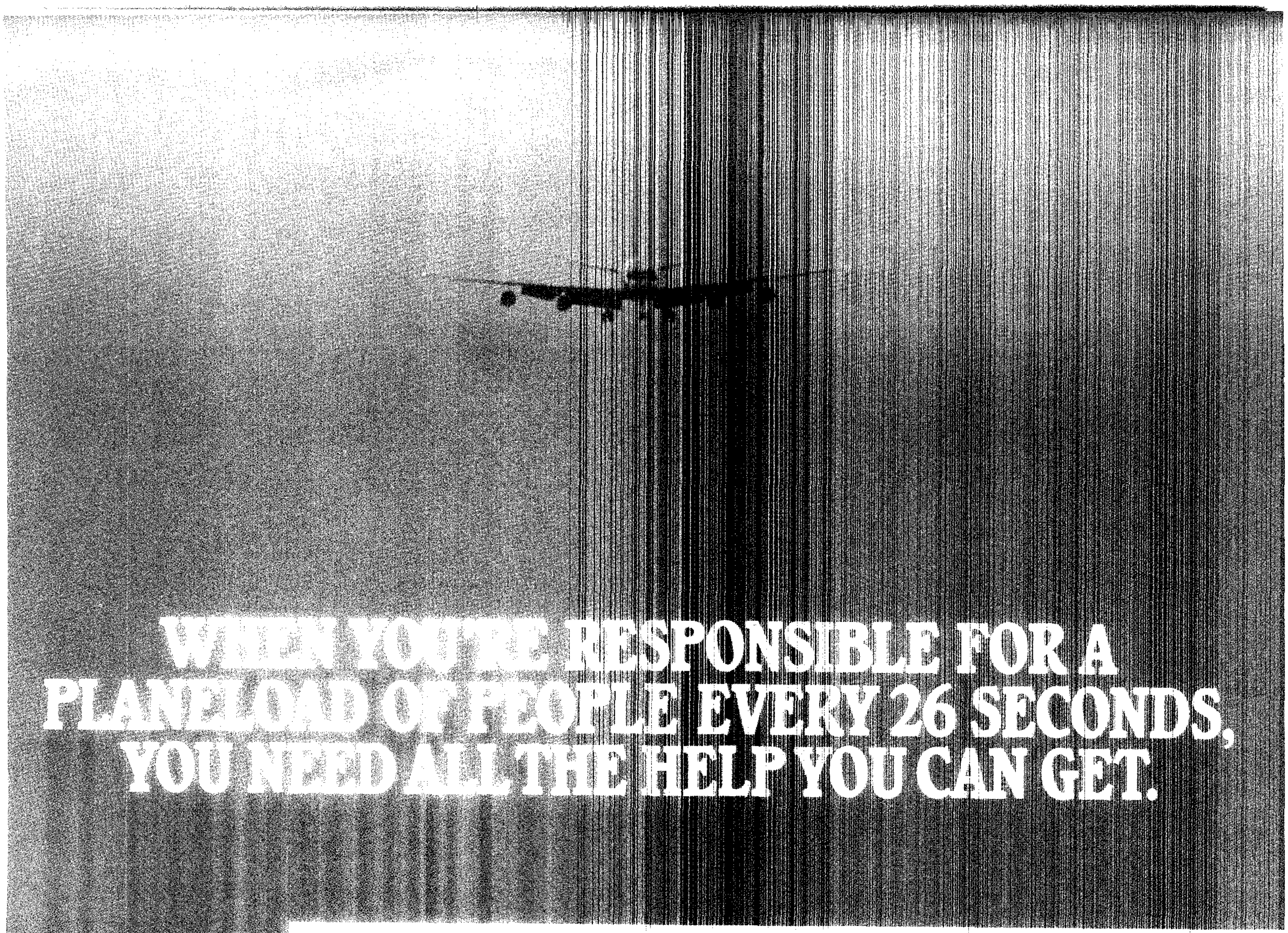

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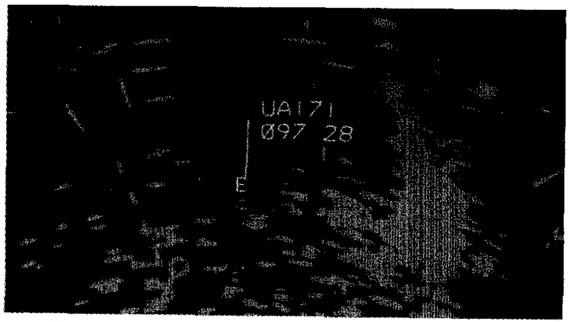

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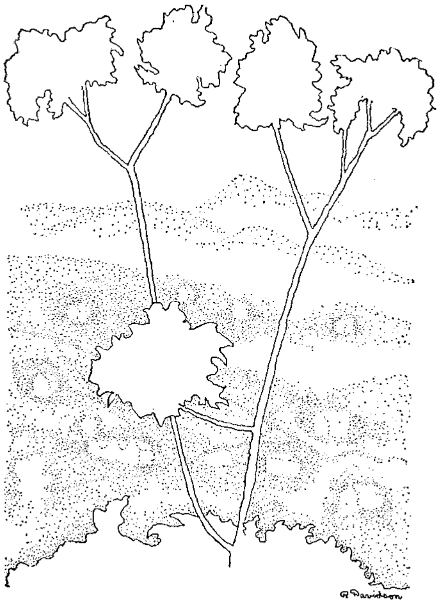
THE TALK OF THE TOWN

Notes and Comment

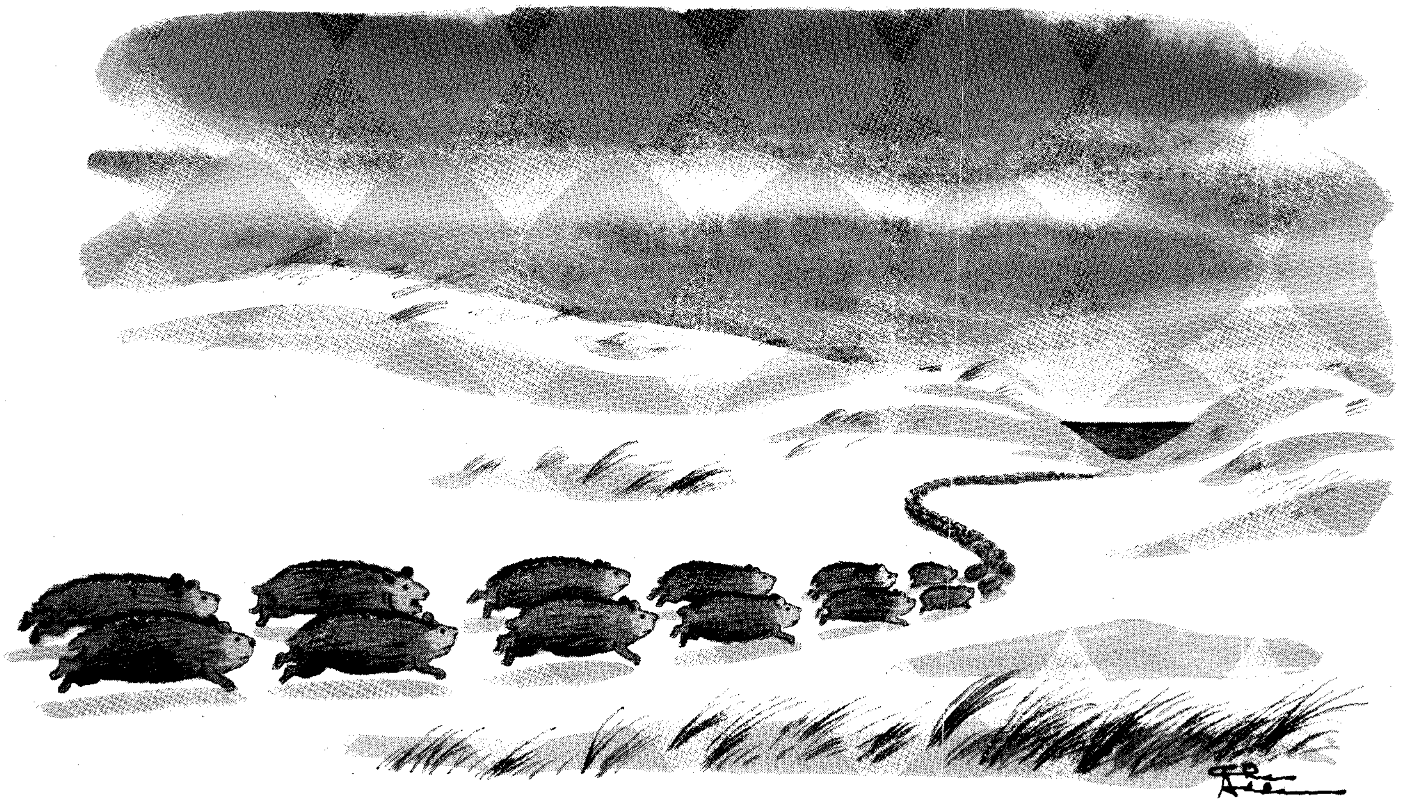
A YOUNG woman we know writes:

I grew up on an island in the West Indies which has an area of a hundred and eight square miles. On the island were many sugarcane fields and a sugar-making factory and a factory where both white and dark rum were made. There were cotton fields, but there were not as many cotton fields as there were sugarcane fields. There were arrowroot fields and tobacco fields, too, but there were not as many arrowroot fields and tobacco fields as there were cotton fields. Some of the fifty-four thousand people who lived on the island grew bananas and mangoes and eddoes and dasheen and christophine and sweet potatoes and white potatoes and plums and guavas and grapes and papaws and limes and lemons and oranges and grapefruits, and every Saturday they would bring them to the market, which was on Market Street, and they would sell the things they had grown. This was the only way many of them could make a living, and, though it sounds like farming, they weren't farmers in the way a Midwestern wheatgrower is a farmer, and they didn't think of the plots of land on which they grew these things as The Farm. Instead, the plots of land were called The Ground. They might say, "Today, me a go up ground." The Ground was often many miles away from where they lived, and they got there not by taking a truck or some other kind of automotive transportation but by riding a donkey or by walking. A small number—a very small number—of the fifty-four thousand people worked in banks or in offices. The rest of them—the ones who didn't grow the things that were sold in the market on Saturdays or work in the factories or the fields, the banks or the offices—were carpenters or masons or servants in the new hotels for tourists which were appearing suddenly all over the island, or servants in private homes, or seamstresses, or tailors, or shopkeepers, or fishermen, or dockworkers, or schoolchildren. All of these different people doing all these different things did this one thing: they were all up and about by half past five in the morning, and they did this without the help of an alarm clock or an automatic clock radio. Every morning—workday, Saturday, or Sunday—the whole island was alive by six o'clock. People got up early on weekdays to go to work or to school; they got up early on Saturday to go to market; and they got up early on Sunday to go to church.

It is true that the early morning is the most beautiful time of day on the island. The sun has just come up and is immediately big and bright, the way the sun always is on an island, but the air is still cool from the night; the sky is a deep, cool blue (like the sea, it gets lighter as the day wears on, and then it gets darker, until by midnight it looks black); the red in the hibiscus and the flamboyant flowers seems redder; the green of the trees and grass seems greener. If it is December, there is dew everywhere: dew on the painted red galvanized rooftops; dew on my mother's upside-down washtubs; dew on the stones that make up her stone heap (a round mound of big and little stones in the middle of our yard; my mother spreads out soapy white laundry on these stones, so that the hot sun will bleach them even whiter); dew on the vegetables in my mother's treasured (to her, horrible to me) vegetable garden. But it wasn't to admire any of these things that people got up so early. I had never, in all the time I lived there, heard anyone say, "What a beautiful morning." Once, just the way I had read it in a book, I stretched and said to my mother, "Oh, isn't it a really lovely morning?" She didn't reply to that at all, but she pulled my eyelids this way and that and then said that my sluggish liver was getting even more sluggish. I don't know why people got up so early, but I do know that they took great pride in this. It wasn't unusual at all to hear one woman say to another, "Me up since way 'fore day mornin'," and for the other woman to say back to her, with a laugh, "Yes, my dear, you know de early bird ketch de early worm."



In our house, we got up every day at half past five. This is what got us up: every morning, Mr. Jarvis—a dockworker who lived with his wife (she sold sweets she had made herself to schoolchildren at the bus depot just before they boarded buses that would take them back to their homes in the country) and their eight children in a house at the very end of our street—would take his herd of goats to pasture. At exactly half past five, he and his goats reached our house. We heard the cries of the goats and the sound the stake at the end of the chain tied around their necks made as it dragged along the street. Above the sound of what my mother called "that early morning racket," we could hear Mr. Jarvis whistling. Mostly, he whistled the refrain of an old but popular calypso tune. The words in the refrain were



"Why can't we go to the mountains this year?"

• •

"Come le' we go, Soukie, Come le' we go." If we heard only the crying of the goats and the sound of their chain, we knew that it was Mr. Jarvis's son Nigel, a rude wharf-rat boy, who was taking the goats to pasture.

We weren't the only ones who got up to the sound of Mr. Jarvis and his goats. Mr. Gordon, a man who grew lettuce and sold most of it to the new hotels and who lived right next to us, would get up soon after Mr. Jarvis passed. He would throw open all the windows and all the doors in his house, and he would turn on his radio and tune it to a station in St. Croix, a station which at that hour played American country-and-Western music. It may have been from this that my mother developed her devotion to the music of Hank Williams. Mr. Gordon was very nice to my family, but that didn't prevent me from deciding that he resembled a monkey, and so I nicknamed him Monkey Lettuce. I called him this only behind his and my parents' back, of course. We never tuned our radio to the station in St. Croix. Instead, at exactly seven o'clock, my parents turned on our radio and tuned it to the station on our island. A man's voice would say, "It is seven o'clock." Then another voice, a completely different voice, would say, "This is the BBC, London." Then we would listen to the news being broadcast. At around that time, we sat down to eat breakfast.

Between the time I got up and eight o'clock, I would have helped my mother fill her washtubs with water, swept up the yard, fed the chickens, taken a bath in cold water, polished my shoes, pressed my school uniform (gray pleated-linen tunic, pink poplin blouse), gone to the grocer (Mr. Richards) to buy fresh bread (two fourpence loaves, one each for my mother and father; a twopence loaf for me; and three penny loaves, one each for my little brothers) and also to buy butter and cheese (made in New Zealand), gone to Miss Roma to have my hair freshly braided, and eaten a breakfast of porridge, eggs, bread and butter, cheese, and hot Ovaltine. By that time, it was no longer early morning on our island, and half an hour later, together with two hundred and ninety-nine other girls and three hundred boys, I would be in my school auditorium singing, "All things bright and beautiful, All creatures great and small."

I NOW live in Manhattan. The only thing it has in common with the island where I grew up is a geographical definition. Certainly no one I know gets up at half past five, at six o'clock, at half past six, at seven o'clock, at half past seven, at eight o'clock. I know one person who sleeps all day and stays up all night. I know another person who has to take a nap if he gets up before noon. And how easy it is, I have noticed, to put a great distance between you and a close friend if you should call that friend before ten in the morning.

I wake up, still, without an alarm, at half past five. In the neighborhood in which I live, it is very quiet at that hour. It is not romantic at all to hear nothing in the city. At around six o'clock, I begin to hear the sound of moving vehicles. Trucks. I know they are trucks because the sound I hear is a rumbling sound that only trucks make. The sound sometimes comes from streets far away. If I get up and look out, I might not see anyone. If I see anyone, it is almost always two or three men together, dressed identically, in tight black leather pants, a black leather jacket, a black leather cap, and black leather boots. They will walk very quickly down my street as if they are in a great hurry. When I look out, I never notice the early light playing on the street or on the brownstone houses across the street from me. In Manhattan, I notice only whether it is sunny and bright or cloudy and gray or raining or snowing. I never notice things like gradations of light, but my friends tell me that they are there.

Between six and seven, I sit and read women's magazines. I read articles about Elizabeth Taylor's new, simple life, articles about Mary Tyler Moore, articles about Jane Pauley, articles about members of the Carter family, articles about Candice Bergen, articles about Doris Day, articles about Phyllis Diller, and excerpts from Lana Turner's autobiography. I know many things about these people—things that they may have forgotten themselves and things that, should we ever meet, they might wish I would forget also. At seven o'clock, I watch the morning news for one whole hour. I watch the morning news for two reasons: it makes me feel as if I am living in Chicago, and on the morning news I see and hear the best reports on anything having to do with pigs. I don't know why the morning news makes me feel as if I am living in Chicago and not, say, Cleveland, but there it is. I love Chicago and would like to live there, but only for an hour. Some days, after watching the morning news, my head is filled with useless (to me) but interesting information about pigs. Some of the information, though, is good only for a day. Then, for half an hour, I watch Captain Kangaroo. I love Captain Kangaroo and have forgiven him for saying to Chastity Bono, when they were both guests on her parents' television show, "Now, let me lay this on you, Chastity." Surely a grown man, even if he is a children's hero (perhaps because he is a children's hero), shouldn't talk like that.

Then it is half past eight and no longer early morning in Manhattan, either.

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Parade

SHORTLY before 11 A.M. one recent Saturday, a young dancer named Max Bolte, wearing black tights, ballet slippers, and a T-shirt, stood at the corner of 181st Street and Fort Washington Avenue, in Washington Heights, steadied himself against a church fence, and began to limber up. He was in the neighborhood to dance in a parade choreographed by Joan Avril. Miss Avril, a dark-haired woman in her thirties, is a resident of Washington Heights and a dancer and the guiding spirit of an eight-member troupe called Avril's Underground. Her idea that staging a piece of linear ballet on 181st Street might be fun coincided with the Chamber of Commerce of Washington Heights' realization that 181st—a busy thoroughfare that almost always sports more than its fair or healthy share of litter—could stand some cleaning up. On a corner opposite Mr. Bolte, Tony Feliu, the treasurer of the Chamber of Commerce, stood in front of the Hill-Top Restaurant, holding a large box of balloons under one arm. He told us that he was waiting for a man with a helium tank. The man was nowhere in sight. Nor, for that matter, was Joan Avril's parade ensemble, which was supposed to leave within minutes and progress east toward Amsterdam Avenue, five blocks away. Several regulars from the Hill-Top milled outside the restaurant, giving Mr. Bolte their divided attention. Now one of them, a man named Santos, approached Tony Feliu and said, "You wanna see who's in there eating, you'll die." Mr. Feliu momentarily forgot about the helium and peered through a restaurant window at someone sitting in a booth. "Uh-oh, it's Eddie," he said, and went inside. Five minutes later, not yet dead, he emerged and said to us, "It was a cousin of mine. Cousin Eddie. I hadn't seen him in maybe fifteen years. Now, where's the guy with the helium? I haven't seen him in fifteen years, either. If he doesn't show up, these balloons might get passed around and end up all over the sidewalks. But if we can fill 'em with helium we'll let them float to the next borough."

The key elements of the parade had begun to gather now, including Truck No. 25E-215 from the Department of Sanitation; a group of Girl Scouts from Saint Spyridon's Church; a mime named Civia Zoe, and five of her young students; a McDonald's employee carrying a broom; several neighborhood residents carrying mops and brooms; a sound truck provided by the Telephone Company; a guitarist; a Latin nightclub dancer named Wahnani; four tap-dancers from the Bronx Dance Theatre; two women dressed as shopping-bag ladies; and two of Max Bolte's colleagues, Isaiah Smalls and Tara Penkowsky, accompanied by four earnest students from the Hellenic School of Ballet. While two young girls attached pink crêpe-paper streamers to the garbage truck, Dennis Collins and Frank Colaruso, who were seated in the cab, looked slightly embarrassed. "You don't get assigned to too much parade duty working this far uptown," said Collins. "And when you do, it

Father and Child

doesn't mean that you're supposed to be *part* of the parade."

Joan Avril stayed busy trying to find out whether the police were halting north- and southbound traffic across 181st Street (they were not) and whether the members of the procession were ready to march. Some were more ready than others. Bob Malenky, the guitarist, was standing around saying, "O.K., well, see, parades are really not my thing. O.K. O.K." She assured him that everything would go well. Finally, the garbage truck pulled out of its parking spot, paused for a moment opposite Blanche's Unisex Beauty Salon ("Carrlos is Here," said a sign in the window), and began chugging down 181st, followed by Avril's Underground et al. Riding in the Telephone Company truck, Miss Avril operated a cassette-tape player, and soon the truck was broadcasting Handel's Concerto for Orchestra in G Major.

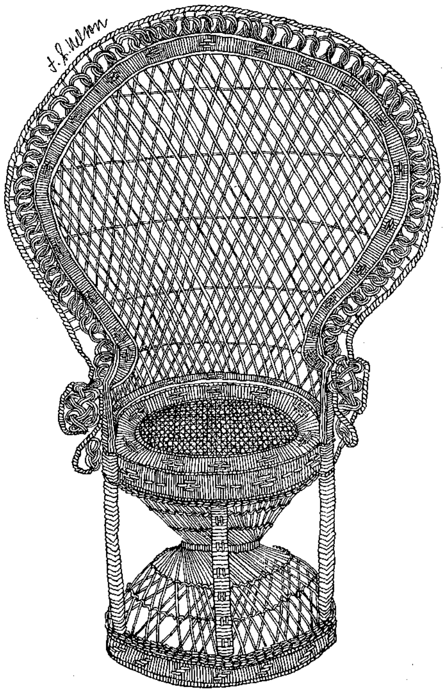
The first phase of the dance, an allegro and then an adagio movement, was steeply downhill—a topographical obstacle that the dancers easily overcame. It was a busy shopping day in the neighborhood, and the garbage truck and the Handel concerto definitely attracted attention. Several students of the *Daily Racing Form*, gathered outside an Off-Track Betting parlor near St. Nicholas Avenue, visibly paused and observed the parade as it went by. At this point, however, it was beginning to lose some of its cohesiveness, and by the time the garbage truck and the lead dancers reached Audubon Avenue they outdistanced the rest of the procession by a couple of blocks. Just east of Audubon, the entire thing halted, and most of the dancers piled into the back of the sound truck and returned to the George Washington Bridge Bus Station, where they had established temporary dressing rooms. We followed them there and sought out Joan Avril for her post-parade analysis.

"I thought it went well," she said. "These were ideal circumstances. I like the thought that the unexpected can happen—such as, in this case, when the police never really cleared the traffic. That was unexpected. It didn't matter—as long as we can dance in a straight line. I believe in moving out in a straight line, rather than dancing in a box, inside a theatre. I got the ideas for this sort of thing after dancing for three years in Latin night clubs. I went to work there because I was tired of the avant-garde. A lot of times, after working in the night clubs, I would be going home at about three in the morning, and you get to see a lot of people dancing in the streets then. Now we dance in all sorts of public places. I did a bag-lady number on one of the platforms here in the bus station last year, and I almost got arrested. They thought I was the real thing. Also, last year, I choreographed a dance in the bus station for Isaiah Smalls and a woman named Loretta Abbott. It was a duet involving a contemporary black couple emulating Ginger Rogers and Fred Astaire doing 'The Dying Swan,' and it was a very Christmassy thing, so I decided to stage it in the bus station."

In an effort to find out what that might have been like, we looked across the room at Isaiah Smalls, hoping for an explanation. But he was busy. He had just presented Tara Penkowsky with a long-stemmed red rose, and now she was giving him a kiss.

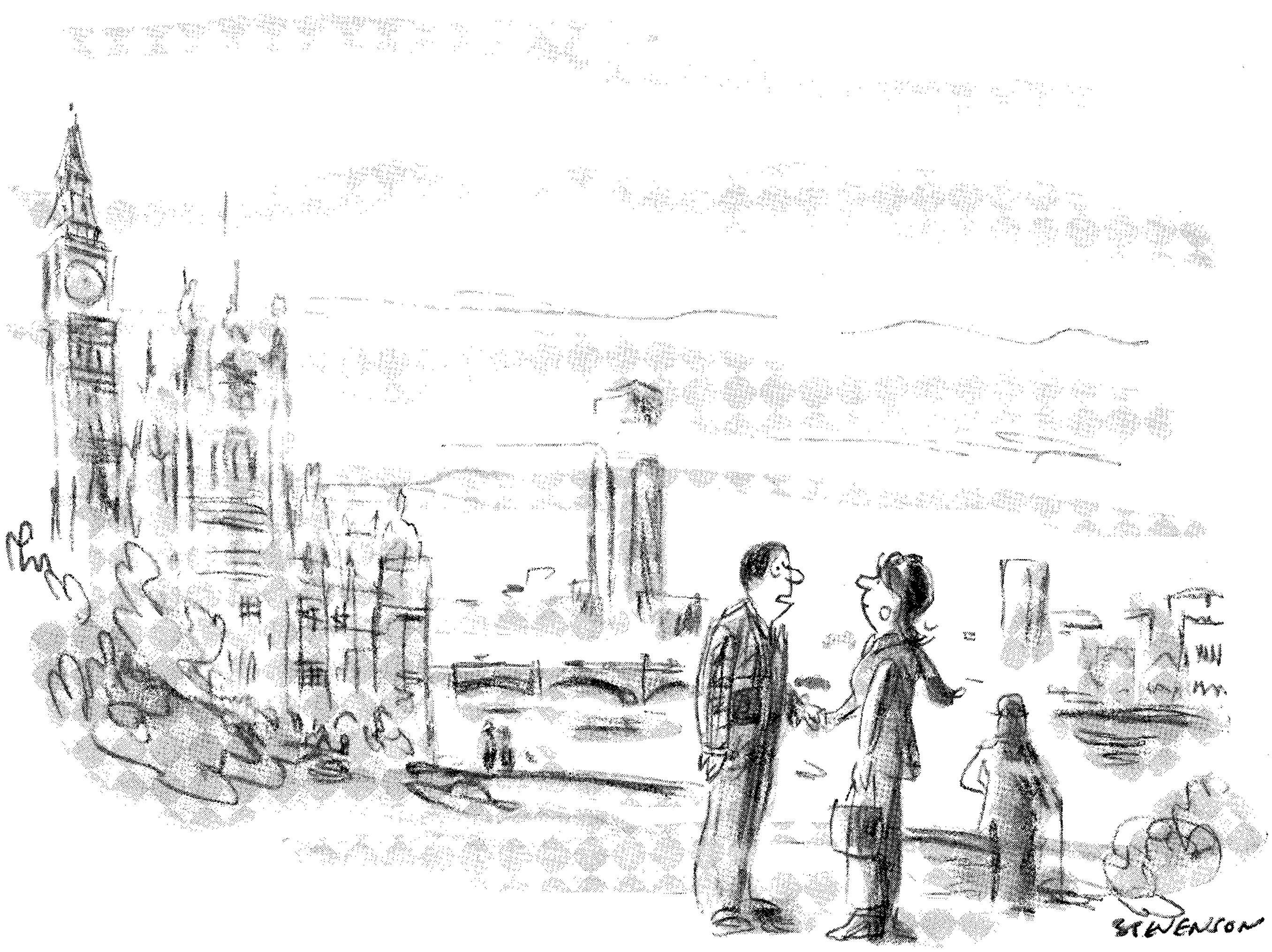
Anniversary Present

Mr. Carl Hensel, his wife, and three of their seven children made a quick trip to New York from Minneapolis one day not long ago. They travelled a thousand miles and came to town just for a few hours in order to be present for a new recording of "Fascination," the resilient old ballroom song (written in 1904 by F. D. Marchetti), and then went back home. By all indications, Mr. and Mrs. Hensel are a fairly romantic pair, and for quite some time they have regarded "Fascination" as *their* song. "Our friends all know that if we're ever at a party and that song is played, we get up and dance," Mrs. Hensel, whose name is Marnie, told us. "If we're in different rooms and we hear it played, we find each other and *then* we dance." In Minneapolis, Mr. Hensel makes his living purveying Muzak. Not long ago, U. V. (Bing) Muscio, the president of Muzak, told Mr. Hensel that the company wanted to give him something special to commemorate the thirtieth anniversary of the Hensel Muzak franchise. Mr. and Mrs. Hensel talked it over and concluded that the thing that would please them most would be to have a new version of "Fascination" recorded in their honor, so that any time they are riding in an elevator or sitting in a doctor's office or standing in a hotel lobby and happen to hear the disembodied voice of Muzak playing "Fascination," it will be their truly very own "Fascination" that overwhelms them with the urge to waltz.



Muzak is recorded in a studio in midtown three or four times every month. The recording sessions are supervised by this week's second Jarvis—Jane Jarvis, the vice-president of recording and programming, who also happens to be the organist for the New York Mets at Shea Stadium. The recording schedule that featured the Hensels' "Fascination" included twelve other selections, ranging from "Shenandoah" to "Baretta's Theme" to something called "Love Hangover." All of the music was arranged by Nick Perito, who conducted the eighteen-piece orchestra that Miss Jarvis had assembled for the day. Mr. Perito also does musical arranging for Perry Como and Steve Lawrence and Eydie Gorme, and he was carefully chosen for this occasion. "Each musician here today was hired just for the special sound he makes," said Miss Jarvis, who was standing in the control room while the musicians in the adjacent studio were greeting each other with warm hugs, setting up their equipment, studying the day's music, and kidding Nick Perito about his new hairstyle. "Last week, we had Lionel Hampton leading a different orchestra. We couldn't very well have done this for the Hensels then, because Lionel Hampton doesn't play 'Fascination' the way Nick Perito does."

When the Hensels arrived, they were accompanied by their three daughters, Edie, Heidi, and Pam; Clift Whiteman, a family friend and the former president of a local bank; and Bing Muscio. There were still a few minutes before the orchestra would be ready to record, and Mr. Hensel had the chance to tell us about his career. "I was originally in advertising," he said. "I worked for the Erwin Wasey Agency, in Minneapolis, and I was assigned to write an ad for Muzak. Since I had never heard it, I decided I'd better do that first. Someone told me



"I don't think we should get too deeply involved, Roxanne. You're a budget major-airline three-week notice, and I'm a one-way first-come-first-served day-of-departure."

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to go to the Richard Hudnut factory, and when I got there I saw all these girls wearing hairnets, staying busy slapping cold cream into jars, and they were listening to Muzak. I asked, 'Are you happy?' and they said they were, so from then on it was Muzak."

"Carl has all sorts of clients—factories, offices, restaurants—and they have special needs," Mrs. Hensel added. "It's all planned with the help of experts in psychology. What's right for the Waikiki Room might not be right for somebody else. The trick is for someone to be able to accomplish her daily tasks and have the work move along with 'Tea for Two' or 'April in Paris' rather than with the thought 'Oh, God, here I am slinging hash.' "

The sounds of the orchestra warming up, amplified and modulated by a man working at a prodigious control panel, reminded us that, even in the loosest musical sense, Muzak is made, not born. On the other hand, everyone in the studio behaved like a genuine musician. At different times, Jane Jarvis spoke into the intercom and said things like "Vinnie, you're 'wowing' better than ever" and "Herbie, I'd just like to hear what you're playing" and "O.K., fellas, let's take it from the top." When it came time to record, she said, "O.K., we're rolling 'Fascination' for the Hensels. Take one." Then Nick Perito, inside the studio, motioned with his left hand and said, "Uh-one, two, three, two, two—"

The Muzak rolled. Successful Muzak relies heavily on violins, and this orchestra had seven of them, plus a tricky organ that can disguise itself as several stringed instruments. Mr. Hensel put his arm around Mrs. Hensel, and Edie, Heidi, and Pam tried to look relaxed. A couple of times, Edie started tapping her foot along with the music, then caught herself and stopped. In three minutes, it was all over—"in the can," as they say—and everybody seemed happy. Jane Jarvis said, "*Très* nice, boys," into her microphone, and the Hensel family stepped into the studio, where a photographer took their pictures with Mr. Muscio and Nick Perito.

"So you're all from Minneapolis, and 'Fascination' is it, huh?" asked Mr. Perito.

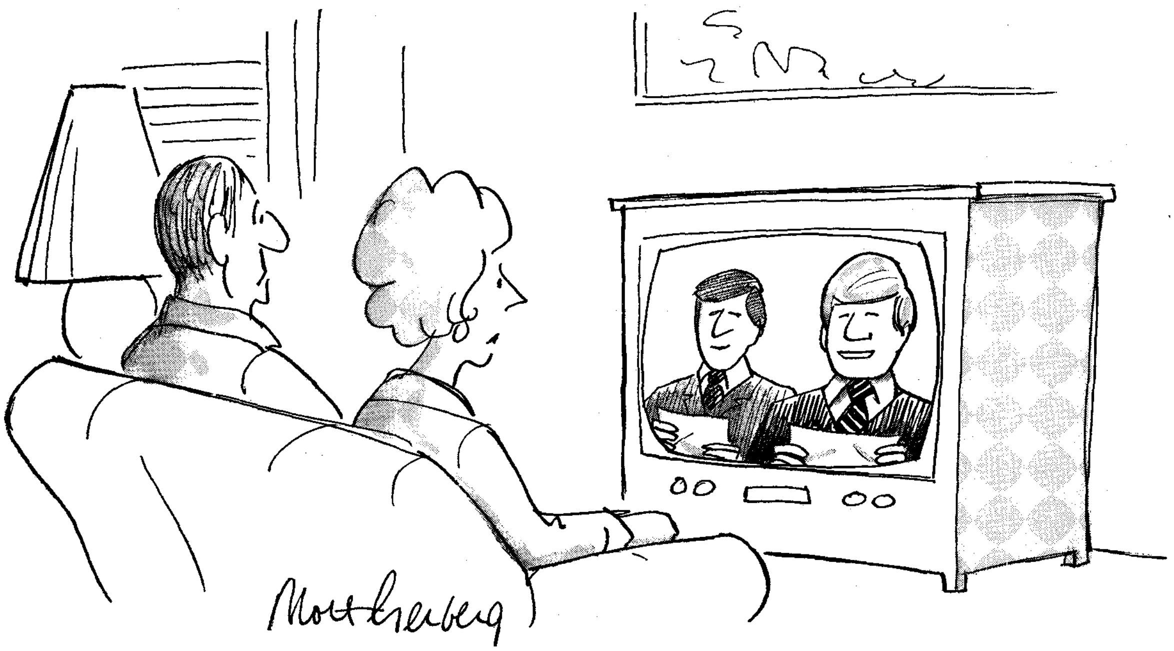
"Yep," said Mr. Hensel.

Mr. Perito autographed his copy of the sheet music ("To Carl and Marnie," etc.), there was a round of friendly hugs and handshakes, and then the Hensels left for the airport. We hung around for a few minutes, while Jane Jarvis coached the orchestra through a warmup version of "Goin' Home," a Negro spiritual rendered à la Muzak. Between takes, we asked her whether "Fascination" had turned out as well as she had expected.

"Better," she said. "I got so excited that at the end I kissed the banker."

Potatoes Redux

WE had to skip our usual low-calorie cottage-cheese breakfast the other morning, because somebody had put it in the freezer, which may have been just as well, inasmuch as only a few hours later we heard cottage cheese being lambasted as roundly as though it were running for may-



"And now here's Andy to horse around with the news."

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or. The occasion was a press conference in the Elizabethan Room of Marriott Hotels' Essex House, with portraits of Queen Elizabeth I and, logically, the Earl of Essex framing the speakers' stand. While waiting for the proceedings to get under way, we leafed through a press kit, which informed us that the creamed cottage cheese served with a typical beef-patty diet plate contains a hundred and forty calories, and that an identical-sized scoop of mashed potatoes with butter contains fewer calories (how many fewer was unspecified). The m.c. was Robert C. Greiner, Marriott's vice-president for the hotels' food and beverages, who, after confessing that he had dined on French-fried potatoes the night before, introduced Ronald N. Paul, co-founder and president of something called Technomic Consultants. Mr. Paul said that sixty per cent of all Americans are overweight and that sixty-seven per cent of all restaurant proprietors involved in a recent survey watch *their* weight. He alluded to a number of diet-conscious restaurants around the country, including one in Los Angeles, Ruffage, which boasts both a twenty-five-foot-long salad bar and a gymnasium. No wonder L.A. beat out N.Y. for the 1984 Olympics.

Mr. Greiner then took over again, and explained that the Marriott chain and the Potato Board, a Denver institution, had banded together to embark on a Slender Gourmet promotion. He forthwith introduced Robert L. Mercer, a founder and the executive vice-president of the Potato Board, and also the 1972 recipient, from the governor of Idaho, of a Certificate of Highest Merit for Distinguished Service to the Potato Industry. Mr. Mercer, modestly wearing no ribbons or medals, said, "When I talk about potatoes, I tend to speak too long." He went on, with commendable laconism, to assail the dietary pretensions of poor old cottage cheese, than which he insisted potatoes were, for would-be dieters, much better. "We say on the Potato Board, 'Potatoes are being maligned! Let's fight back!' " he said. "This is how the potato became involved with Marriott." It seems that the Board had a dietitian concoct two four-hundred-and-fifty-calorie entrées—a potato-and-fish plate called Sole of Discretion and a potato-and-egg plate called Omelette O'Brien (Irishman with a French mother, we imagine)—and that after test-marketing these with spectacular results in a few Marriott outlets it had been decided to launch them nationwide. Today, we would be sampling the omelette.

Mr. Greiner thereupon resumed, and introduced us, conceivably test-marketingwise, to a brand-new transitive verb. "Some people think we've already salad-barred the world," he said. He continued, shaking his head at the incongruousness of it all, "There are people who'll eat strawberry pie with whipped cream for dessert and still shy away from potatoes." One of the three dozen or so guests in attendance asked about the nutritional value of potato *skins*. Mr. Mercer fielded that one, stating authoritatively that while these are very rich in minerals, it is an old wives' tale to think that they are the sole repository of a potato's virtues. "The nutrition, in fact, is right under the paraderm," he said. "The skin is good, but it's not imperative that you eat it." Mr. Greiner provided a dermal footnote to that: There's a restaurant in Washington, he revealed without naming it, which sells French-fried potato skins at a dollar-fifty a portion, and has found this side dish to be a fantastic success.

During cocktails—the bartender told one inquiring woman that his Bloody Marys were three-hundred-calorie jobs—another lady told an inquiring man, sternly, "Don't you know that the white potato is an entirely different outfit? It has nothing to do with the yam or the sweet potato." At lunch, which was brightly lit, being recorded for cable television, and which was whipped up with gaudy flourishes by a four-skillet chef borrowed by the hotel for the affair, we nibbled at our weightless and not-at-all-bad omelette in the company of a young woman from *Fortune*—who brashly ate her roll (eighty-five calories)—and of Mr. Greiner himself. He wondered if the Marriott chain should convert the Elizabethan Room into a discothèque, on the order of Régine's. "Better hire Régine first," called out a food editor from below the salt. In answer to a question we posed, Mr. Greiner said that he didn't know to what kind of potatoes Marriott patrons were most partial but that *his* favorite was potato chips. "I'm a potato-chip freak," he said, "but unfortunately my wife won't buy them except when our daughters are home from college. So for nine long months every year I have to go without them—at home, that is. The only thing I love as much as I love potato chips is chocolate cake. I can pass up Cherries Jubilee, but I can smell a crummy old piece of chocolate cake a block away." His candor prompted us, for dessert, to engorge a fifty-calorie macaroon.

If we were in radio or television, we suppose we would have to offer the cottage-cheese industry equal time.

THE CHRISTMAS BUSH

Miss Araminta Thomas had been born on the Mercy Seat Plantation some eighty years before. Mercy Seat, owing to the worldly wisdom of its owners, had remained pretty much intact through fire and flood. It double-cropped most of its twenty-five thousand acres. The only change that had occurred during Miss Araminta's lifetime was that all the cabins but hers had to be torn down during the days of Rights. She had the distinction of being the last colored person residing on Mercy Seat. Her cabin sat, square and substantial, in a field of Cherokee rose. She had been assured by little Isaac himself, who now ran the place, that she need never worry. He sent a pickup by with bread and soup and kindling wood, and treated her with deference.

Miss Araminta did worry a little, although not over Mercy Seat. She seldom went out anymore except for her daily trip to the pond, where her water faucet was. All of her loved ones were dead or gone off to make fools of themselves. She mostly thought of herself—of her long-enduring virtue, of how nice she looked in her hat and gloves and the broadcloth coat on the hook. And not just that, either. She thought about death and how there ought to be some kind of windup instead of just passing away.

Miss Araminta wanted no fanfare. Goodness knew that. Every white person who amounted to anything was bound to be at her funeral—couldn't get around it. No, what she wanted and secretly fretted about was a downright risky, serious matter. She wanted a Sign from God.

Each day of her life, she made a case for herself. She had started out promising even as a little child. The first Mr. Isaac and his wife used to invite her up to their big old house on the river to sing for them. They taught her lessons in books. But this didn't last—the danger of getting too thick. And then her mother went down. At first the misery seemed to be just another baby. But the baby was born, and her mother kept the ache in her back and had to be rubbed and waited on. Some days she rubbed her mother all day and even used bag balm on her. When one of the smaller children cried, Miss Araminta learned how to quickly get the best of it. She grew up, it seemed to her now, with one after another in the crook of her left arm while she rubbed or cooked or tended the fire with her right. Yes indeed.

Her father praised her and told her to repeat to herself the Lord's Prayer, the Twenty-third Psalm, and then to whisper a little verse old Mr. Isaac had taught him:

> I slept and dreamed that life was
> beauty.
> I woke—and found that life was
> duty.

She obeyed, of course, but much better were the waked-up dreams that wove in and out of the brooms and mops, the whooping-cough whoops, and the bag balm—dreams that she couldn't remember if she tried.

Now her daydreams were all about the Sign. It should be straight out, *if* it ever came, leaving no room for doubt. In order to coax it, she had to keep to herself, not have her time and her prayers laid over with other people's thoughts, other people's opinions. The only offender left was little Isaac's wife. She was not a county girl—a red-headed Catholic! But she was smart in one thing. She knew the best chance she had was to turn out a nice-sized family. On clear days, Miss Araminta could look out of her cabin window and see a whole host of them, with their nurse, sitting on top of a sheet. Mr. Isaac's wife was afraid of ants, if this was to be believed. And not a grain of sense as to whether she was welcome. As soon as she came to Mercy Seat as a bride, she began to visit the cabin.

"What happened to your furniture?"

My dear young lady, Miss Araminta felt like saying.

"People came and borrowed. Some of my younger sisters when they married or moved away."

Her room *was* importantly empty, she thought when she looked around. Her mother's bed, the Bible, pots and pans, and the two hen boxes on either side of the fireplace. Besides her clothes and photographs, her locust walking stick. At eighty, though, what more did you need, with no one left to do for?

That was God's mystery, the part

"And then one day I suggested he go with the flow, and he went."

she could never get over but just accepted, like Job. The constant taking away. First her mother, after there were seven. Her father began his scolding and that took off several more. Even their names were faint unless she consulted the Bible, where they flickered and swam around for want of a magnifier. They who had been so dear, so afraid of Papa's ranting: "What do you want, Egypt? You are living on Mercy Seat. We *have hearth and home and everything that we need. Rise up against false gods, Fords, and refrigerators.*"

And then old Mr. Isaac came on his crutches right in this very room. He told her father to quit it. He told him to let them go.

Anyway, the white girl dragged in a rocker, which sat, unwelcome and unused, between the two hen boxes. It was a grand one, with a deep strong back and flowered plush on the seat. Miss Araminta wouldn't sit in it, and when a piece of burning wood popped from the fire and made a hole in the plush, she told it to pay heed and go back where it came from or burn completely up.

But the white girl sat in the rocker and took time with bothersome suggestions.

"You ought to ride to King's Town. They've finished painting the bank. You'll love the golden steeple on the church."

The fact of the business was that Miss Araminta had barely enough time in each day to attend to matters at hand. When she awoke in the morning, she gave thanks for a new day. It had taken her the longest, the evening before, to wash up and change into her nightgown. She kept her clothes under the mattress, because somebody borrowed the dresser long ago. For a wedding. No, it was the vase they needed for the wedding. Not the dresser.

Call it one more hour to get up and walk her stiffness out and unbank the fire to warm breakfast. Then with what water was left in the bucket wipe up. Get her day clothes out and fold her night clothes and do what she could with her hair. And it hadn't even counted the only thing she did that had any meaning to it—her trip to the Christmas bush.

THE sun had climbed high today before she was ready to go. She took the bucket for water and the thorn-locust walking stick. Out back. First down the step, then out onto the sour-clover ridges that that man had harrowed by mistake, past the gatepost, and so on. She promised the bucket it would soon be feeling good water. Tired at first, her eyes lighted on the pond and just a few steps beside it the bush itself, shimmering with red berries. It was one of a common May haw scattered throughout the fields.

"We used to bring your limbs in. They *took you to church sometimes in the place of flowers.*"

She looked up and the sky was empty except for fast, heartless birds.

She got down on her knees with the stick handy so she could get back up with it when she had to go. Then, as she always did, she waited for the Sign.

Today as usual all kinds of things

tried to get into her worship. The hunters were shooting again back in the woods. The ducks on the pond, where the water hydrant dripped, shook their tails and veed around for crumbs. She thought ahead about God, His mercy, His love of the dead and the living. Suddenly there was another noise, a noise she hadn't expected. She grabbed the stick and hurried to her feet to try and get out of the way. Hogs. A big male hog, brown and sleek, pointed its snout at her and stood still while its nose went up and down. Behind him were sows, some of them black and white and some of them brown like him.

"Wait a minute, hogs," she pleaded. "I not got a sign of corn. Go along now and find yourselves some corn."

The male hog opened its mouth, and it was like a smile. They were coming toward her.

She was nearly back to the cabin before she realized she had actually run. Feet flying, stick swinging, she had escaped the danger. Lord have mercy! Old as she was, she could make haste when she had to. The hogs, put out with having no food, were probably long gone.

"I was worshipping God," she said indignantly, "and loose hogs came by."

The words fell heavily amidst the sound of her breathing. She would complain to little Isaac that his men were worse and worse. Letting hogs on to plunder Mercy Seat.

She rested awhile and then started back for the bush. There were the usual sights—the old dug well the calf had stumbled into, the walnut struck by lightning. When she got to the pond, she saw the bucket still not filled. Only the bush was gone. She got down on her knees and felt in the freshly rooted earth until she found the stob and some fallen berries.

She would have to calm herself. Those hogs had borrowed the bush in the mindless way of beasts. Right now she *had* to rest. She had been wise to wear the broadcloth coat—it was late. The sun was fixing to set.

"Go ahead on and set," she told it. "I'll be starting in a minute."

It was long, this waiting, but she was not one of little faith. The bush would have to take its place with all the other losses.

There was always a little time that people call first dark. That was when she would go, with the help of the stick, if she even needed the stick, knowing the path as she knew it.

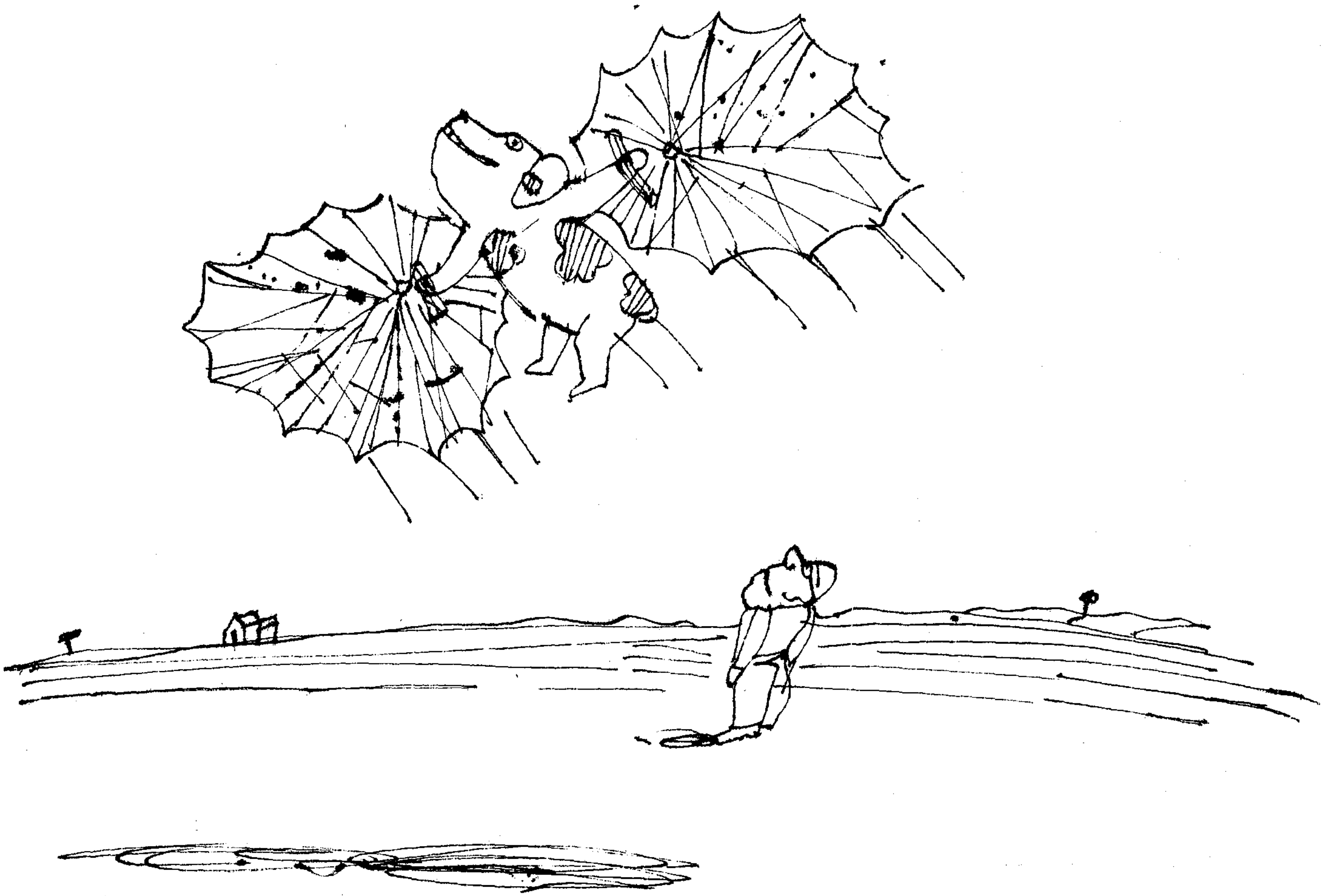
—Berry Morgan

THE POSSESSIVE CASE

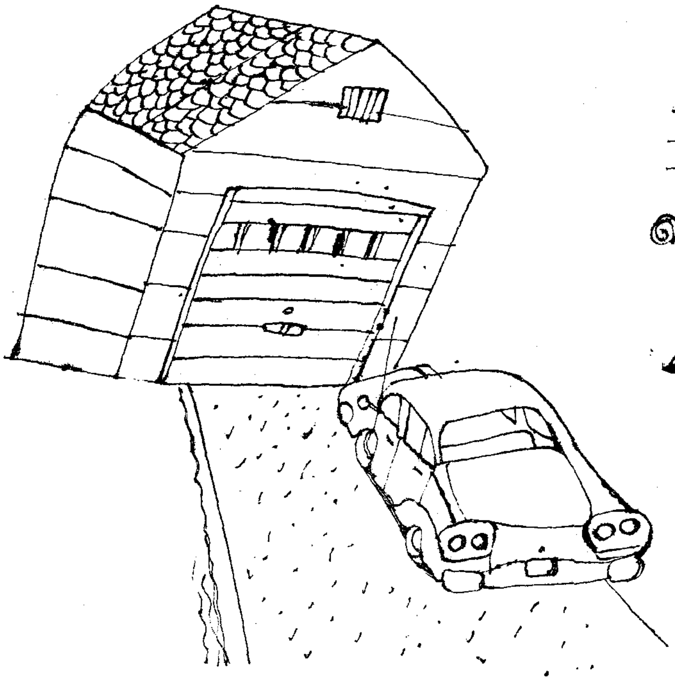
Your father's mustache
My brother's keeper
La plume de ma tante
Le monocle de mon oncle
His Master's Voice
Son of a bitch
Charley's Aunt
Lady Chatterley's Lover
        The Prince of Wales
        The Duchess of Windsor
        The Count of Monte Cristo
        The Emperor of Ice Cream
        The Marquis de Sade
        The Queen of the Night
                Mozart's Requiem
                Beethoven's Ninth
                Bach's B-Minor Mass
                Schubert's Unfinished
                Krapp's Last Tape
                Custer's Last Stand
                Howards End
                Finnegans Wake
                        The March of Time
                        The Ides of March
                        The Auroras of Autumn
                        The winter of our discontent
                        The hounds of spring
                        The Hound of Heaven
                Dante's Inferno
                Vergil's Aeneid
                Homer's Iliad
        The Fall of the City
        The Decline of the West
        The Birth of a Nation
The Declaration of Independence
The ride of Paul Revere
The Pledge of Allegiance
The Spirit of '76
        The Age of Reason
        The Century of the Common Man
        The Psychopathology of Everyday Life
                Portnoy's Complaint
                Whistler's Mother
                The Sweetheart of Sigma Chi
                The whore of Babylon
                The Bride of Frankenstein
                The French Lieutenant's Woman
                        A Room of One's Own
                        Bluebeard's Castle
                        Plato's cave
                        Santa's workshop
                        Noah's ark
                        The House of the Seven Gables
                The Dance of the Seven Veils
                Anitra's Dance
                The Moor's Pavane
                My Papa's Waltz
        Your father's mustache

—Lisel Mueller

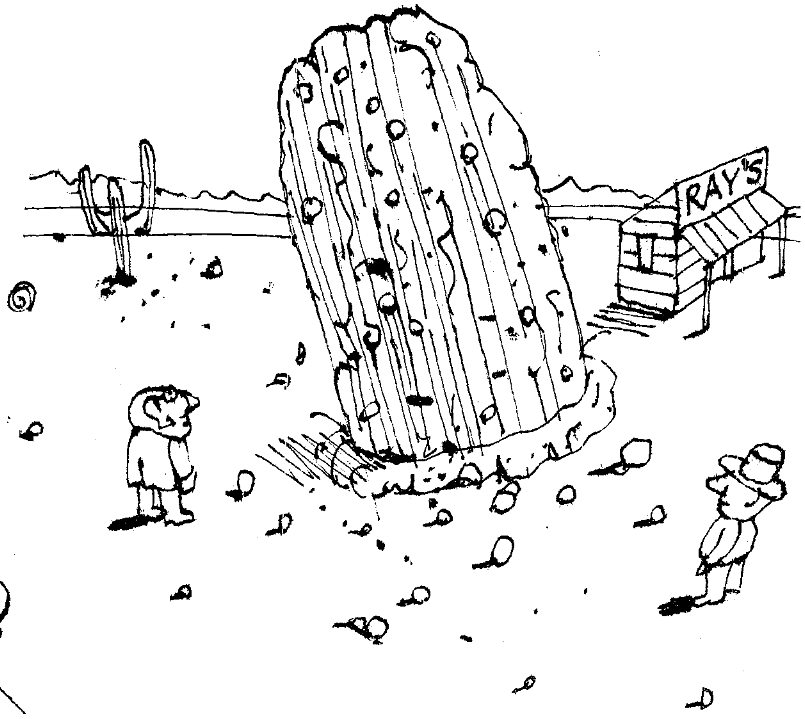
SEVEN WONDERS



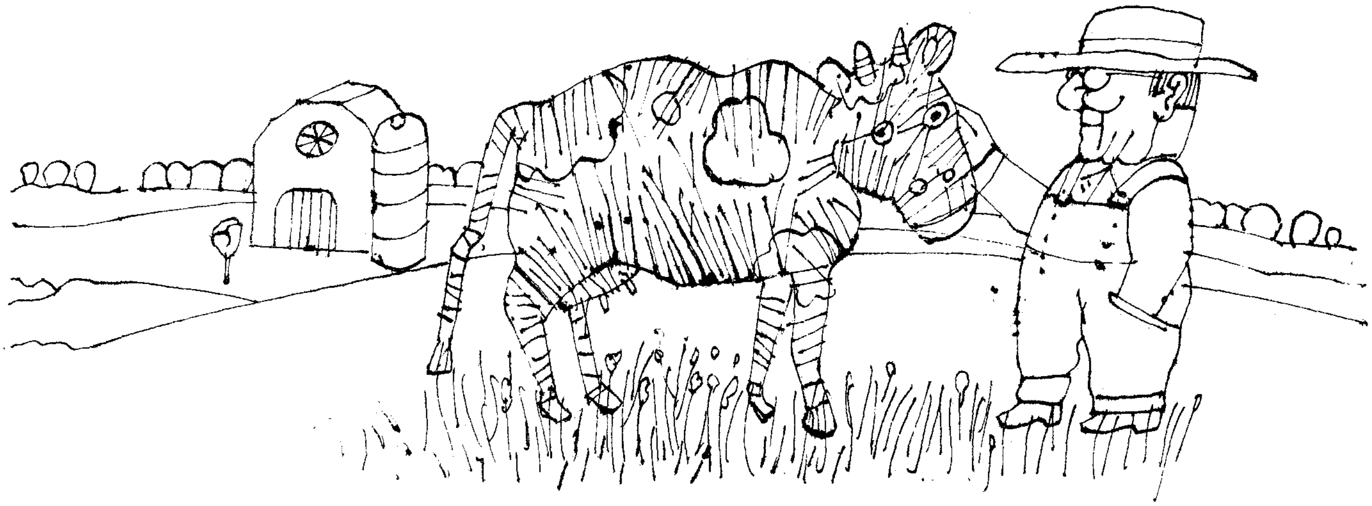
Bert Hink's *flying dog, Sparky, shown here at Boone Flats, Kansas.*



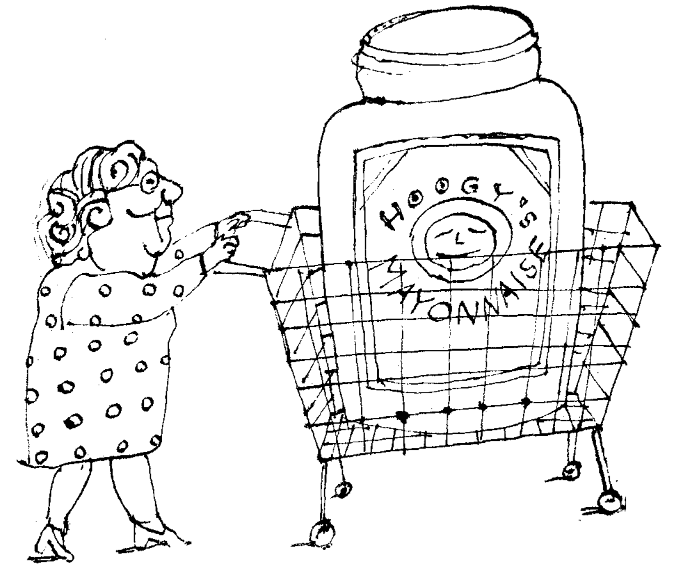
The leaning garage of Harvey Gellerman, Little Neck, Queens.



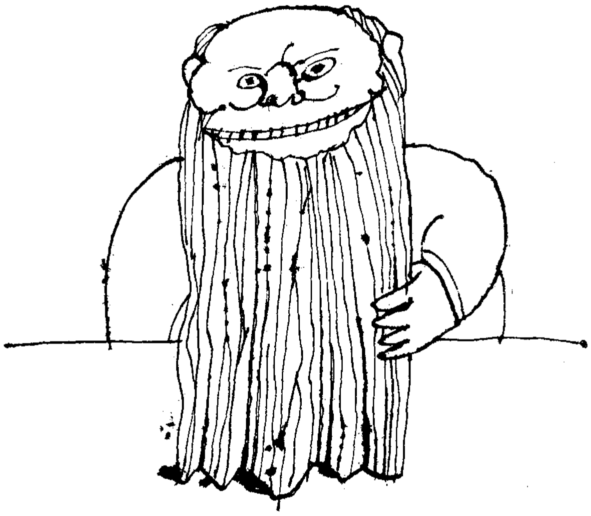
Pickle meteorite. Crashed on March 17, 1973, in Shangri-La, Oklahoma, nearly hitting Ray's drygoods store.



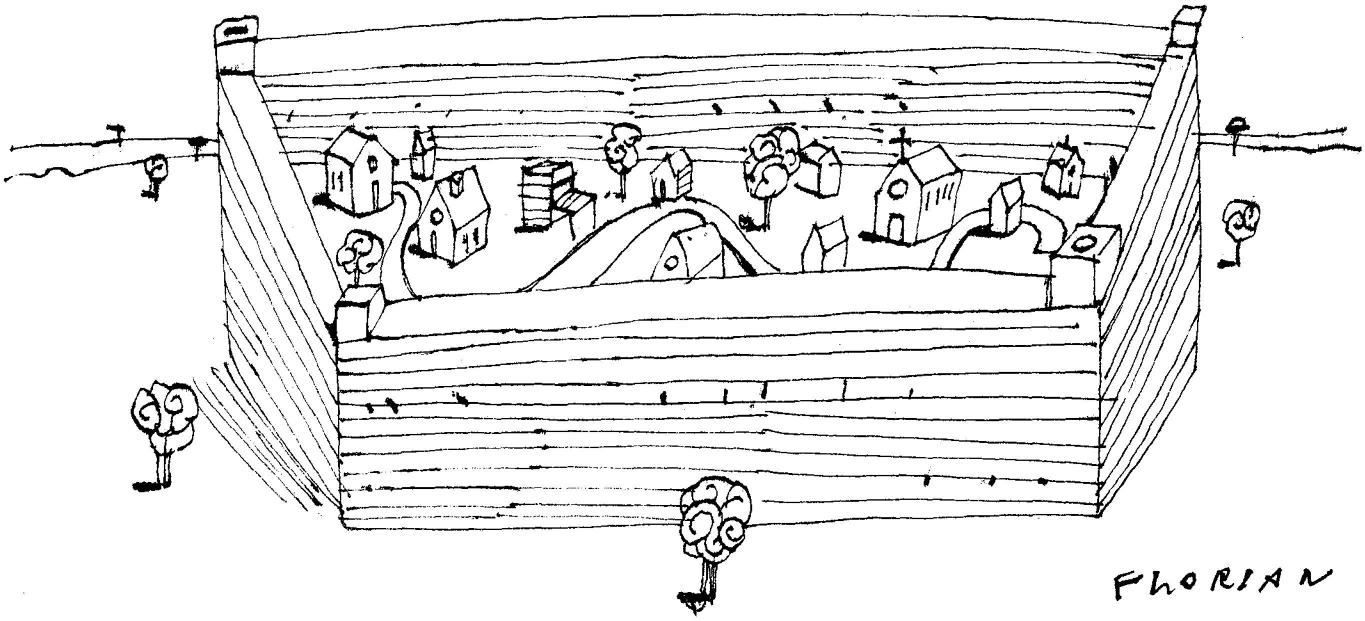
Petrified cow, owned by Zeke Moony, Teelson, Arkansas.


HOOGY'S
MAYONNAISE

Seventy-four-inch jar of mayonnaise, purchased by Edna Fine at Sam's grocery, Warshaw Falls, Indiana.



Hiram Sneed's iron beard.



The Great Wall of Doga, North Carolina, built September, 1879.

THE BOY KNOWS THE TRUTH

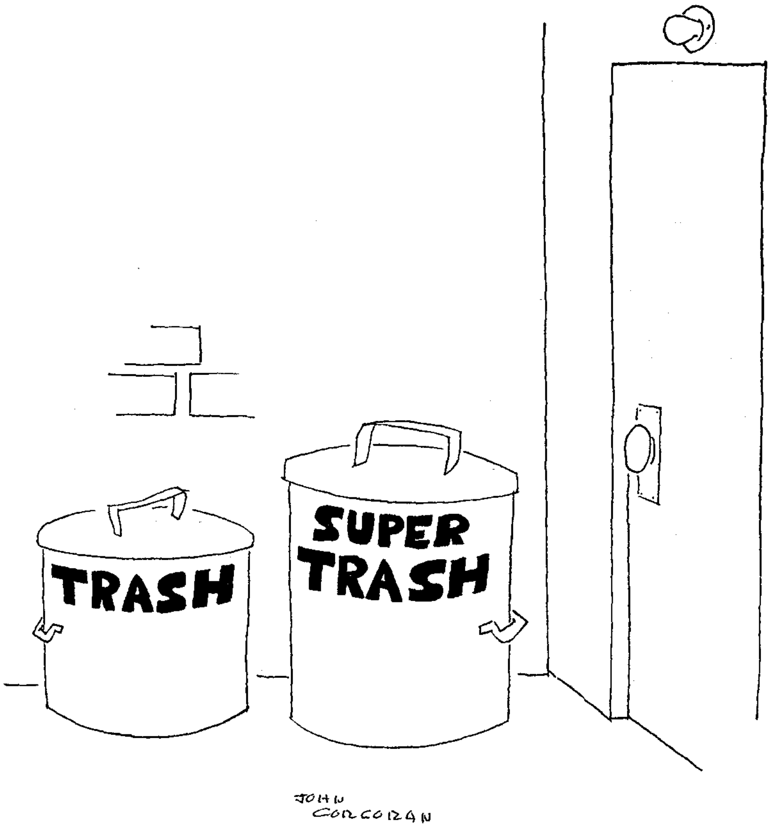
When Rabbi Gabriel Klintower took over his late father's chair, he let his beadles know that he would not accept women and their petitions to intercede in Heaven for them. True, his father and grandfather had accepted women and many other wonder rabbis did, but he could not put himself on the same plane as those saints whose thoughts were always pure. Rabbi Gabriel had a sensual body. His blood boiled in his veins. In the middle of his prayers impure thoughts assailed him like locusts. The Evil One spoke to him insolently: "There is no judge and no judgment; seize your pleasure as long as you can." The rabbi bit his nails down to the quick. With his fists he beat his head. He tore at his sidelocks and called himself outcast, betrayer of Israel. He looked continually for advice in sacred books, until finally he concluded that an imp had attached itself to him. What irony! Devoted Jews came to him to learn the fear of God; scholars copied his sermons; every day he lectured to chosen yeshiva students—all at the very time he was sunk to his neck in a passion for flesh. Studying "The Beginning of Wisdom," "The Tree of Life," "The Pillar of Service," he thought about Rahab the Harlot and lusted for Abishag the Shunammite. It was said in the books of the cabala that in the higher spheres unions still take place between Adam and Eve, Jacob and Rachel, David and Bathsheba. Of course the cabalists referred to souls, not bodies. But the moment the rabbi dozed off he saw those ancient females stark naked. They sang lascivious songs and danced in a seductive way. The rabbi woke up shaken. "Woe is me. I am drowning in iniquity," Rabbi Gabriel said to himself. "Well, this world is a world of falsehood, where evil powers hold dominion." Many times he wanted to call in his Chassidim and tell them that he did not deserve to be their spiritual leader. But the rabbi knew that the moment he resigned from his position, took off his sable hat and silk robe, and stopped pretending, he would fall into the pit of Satan, since men like him are more ashamed of the opinion of people than they fear the Almighty.

The rabbi had a wife, Menucha Alte, named after the daughter of the famous rabbi from Ropcice. Menucha Alte was conceived and born in saintliness, just as Gabriel was given the nature of a wanton. He was tall, broad-shouldered, with the voice of a lion and an appetite to match. Although he was fifty-seven, his beard remained bright red, without a gray hair. He had a full mouth of teeth strong enough to crack walnuts. Once when there was a fire in his court, Rabbi Gabriel broke down the doors of the synagogue with his bare hands, wrenched off locks and carried out all the scrolls and later all the volumes from the study house. His beadle, Avigdor, fainted from the smoke and Rabbi Gabriel carried him down two flights of stairs. Then he ran to the well and for hours pumped water, working with the firemen to extinguish the flames.

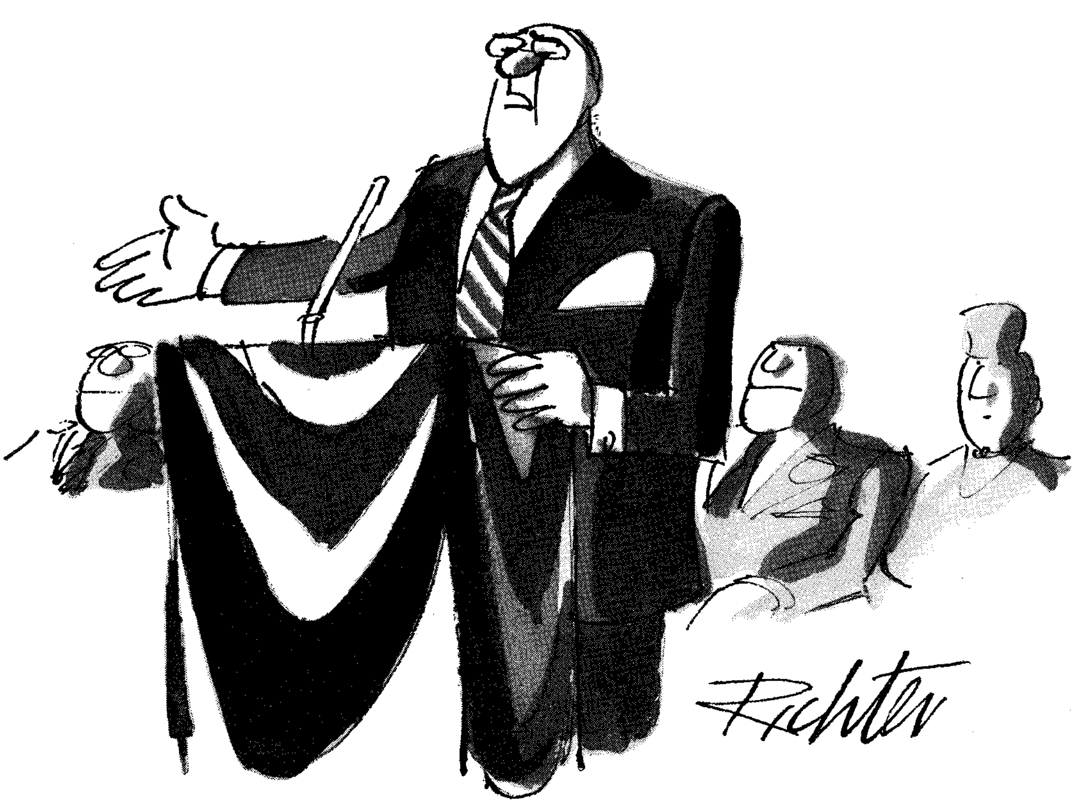
Menucha Alte was small and as scrawny as a consumptive. She lived on medicines and incantations. Every few months she fell dangerously ill. She took upon herself acts of piety that even the most rigorous Jews had long given up. She had three kitchens—one for meat dishes, one for milk meals, one for *pareve* foods. She wore two bonnets to prevent a single hair from showing to a male. On Passover, she put stockings on her cat so that, God forbid, it should not drag in any crumbs of leavened bread under its claws. As long as Menucha Alte was young and still had her periods, she had problems with the ritual ablutions and Rabbi Gabriel was not allowed to have intercourse with her for months. When he finally came to her, her body was cold and she smelled of toothache and valerian drops. She whined that he was too heavy on her, and hurting. Rabbi Gabriel used to remind her that, even according to the strictest letter of the law, kissing and embracing are permitted and that tannaim and amoraim frolicked with their spouses in bed. But Menucha Alte groaned and sighed.

How strange that this broken shard gave birth to five children. Twins died from scarlet fever. Of the three who lived, two daughters took after their father: they were tall, with blue eyes and red hair. Both had husbands and children and lived far from Klintow, on the other side of the Vistula. Shmaya, the only son, suffered from rickets and had a water head. He was as small as a dwarf. Rabbi Gabriel married him off when he was fifteen, but his wife became enlightened and left him. He never remarried. At twenty-nine, Shmaya was beardless as a eunuch. There was madness in his black bulging eyes.

Shmaya had decided that he could best serve God by secluding himself. He immersed himself in the cold ritual bath at midnight. He limited his study to the Zohar. Every few weeks he had a convulsive attack, and the only way to revive him was to put a key into his clenched fist and recite the words "Thou shalt not be afraid for the terror by night; nor for the arrow that flieth by day. . . . A thousand shall fall at thy side, and ten thousand at thy right hand; but it shall not come nigh thee." The Chassidim of Rabbi Gabriel knew that Shmaya would not last long and that after his father's demise there would be no one to succeed him.



During the daytime Rabbi Gabriel managed to do his duties. He was the head of the yeshiva, and he took special care of every student. He taught them not in the



"And when I err I hope you'll find it in your hearts to forgive me and my advisers."

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casuistic method of hairsplitting arguments but with the precise interpretation of the ancient commentators. Rabbi Gabriel had grasped a long time ago that arguing with Satan was of no avail. One must conquer him by deeds and not allow him time for temptation. But nights became more and more difficult. The rabbi would sleep for an hour and then waken, frightened by his own lust. Lately he could not approach Menucha Alte at all. She was prey to a dozen maladies. She kept on moaning and whispering prayers. She had already prepared her shrouds, which she kept under her pillow, along with a bag of chalky earth from the Holy Land on which her head would rest in her grave. She had written her will, leaving her moth-eaten trousseau for orphan brides. But the years passed by and Menucha Alte lived. Once on Purim, after the rabbi had one glass of wine too many, he said jokingly that Menucha Alte had no strength to die—the Resurrection would have come before she managed to pass away.

Rabbi Gabriel was famous for his wit. He even kibitzed the Almighty. His adversaries considered him a mocker and half mad. Like many of those with a humorous nature, the rabbi was prone to melancholy. Once, after days of depression, he came from his room where he had locked himself in and stopped a cheder boy. He asked him, "Tell me why the Almighty has created the world?" The boy did not answer and the rabbi pulled his ear and said, "So that fools like myself should ask questions."

ONE afternoon late in the summer, when Rabbi Gabriel sat in his study and looked into "The Orchard of Pomegranates," the door opened and Avigdor the beadle entered.

"Rabbi, a female relative of yours has come to visit you. She says she is some rabbi's widow. She refuses to leave. She wants to talk to you."

"She wants, huh? You know that I don't accept women. Who is she? Most probably a schnorrer."

"She came in her own carriage with her own coachman."

The rabbi clutched at his beard with one hand and with the other he rubbed his forehead. "What is her name? How is she my relative?"

"She says that she's the rabbi's niece or some relative like that. It is very urgent."

"Let her in, but leave the door open."

The rabbi barely managed to finish his sentence when the woman crossed the threshold. She was tall, slender, dressed in a silk cape, a pleated skirt, and patent-leather shoes of which only the tips could be seen. Over her blond wig hung a black tulle shawl. In one hand she held a fancy parasol, in the other a handbag with beads and fringes. Her face seemed young, almost that of a girl. But the rabbi could see that she was not really young. She smelled of big city and worldliness. He turned his head away. "*Nu?*"

"Rabbi, I am Binele, your Aunt Temerl's daughter."

The rabbi shuddered. He had forgotten that his Aunt Temerl had a child. Temerl had lost her mind over thirty years ago. Her husband, a rich man from Galicia, placed her in a private clinic in Vienna. To be allowed to remarry, he had had to get a written permission signed by a hundred rabbis. The rabbi asked, "Your mother is alive?"

"Woe to such a life!"

Rabbi Gabriel bent his head. Years had passed and he did not remember his Aunt Temerl, who wasted away in an insane asylum. The words of the prophet Isaiah ". . . and that thou hide not thyself from thine own flesh" came to his mind. His throat and his eyes became hot. He asked, "How is your father?"

"My father passed away. It was a year only last week."

"Did he have children with his second wife?"

"I have three sisters and two brothers."

"*Nu*, the years run, it's all futile and vain," the rabbi murmured. He well knew that he should not let Binele stand, but to offer her a chair would mean giving her a chance to linger. That scatterbrain, Avigdor, had closed the door. The rabbi asked, "What happened to your late husband?"

"I have been a widow for three years. My husband was a rabbi, a scholar, and had an honorary doctorate besides. We lived in Karlsbad."

"Children?"

"We had no children."

The rabbi glanced at her. Her face was narrow, dark-skinned. Her eyes were black. She wore a string of pearls, and diamond earrings dangled from her earlobes. She resembled her mother, who had been known as a beauty. After some hesitation, the rabbi pointed to a chair. "*Nu*, sit down."

"Thank you." She put her parasol

and her handbag on the rabbi's table. She spoke in a singsong. "My brothers both became doctors. One is a surgeon in Lemberg and the other a heart specialist in Franzensbad. My sisters are all married. My stepmother lives with her oldest daughter in Drohobycz. My brother-in-law is an owner of oil wells. I am the only one in the family who married a rabbi. He left three commentaries on the Talmud and a thesis about Maimonides written in German."

The rabbi of Klintow had heard about the big world—rabbis who trimmed their beards, reformed synagogues that called themselves temples, rich Jews who travelled to the spas and associated with Gentiles, yeshiva boys who became professors—but it never occurred to him that he might have any connection with such people. Now the Evil One had brought one of them to his house. The rabbi wanted to get up and open the door, but he was embarrassed to do it. He asked, "Why did you come here, to this kingdom of pauperhood?"

"Because you are my nearest relative on my mother's side. I wanted to see you."

"What is there to see? The body turns to dust and the soul is steeped in wickedness. Soon I will have to give an account before the Judgment on High."

"You, too, are afraid to give account?"

"There are no privileges in Heaven."

"You still have years of time. You look, thank God, a strong man."

The rabbi sat silent. No one had ever spoken to him like this. He rose and opened the door, but immediately the wind slammed it shut again.

Binele smiled with amusement. She searched her purse to take out a lace handkerchief, and the rabbi noticed that she had long fingers and polished nails. She said, "Don't be nervous. I'm a kosher Jewish daughter. How is your wife, the rebbetzin, God bless her?"

The rabbi told her about Menucha Alte's illnesses and Binele said, "If you had sent her to Vienna, they might have been able to cure her. Now it would be too late."

"It's always too late. Do you ever go to see your mother?"

"I go, but there is nothing to see. A dazzling beauty still, but mute as a fish. She doesn't recognize me. She stares somewhere over my head. Such sadness I've never seen in a human being except in those of our family. The anguish of generations looks out from her eyes."

"Most probably she sees the truth," the rabbi said, baffled by his own words.

RIDE

When I ride the Staten Island Ferry
to Staten Island on the way home
it's night at six o'clock
and New York is what it's supposed to be:
bright and awesome, glittering
in the distance.
The cold wind is stopping all around me
so I can sit outside.
My position in this world, in this life,
is as clear as it can ever be,
which is not very clear,
except that we are here in the middle
of a little black ocean.
A ferry passing us going the other way
looks like a Mississippi riverboat.

—Daniel Jacobs

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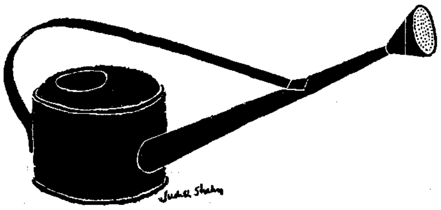
"It may be. But as long as one lives one must live. When my husband left me, I had one desire: that he take me with him. He was all I could wish for—handsome, kind, wise, a philosopher. He was invited to lecture in universities. Priests and nuns came to hear him. But what the earth covers one must forget. Before his demise he called me to his bed and said, 'Binele, it is my wish that you remarry.' Those were his last words." A sob burst from Binele's throat. Her face became red, and shiny tears ran down her cheeks. She opened her purse and began to rummage for another handkerchief.

Rabbi Gabriel said, "It is not our world. What the Creator intends we shall never know."

On the evening of this very day, Menucha Alte had one of her attacks. The nursing maid put a hot compress on her belly, but she continued to groan. The rabbi lay in his private bedroom across the hall. "Father in Heaven, cure her or take her away!" he cried out within himself. He knew well that one might not tell God what to do, but why should she suffer so uselessly? She was a saint, a holy victim. At the same time that the rabbi was filled with compassion for her, a malicious voice spoke: if Menucha Alte should die, he could marry Binele. The rabbi pulled his sidelocks. "Wicked lecher, in spite of your foul wishes she will live to a hundred and twenty!"

He covered his face with his feather bed and tried to doze off, but his body felt hot. He imagined Binele cleansing herself for him in the ritual bath, standing with him under the canopy, copulating with him. "You are better than my husband," she was moaning in her passion. "You are stronger than Samson!"



"Well, I'm losing the world to come," the rabbi admonished himself. "Even Gehenna is too small a punishment for me. The demons will drag me into the desert behind the Black Mountains where Asmodeus and Lilith rule, into the abyss of defilement, into the darkness of no return."

He fell asleep and Binele stood before him naked, her nipples red as fire. She kissed him, caressed him, braided his beard and sidelocks. She bent down on all fours and commanded, "Ride on me as on Balaam's ass." The rabbi awoke with a start. Was it still night? Was it already daybreak?

The window was covered with a shutter. From his wife's room he heard her maid speak and an outcry from the sick woman. The rabbi went to her. The maid stepped aside, and Menucha Alte asked in a choked voice, "Who was that female? Why did you accept her?"

"She's Binele, my Aunt Temerl's daughter."

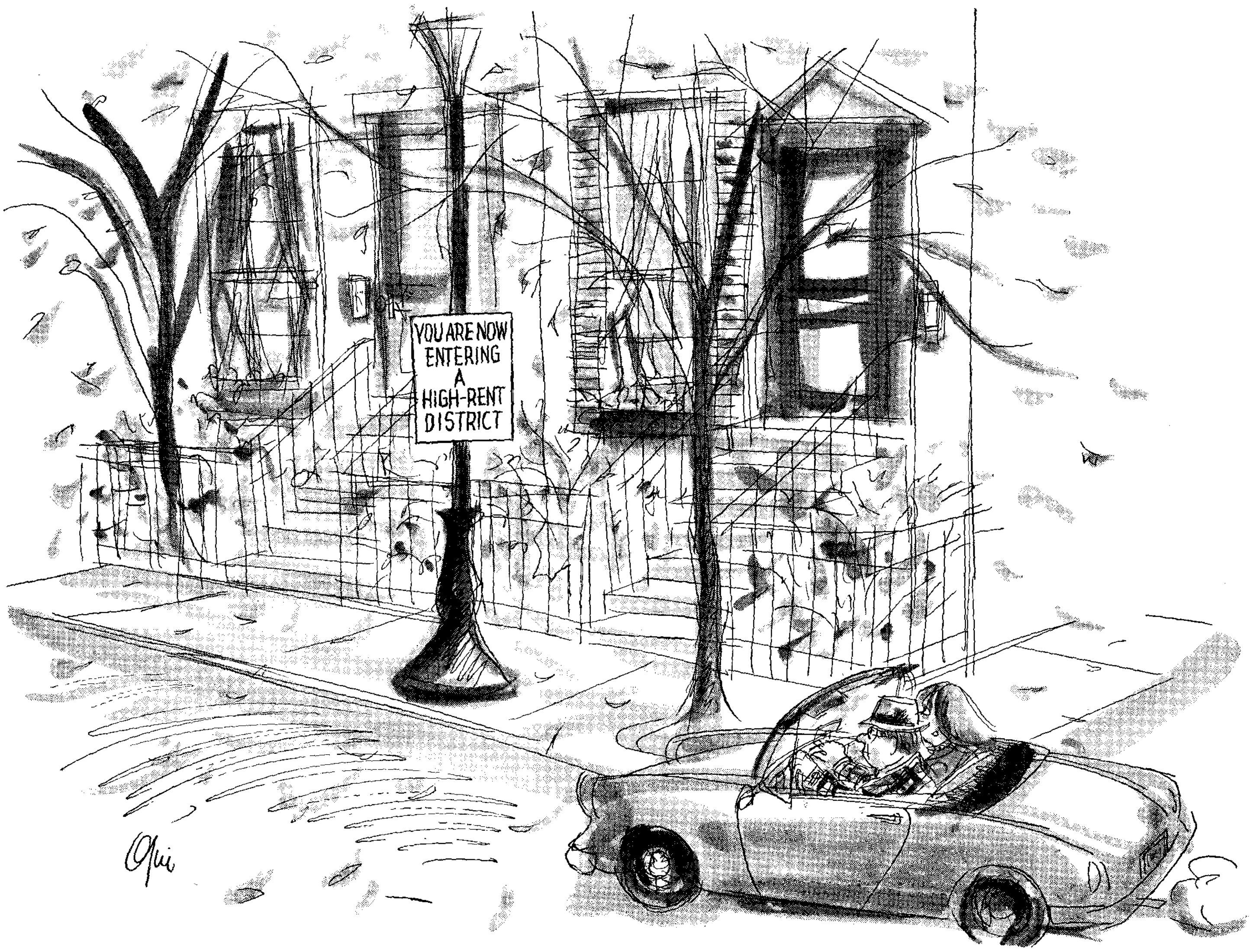
"What does she want? To take my place?"

"God forbid. You will soon recover."

"My end has come. Give me your hand and swear that you will send her away."

Outside, the day was breaking. The rabbi could see Menucha Alte stretching out a bony hand. His mind filled with wrath. He heard himself shout, "You have tortured me enough all these years! I refuse to swear."

He ran back to his bedroom and in the dark he banged his knee and spilled


YOU ARE NOW ENTERING A HIGH-RENT DISTRICT
Opie

• •

the dish of the morning ablution water. He stepped with his bare foot into the puddle it made. "Let her die, the nuisance!" Rage seethed in him. He went out into the courtyard and hit his forehead against the doorpost on the wooden case of the mezuzah. In the east the sky reddened. Dew was falling. Crows croaked. The rabbi stopped at the well and filled a bucket with water. He poured it over his fingers but he did not have the courage to recite "I thank Thee." Perhaps he should throw himself into the well? He gazed into its depth and saw his face, dark and diffused. He had a desire to run and scream. It was she who brought me to these ungodly reveries by depriving me, he thought. I should have divorced her the very first year of our marriage. He suddenly remembered what a Chassid had told him, speaking about his own wife: that no blood ran in her veins, but tepid dishwater. The rabbi laughed and gritted his teeth. "I shall not give her an oath."

The sun emerged like a bloody head from a womb. The rabbi breathed the cool air deeply. He recalled what the Talmud said of Joseph: Joseph was about to lie with Potiphar's wife, but the image of his father revealed itself to him and prevented him. There are passions that even the saints cannot overcome without grace from on High. After a while the rabbi returned to his room. He put on his breeches, his stockings, his fringed garment, and his slippers, and he went to the study house. The oak door was closed and the rabbi knocked three times to warn the corpses, who pray there during the night, that the day had arrived. Inside, a remnant of a memorial candle glimmered in the menorah. In the study house it was still night. The rabbi stood, perplexed. Was he allowed to pray after such profane thoughts? He heard quiet steps. Shmaya slipped in, a figure without substance, a mere shadow.

"Father, Mother has . . ." He did not finish the sentence.

The rabbi lifted one eyebrow. "I know. I killed her."

AFTER Menucha Alte's grave was filled and Shmaya recited Kaddish, his father approached him and in a loud voice said, "*Mazel tov*, Rabbi."

Shmaya stood before him, dazed. A murmur of protest rose from the Chassidim. Eyes bulged; beards and sidelocks shook. His father said, "I am no longer permitted to be a leader of Jews."

Binele was at the cemetery and she tried to push her way to Rabbi Gabriel, but two beadles held her back. Later, in the time of shivah, his hangers-on attempted to convince him that allowing Shmaya to take his place would create a furor in all the rabbinical courts. People would suspect Rabbi Gabriel of having committed a mortal sin; it would also be interpreted as a victory for the enlightened ones and for the anti-Chassidim. He sat on a low stool in his stocking feet, his lapel torn, which is the sign of mourning, and a volume of the Book of Job on his knees, and he kept silent. Beila the cook told people that the rabbi had stopped eating. All he took through the day was a glass of black coffee. Again and again Binele made an effort to call on him. She even offered a bribe to the beadles, but Rabbi Gabriel had given them strict orders not to let her in. Shmaya, who observed shivah by himself in his attic room, came to his father to beg him to keep his chair. Rabbi Gabriel said to him, "Your father is a murderer."

On the Sabbath, shivah is interrupted, and the beadles prepared the usual repast in the study house for Rabbi Gabriel and his Chassidim, who had come from all sides of Poland to attend his wife's funeral. But Rabbi Gabriel refused to leave his room. He chained the door from inside, and no pleading could persuade him. Avigdor brought benediction wine, challah, fish, and meat, but the rabbi ate only a piece of challah dunked in horseradish. When it grew late and the Chassidim realized that nothing could be done, they grasped Shmaya by the collar of his robe and put him at the head of the table. They poured wine for him into a goblet and he mumbled the benediction. With shaky hands, he broke a slice of the braided challah and tasted a small piece, and the Chassidim caught the crumbs that fell from it and swallowed them, since the bread had been sanctified by the new rabbi's touch. The Chassidim sang table chants, and Shmaya muttered the words. After a while he interpreted the Torah, but his hushed voice could hardly be heard.

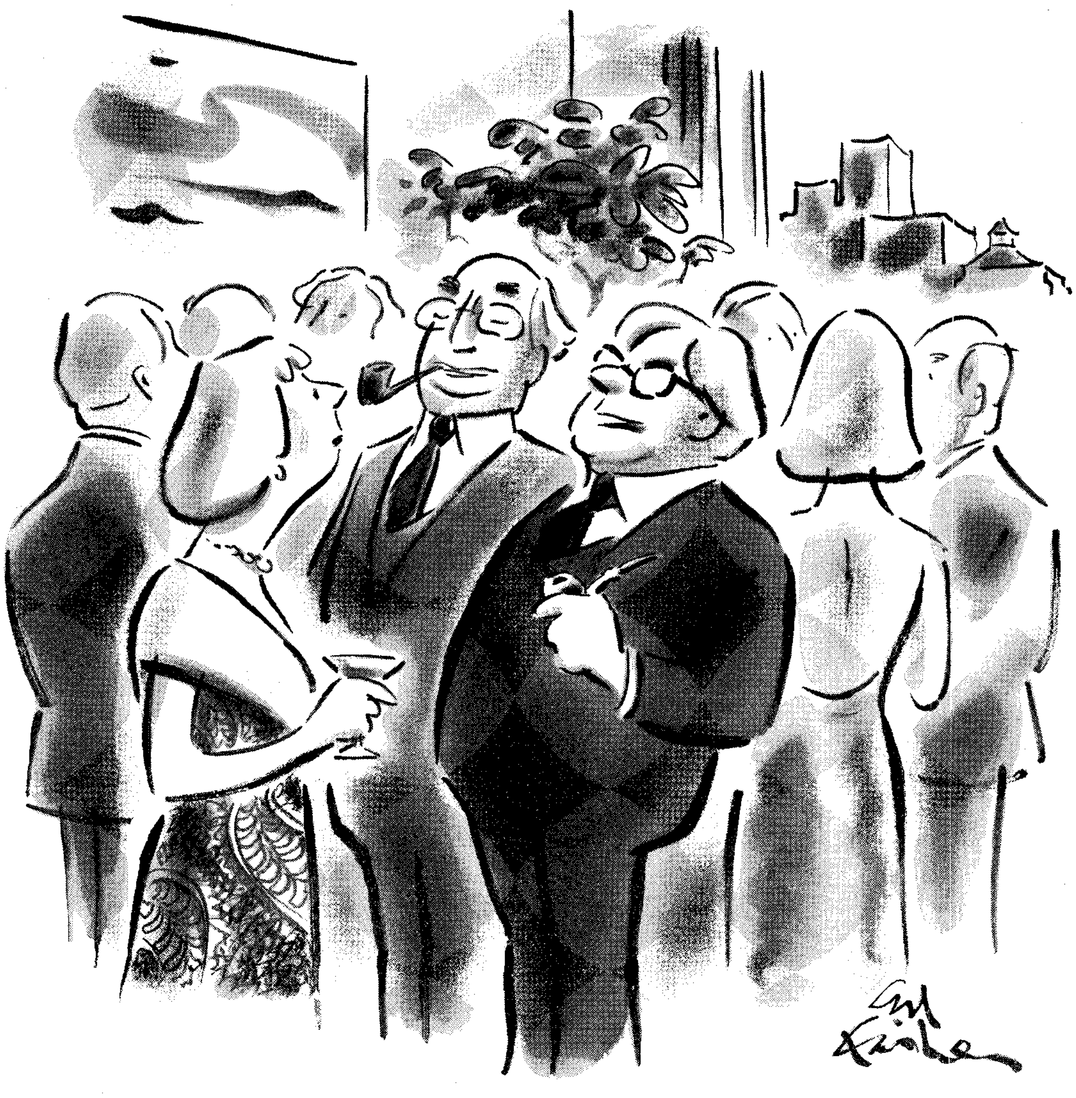
The next day the same thing happened. The beadles who served his father now served Shmaya. He sat at the head of the table—pale, his back bent, in a fur hat too small for his head—and it was obvious to everyone that he was overcome with grief. In his sermon he did not preach anything new but quoted sayings of his saintly grandfather, blessed be his memory, and of his father, he should live long. Some of the younger Chassidim maintained that Shmaya was greater than the father in fear of God and in his humility.

Sabbath night, after Havdalah, for the last time Binele asked to be announced to Rabbi Gabriel. When the door remained locked against her, she ordered the coachmen to harness the horses, and her carriage disappeared down the Lublin road. Since the Sabbath was over, the rabbi returned to the observance of shivah. Almost all the Chassidim who had come to Menucha Alte's funeral left the same night or the morning after.

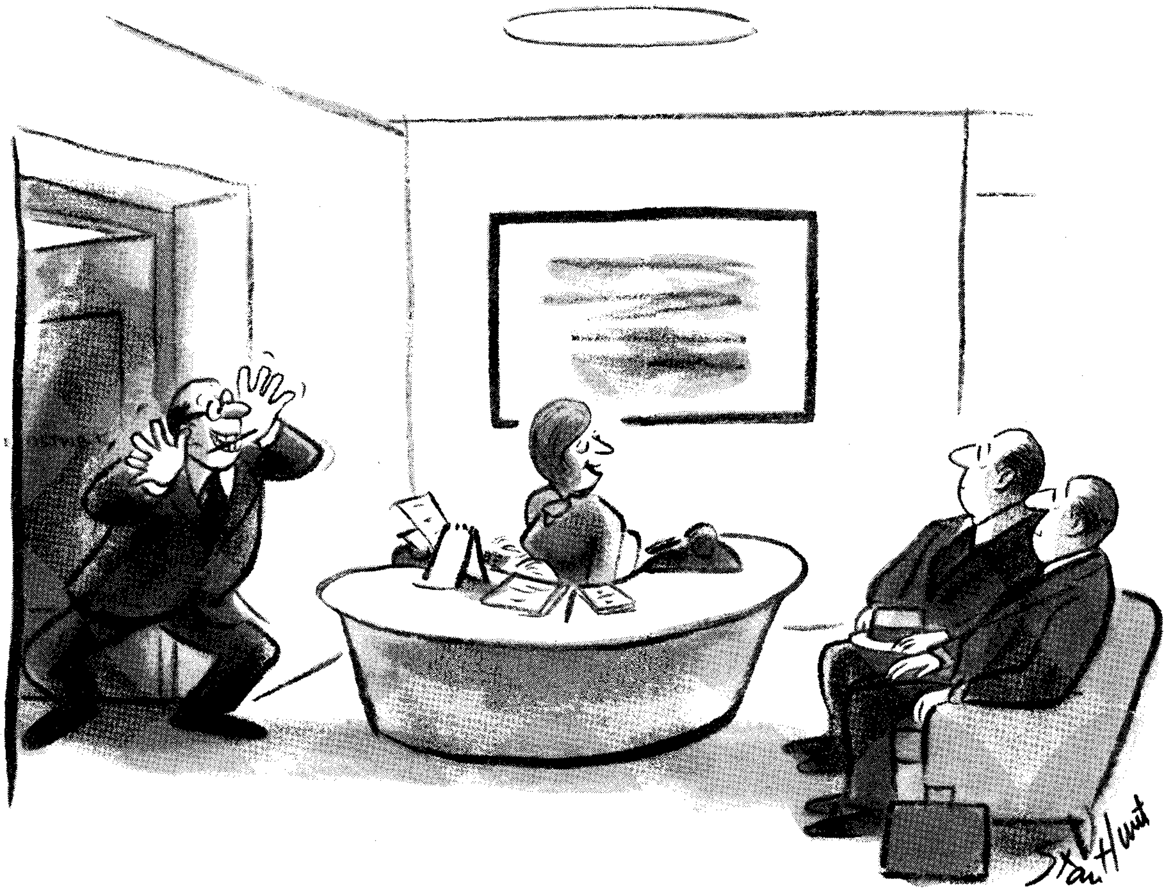
On Monday, the court was empty. Because the rabbi had ceased lecturing in the yeshiva, many students had stopped studying and were roaming the village. Everyone in Klintow knew that Shmaya was too weak to be the head of the yeshiva. He had neither the voice nor the skill to make students understand a difficult passage in the Gemara. There was a time when there had been in the Klintow court about forty old men, disciples who stayed there all year round and ate from a common kettle. Most of them had died. The owners of inns and hostels grumbled that if Shmaya was to be the rabbi the court would lose its followers and Klintow would become a deserted town.

THE seven days of mourning were over, and then the thirty days of mourning, but Rabbi Gabriel remained secluded. He seemed not to sleep; all night one could see the glow of the oil lamp through the crevices of his shutter. In the month of Elul the days became shorter, the evenings longer, gossamer webs floated through the air, cool breezes wafted from the pine forest nearby. In the study house the ram's horn was blown every morning to deceive Satan into believing that the Messiah was about to come and he should withdraw his instigations against Jews. The leaves on the few trees in Rabbi Gabriel's garden turned as yellow as saffron and kept falling all day and all night. Shmaya came to his father to complain that the yeshiva was about to disintegrate and that after the Days of Awe the last of the students would have gone. He said to his father, "Forgive me, but penitence like this is nothing but selfishness."

That night Rabbi Gabriel did not sleep a wink. He sat on the edge of his bed and pondered until daybreak. He had been waging war not only with his body but also with his soul. Both of them are no good, he mused. The body is a glutton on this earth, and the soul wants to gobble up Leviathan in Paradise. He could not forget Menucha Alte's face as he had seen it before her burial: white as chalk, with an open mouth,



"In my opinion, Mrs. Wendell—and I believe Dr. Steinmuth will concur—if you can live with entropy you can live with anything."



"That's Mr. Bostwick's comedic persona."

her nose crooked as a beak, one eye opened and glazed. Even though she had not a single tooth, her lips looked bitten and wounded. She appeared to be screaming without a voice, "Of what avail were my torments? How did I deserve all this pain?"

If this was the aim of creation, cursed be creation, Rabbi Gabriel decided. Actually, the Almighty never answered Job's questions. All He did was boast about His wisdom and His might. At dawn he fell asleep. He dreamed that he was a bridegroom being led to the wedding canopy with Menucha Alte in the synagogue yard. It was a hot summer evening. A green moon, as large as the sun and almost as bright, was shining. Girls dressed in white held wax candles, boys carried torches. Strange birds the size of eagles circled in the sky. They flapped their wings and threw silvery shadows. Everything happened at once. The musicians were playing, Chassidim were singing, the yeshiva students were discussing the Talmud. The old wedding jester, Reb Getzl, was cracking jokes and turning somersaults. At the same time, Father was reciting the benedictions. Grandmother was dancing a kosher dance with a cluster of old women. He, young Gabriel, was sitting with his new spouse partaking of the golden broth. He gazed at Menucha Alte and could not believe it was she. She was so beautiful that he was overcome with astonishment. How can such splendor exist, he wondered. She was both matter and spirit. An otherworldly radiance fell from her eyes. Even her veil and gown shone with their own light. Could she be an angel disguised as a human being? Had the redemption come and Mother Rachel descended from the Nest of the Bird where she dwells and revealed herself to him?

Rabbi Gabriel began to cry and he woke up trembling. His bed trembled with him. The sun had risen and a fiery chariot sailed in the sky from the west to the east. He had slept long, he was late reciting the Shema. He remembered the passage in the Psalms: "The heavens declare the glory of God; and the firmament showeth His handiwork . . . as a bridegroom coming out of his chamber. . . . His going forth is from the end of the heaven, and his circuit unto the ends of it."

Rabbi Gabriel got up, washed his hands, dressed, and went out into the courtyard on the way to the study house. "Where else can I go?" he said to himself. "To a tavern, to a house of ill repute?" He had wakened with new vigor and with a hunger for learning. A cheder boy was walking toward him, his face white, his sidelocks dishevelled. He carried a Pentateuch and a paper bag of food. Rabbi Gabriel stopped him. "Do you want to earn two groschen?" he asked.

"Yes, Rabbi."

"What should a Jew do who has lost the world to come?"

The boy seemed to ponder. "Be a Jew."

"Even though he has lost the world to come?"

"Yes."

"And study Torah?"

"Yes."

"Since he is lost, why the Torah?"

"It's good."

"It's good, eh? As good as candy?"

The boy hesitated for a moment. "Yes."

"Well, you earned the two groschen." Rabbi Gabriel put his hand into his right pocket where he kept money for charity, and gave two groschen to the boy. He bent down to him, pinched his cheek, and kissed his forehead. "You are cleverer than all of them. Go and buy yourself some sweets."

The boy grabbed the coin and began to run, his sidelocks flying, his fringed garment blowing in the wind. Rabbi Gabriel went straight to the yeshiva. He was afraid that all the students had left, but some fourteen or fifteen still remained. They had come to study at sunrise, as was the custom in Klintow. When they saw the rabbi they rose in awe. The rabbi shouted, "The boy knows the truth!"

And he began to lecture on the section where he had left off weeks ago.

—ISAAC BASHEVIS SINGER

(*Translated, from the Yiddish, by the author.*)

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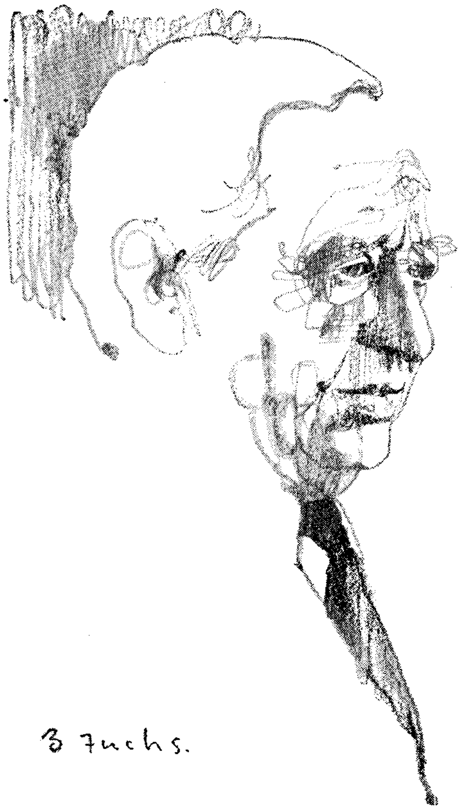
LOST large White Cat. West Gleed area. May be headed for Portland, Oregon.—*Adv. in the Yakima (Wash.) Herald-Republic.*

A friend there?

PROFILES

COMMUNISTS' CAPITALIST—II

LIKE most nonagenarians, Cyrus S. Eaton, who has probably been more often accused of Communistic leanings than anyone else on earth with such an unbreakable addiction to both the theory and the practice of capitalism, remembers his boyhood best. Eaton, who will turn ninety-four two days after Christmas, was the fifth of nine children born in the coastal village of Pugwash, Nova Scotia, to Joseph Howe Eaton, a farmer, lumberman, and general-store proprietor of English ancestry. The first Eaton crossed the Atlantic in the seventeenth century. A later Eaton, who may or may not have contributed to the feisty genes that sifted down to Cyrus, was Daniel Isaac, a London printer, who was twice haled into court in 1793 for publishing works by Thomas Paine, and who the following year was accused of libelling King George III by comparing him—in a pamphlet entitled "Politics for the People, or Hog's Wash"—to a gamecock. (Cyrus has often been in the courts himself, but never for anything as gaudy as libel; his once comparing Richard Nixon, when he was President, to Adolf Hitler and John Foster Dulles, when Secretary of State, to any old madman, have gone jurisprudentially unchallenged.) David Eaton, Cyrus's great-great-great-grandfather, founded the Nova Scotia branch of the clan in 1761, after moving there from Connecticut, but it was only in the early nineteenth century that the Eatons settled in Pugwash—a Micmac Indian word meaning "deep water." By then, many British Loyalists had moved to Canada from the American Colonies, among them the MacPhersons, who were originally from the Scottish Highlands. Cyrus Eaton's mother was born Mary Adelle MacPherson. (A cousin of Eaton's maternal grandfather was Donald McKay, who left Nova Scotia for this country at seventeen and became the builder of many of the swiftest clipper ships ever launched, among them the celebrated Flying Cloud.) But no one far removed from the village had ever paid much attention to it until Eaton, in the nineteen-fifties, began inviting intellectuals there to share their thoughts with him. Today, he is the town's most famous native son. A new grade school has just been named after him; the local government has put up road signs that read "Pugwash—Home of the Thinkers;" and prominent among the souvenirs available to transients are replicas of Rodin's sedentary brooding figure.



According to Eaton's recollections of his early childhood, his father had him riding horses at four, milking cows at five, and working for the railroad at six. "We were quite well-to-do, relatively speaking," Eaton says. "We had a hired man and a hired girl, as people permitted themselves to be called in those days. When the railroad decided to put tracks through our place, though, and somebody had to carry water from a spring to where the men were working with their picks and shovels, I wanted the job, and I got it. I was paid fifty cents for a ten-hour day. By the time I was ten, I was pretty well experienced in business and in world affairs—my father was also postmaster, and I used to read all the newspapers that came in to subscribers—and by the time I was twelve my father would send me out to measure the logs his lumbermen were felling. That was important, because they got paid by the foot."

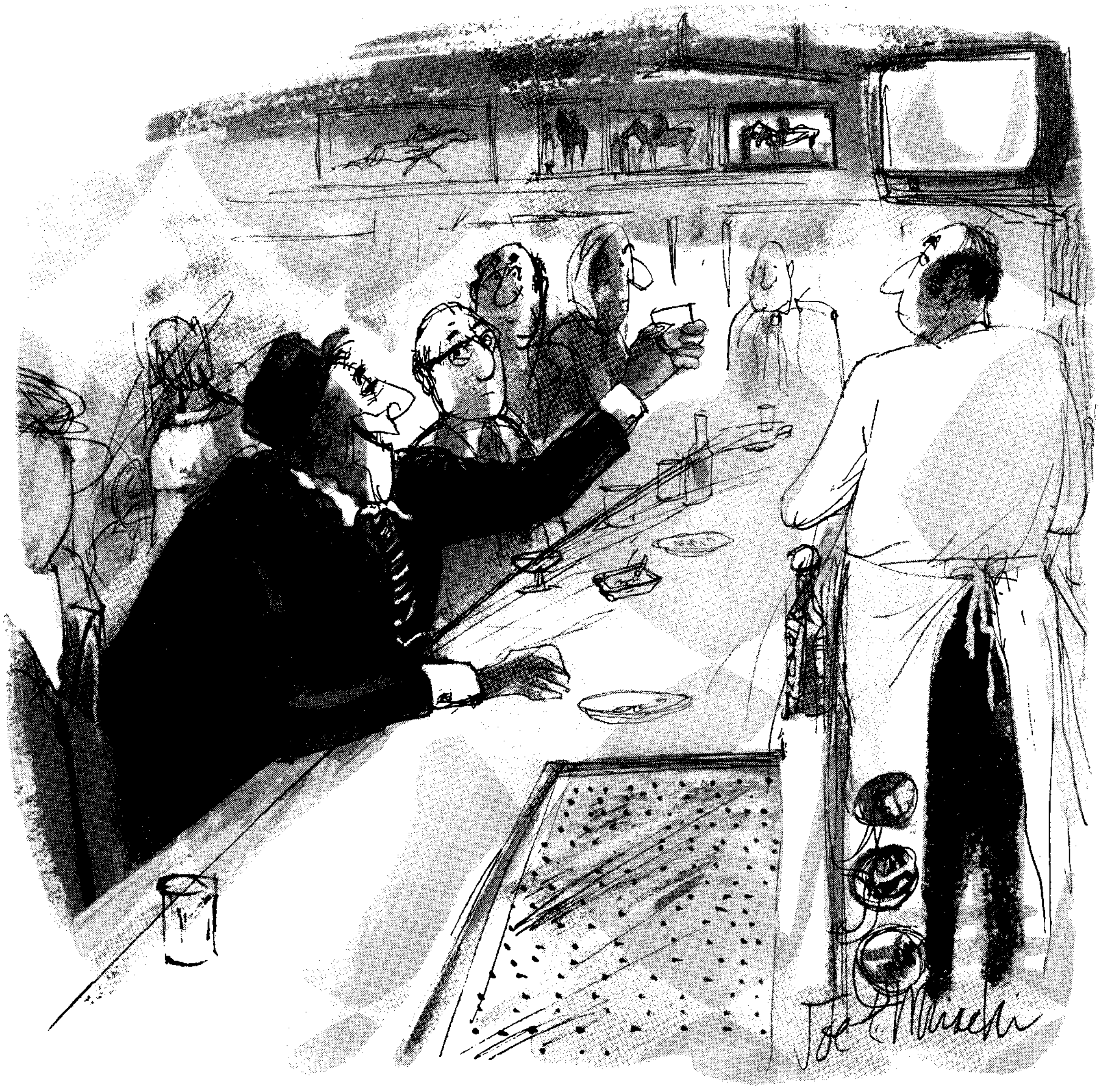
Eaton attended elementary school in Pugwash and high school at Amherst Academy, thirty miles away. At the turn of the century, he matriculated at McMaster University, then a small Baptist institution in Toronto. (At Eaton's much later urging, a larger and less sectarian McMaster became the repository of most of the papers of Bertrand Russell.) Eaton chose McMaster mainly because his father's younger brother, Charles Aubrey Eaton, then a Baptist minister, was on its board of governors. Originally, Cyrus planned to follow his uncle's vocation. When Charles Eaton was assigned to the Euclid Avenue Baptist Church, in Cleveland, in 1901, he invited his nephew down during his summer vacation. Among the uncle's parishioners was John D. Rockefeller, Sr., who had founded his empire in Cleveland and customarily spent five months a year at Forest Hill, a seven-hundred-acre local enclave he had built, with a private nine-hole golf course. Rockefeller was superintendent of the Reverend Mr. Eaton's Sunday school. The two also shared many non-devotional moments, for the minister lived next door to Forest Hill, and was John D.'s frequent guest and golfing companion—often in a foursome that included not merely the cautious older man's spiritual mentor but also his doctor and his dentist.

Charles Eaton moved far beyond the pulpit. He coupled journalism with preaching, and after a ten-year stint in New York City as pastor of the Madison Avenue Baptist Church he went into industrial relations for General Electric. In 1924, at the age of fifty-six, he was elected to Congress, on the Republican ticket, from New Jersey. He served in the House for twenty-eight years, ultimately becoming chairman of the Foreign Affairs Committee. In 1945, he was one of eight American signers, in San Francisco, of the United Nations Charter. Around Washington, where he was affectionately called Doc, he also became known as "the conscience of the House." Like his nephew after him, Representative Eaton was an enthusiastic advocate of unity among the divers peoples of the globe, but he never shared his nephew's acceptance of most words and deeds emanating from the Soviet Union. In fact, he was once denounced as a nefarious capitalist before the U.N. General Assembly by Deputy Foreign Minister Andrei Vishinsky, who coupled him, not without historical justification, with the Rockefeller family. The Congressman's sometimes bristling comments about Russia never particularly affected his nephew. "I remained a devoted friend of Uncle Charles right up to his death, in 1953, even though he wasn't inclined to trust the Russians," Cyrus Eaton says. "He was quite sincere in his dislike of Communism in all its forms. He thought I was being too good-natured and trusting, but our conflicting attitudes never interfered with our devotion to each other."

CYRUS EATON's apprenticeship to the Baptist Church was brief. Having even as a teen-ager developed a strong bent for rationalism, he found the church's orthodoxy oppressive. He did get as far, though, as being listed in the Cleveland city directory of 1906 as pastor of the Lakewood Baptist Church. His decision not to be ordained was in part influenced by some advice he had received from Mr. Rockefeller: "Be sure to have some ownership or participate in the development of natural resources." Soon after Cyrus's arrival in Cleveland, his uncle took him to dinner at Forest Hill, and when Mrs. Rockefeller learned that the Canadian lad was about to take a job as night clerk at the Euclid Hotel she urged her husband to offer him something more suitable to his social status. So Eaton went to work for Rockefeller. He ran errands, carried golf bags, and acted as a bodyguard. "Because I was a sturdy youth who had demonstrated physical courage in Mr. Rockefeller's presence a time or two, I was delegated to sit near him in church, on the alert for intruders," Eaton has recalled. For his services as all-around factotum, Rockefeller paid him two dollars a day.

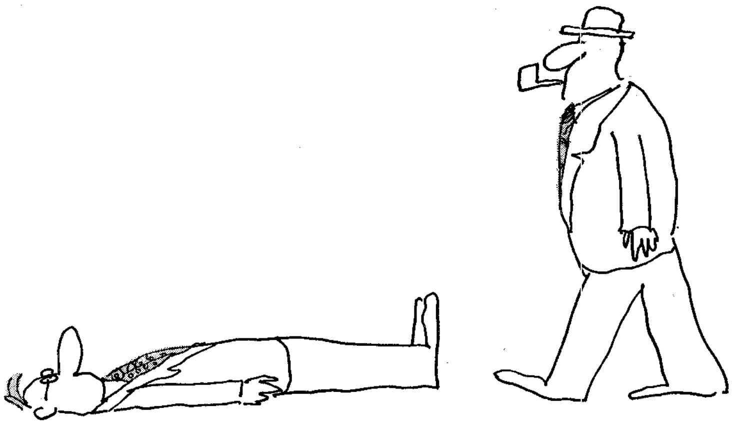
Eaton continued to work for Rockefeller during subsequent vacations, and his employer would now and then suggest that he quit college and join him on a full-time basis, presumably with some increase in remuneration. One summer, the philanthropist sought to broaden the young man's experience by lending him out to the East Ohio Gas Company, on whose behalf Eaton traipsed around Cleveland trying to placate property owners whose lawns were being ravaged by the laying of gas mains. To this day, Eaton's respect for his early patron is unabated. "There's never been any man in finance or industry who came close to matching John D. Rockefeller in imagination or in application," he said recently. "And he was, fortunately, well represented in his descendants. The Rockefellers are America's greatest family." Through Rockefeller, Eaton met a lawyer who was looking for somebody to represent a syndicate formed to buy utilities franchises in western Canada. Eaton knew the area and was hired, but by the time he arrived on the scene the panic of 1907 was in full swing and the syndicate had disintegrated. Eaton wangled a loan from a neighbor and bought the franchises himself, later combining them into the Canada Gas & Electric Corporation. While he was at it, he acquired additional utilities franchises in Iowa, Kansas, and Nebraska. By 1912, he had set up the first of innumerable holding companies with which he would at one time or another be affiliated. This one was called Continental Gas & Electric, and when someone offered to buy it two years later, he realized that at the age of thirty, though hardly in a class with Rockefeller, he was an authentic millionaire.

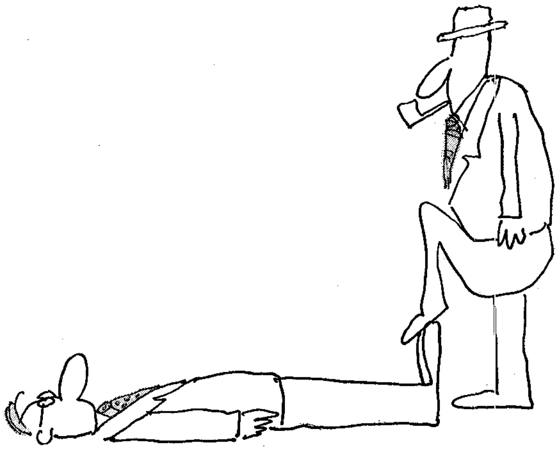
Before the First World War, Eaton bought a substantial interest in Otis & Company, the Cleveland investment bankers and stockbrokers. Through Otis, which in its heyday was one of the largest securities firms outside New York (its partners had assets of more than two hundred million dollars before the 1929 crash), he set up an investment trust called Continental Shares, Inc., which speculated chiefly in utilities and industrial stocks. By 1929, *its* assets were more than a hundred and fifty million dollars, though when the company foundered into liquidation four

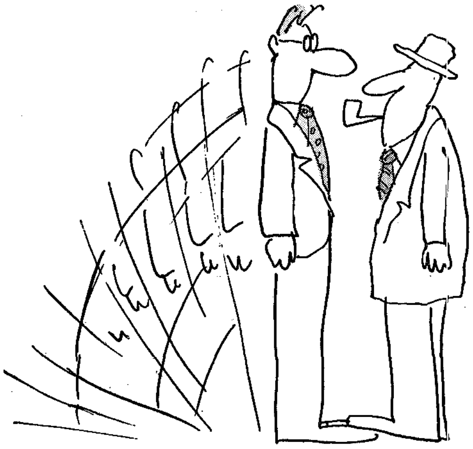


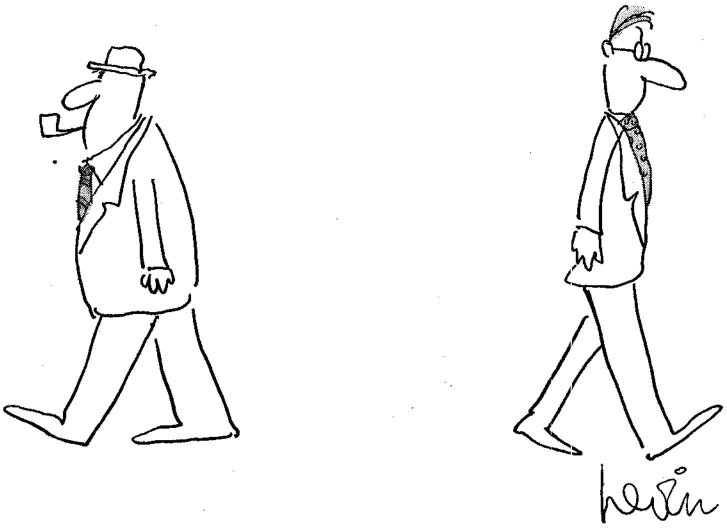
"To Spaceship Earth!"

years later there remained only a tenth of that for distribution among its aggrieved shareholders. En route from glory to gloom, Eaton had had a memorable encounter with Samuel Insull, the utilities king of Chicago, who later went bankrupt. Between 1926 and 1930, Continental Shares gobbled up all the stock it could get in Insull's principal companies—Commonwealth Edison, People's Gas, Light & Coke, and Public Service Company of Northern Illinois. The Eaton crowd owned more of Insull than Insull did himself. Insull got the impression that Eaton was trying to take him over, so he asked to buy back his own stock. After lengthy negotiations, Eaton agreed, in the spring of 1930, to sell it, with the proviso that he be paid not in shares of still other corporations, which was how Insull liked to pay for things, but in cash. Fearing that Eaton might dump the stock on the open market at a time when the market was, to put it mildly, shaky, Insull agreed. He gave Eaton forty-eight million dollars in cash, much of it borrowed from New York banks, plus eight million dollars in securities. This added up to four million dollars more than the market value of the shares in question, and nineteen million more than Continental had paid for them initially. Eaton, whom one Insull biographer later called "a creative capitalist in spite of his reputation as a financial buccaneer," was gracious in victory. In 1934, when Insull was put on trial for various financial peccadilloes, Eaton went to federal court in Chicago and testified in his defense.









Throughout the roaring twenties, Eaton had been practically a one-man sonic boom. He was into everything—buying, selling, swapping, maneuvering, manipulating. His touch was of the purest gold. An oil company in which he invested ten million dollars dug a lot of dry holes, but he was able to sell his stock in it for twenty-five million dollars notwithstanding, because it had options on real estate that turned out to be ideal sites for the service stations of rival companies. Just after the First World War, Ohio had two telephone services—the Ohio Bell system and small independent companies in all communities of any consequence; in order to enjoy any kind of useful service, people needed two phones. Eaton thought this was nonsensical. He contrived to put all the independents together under a single corporate umbrella—Ohio State Telephone—and then he got that consolidated with Ohio Bell. Next, to his own handsome profit, he persuaded the state's Public Utilities Commission to grant the merged company a substantial increase in rates, on the ground that life was simpler for Ohioans now that they had to pay only one phone bill a month instead of two. In 1923, he formed a utilities holding company called United Light & Power, which eventually controlled gas and electric service in a dozen states, and which by 1929 had assets of more than half a billion dollars. Meanwhile, he had cast his acquisitive eye on rubber, and by 1928 he had a substantial interest in Goodyear Tire & Rubber. He was big in steel, too. He saw no reason for Pittsburgh's financial monopoly of that industry, and he wanted steel production to be a mighty factor in the economic

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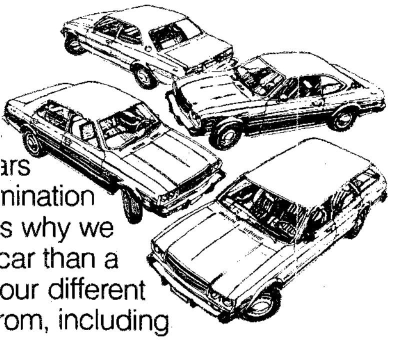
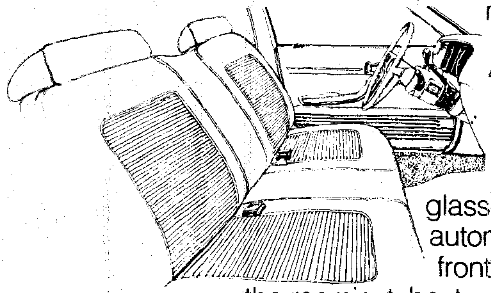
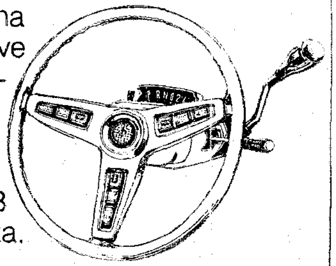


The new 1977½ Toyota Corona offers attractive new styling loaded with comfort and convenience comparable to cars costing much, much more. It's the culmination of Toyota quality and engineering. That's why we say: "If you can find a better built small car than a Corona…buy it." Incidentally, there are four different models to choose from, including a 5-Door Wagon and a special "Luxury Edition" 4-Door Sedan.



Beauty, full of comfort and convenience. Features that run the gamut from an electric "tuning fork" clock to wall-to-wall carpeting and tinted glass all around. In the "Luxury Edition," equipped with automatic transmission, the comfort includes a full-width front seat in rich velour-type upholstery. This Corona is the roomiest, best equipped sedan in the entire Toyota line.

Beauty, full of personal preferences. Corona offers many of the options found on expensive luxury cars. Features like air conditioning, automatic and 5-speed overdrive transmissions and—for the first time—power steering, allow you to tailor a Corona to your individual needs. You can even get a built-in 40-Channel CB radio. The Toyota Corona. The supreme Toyota.



YOU GOT IT.
THE NEW 1977½ CORONA
TOYOTA

Corona 4-Door Sedan Deluxe with Luxury Edition option

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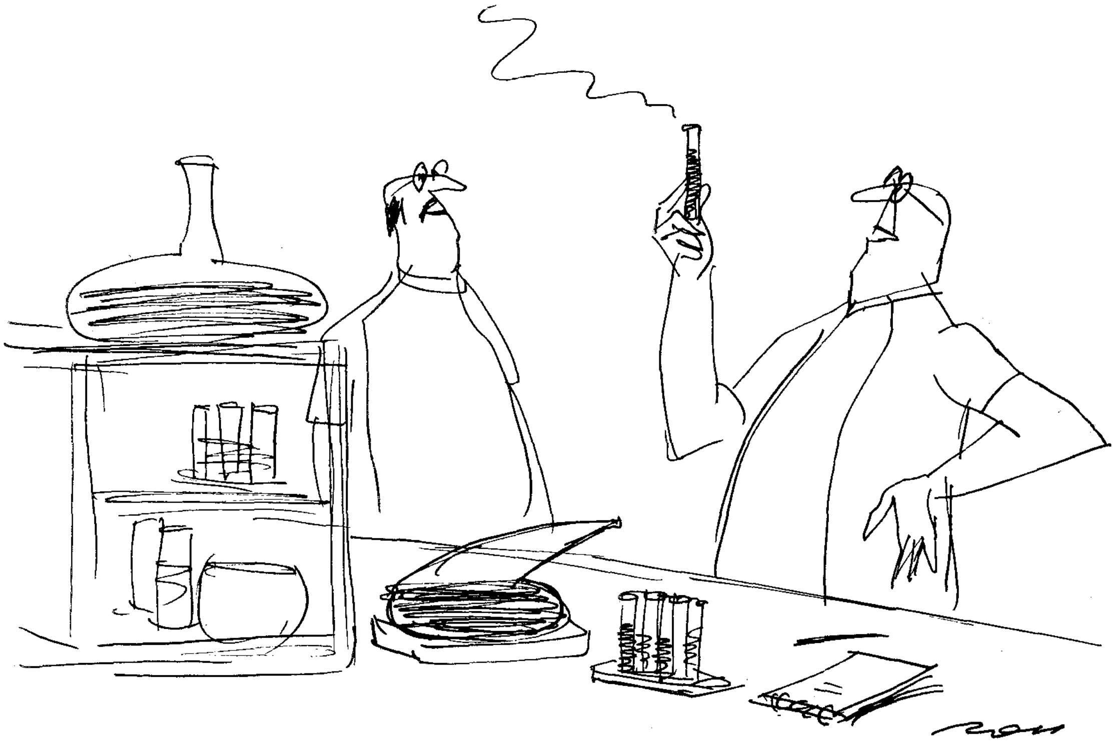


"*It may be a very insignificant breakthrough, but it's a hell of a lot better than* no *breakthrough.*"

• •

blossoming of the Midwest. Cleveland, with its access to the Great Lakes and its proximity to the automobile manufacturers in Detroit, seemed to him the logical hub of this new industrial universe. In 1925, the Trumbull Steel Company, in Warren, Ohio, was in desperate financial straits, and needed a new and robust infusion of capital. Eaton, who still lagged behind Rockefeller but was doing his darnedest to catch up, unblinkingly wrote out a check for eighteen million dollars for control of Trumbull Steel. In 1927, he drew Republic Iron & Steel into his expanding metallurgical orbit, and in practically no time at all converted that into Republic Steel by fusing it with Trumbull, Central Alloy Steel, Steel & Tubes, Donner Steel, Union Drawn Steel, and Bourne-Fuller—this last a Cleveland company that had supplied the nuts and bolts that held together both the Union Navy and the Brooklyn Bridge. Tom M. Girdler, the flinty industrialist whom Eaton recruited to preside over Republic Steel, said in his memoirs that Eaton's "mysterious buying of stock in steel companies had excited the interest of everybody in the industry." Girdler, who went to work for Eaton on October 28, 1929, the day before the stock market collapsed, thought his new boss was "as smart as any man I ever met."

Eaton had also become a major investor in Youngstown Sheet & Tube by 1930, when Eugene Grace and Charles M. Schwab tried to take it over, merge it with their Bethlehem Steel Corporation, and thus create an entity that would have the size and clout of U.S. Steel. Eaton, hoping instead to merge Youngstown with Republic, fought the proposed merger with assorted weapons, including a court battle over proxies. He lost that particular fight but instituted another suit, which he won, thus scoring a solid victory over the East Coast financial world. "How are we going to have leadership in this vast country if everything must be directed from Wall Street?" he asked. "It would make clerks of us all here in the Middle West." In the course of that litigation, Eaton became an intractable foe of the corporation lawyer Newton D. Baker, who represented Bethlehem, and who once likened Eaton to a portrait of Napoleon in the Louvre—one in which the Emperor was depicted riding to conquest between rows of corpses. In 1932, when the Democratic Party convened to choose its Presidential candidate, Eaton got his revenge. Baker was an early contender for the nomination. In Eaton's version of political history, it was his success in persuading James A. Farley and William G. McAdoo to join him in a stop-Baker movement that ultimately swung the nomination to Franklin D. Roosevelt.

By 1929, still in his mid-forties, Eaton was a director of more than a dozen corporations, and was widely known, and sometimes feared, as a shrewd, hard-headed, cold-blooded fiscal wizard whose guiding philosophy, as one acquaintance summarized it, was "All's fair in love and war, and business is the war of peace." According to the perhaps slightly biassed author of "The Eaton Family of Nova Scotia," which was published that year, Cyrus had "a future of unlimited possibilities before him." Eaton's income in the heady year of 1929 was so substantial that in later litigation over the federal income tax due on it he argued that the government had made a miscalculation that tilted the bottom line in its favor by more than four hundred and twenty-seven thousand dollars. Then came the crash, which hit Cleveland especially hard; three of its big banks closed their doors. By the mid-thirties, when all the tangled affairs of all of Eaton's corporations had been unravelled as well as they ever could be, he had little left beyond a stake in Otis & Company. One of his daughters was glad to land a sixty-dollar-a-month job as a receptionist in a Cleveland law office; when she got married, not long afterward, her father, coming around to her place for Christmas dinner, could bring only a basket of jellies and apples and a ten-dollar bill. He would eventually prosper again, but for a while he had hard going. When he was divorced from his first wife, in 1934, it was stipulated in the settlement that if his net worth ever reached the level of a hundred and five *thousand* dollars he would have to buy her a house. At no stage of his topsy-turvy career has he been a lavish spender. Though he enjoys the good life—in Paris, he stays at the Ritz; in London, at Claridge's—he has never emulated his mentor Rockefeller in philanthropy. The Cyrus Eaton Foundation is too small to warrant inclusion in the Foundation Directory. One of his children said not long ago, "If I needed a hundred dollars or a loaf of bread, my father would be the last person I'd turn to." In fact, Eaton may not be as affluent as he sometimes lets people think he is. Recently, an Ohioan who knows him about as intimately as anyone does told an acquaintance that there were probably a hundred people in

Cleveland alone who were richer than Eaton.

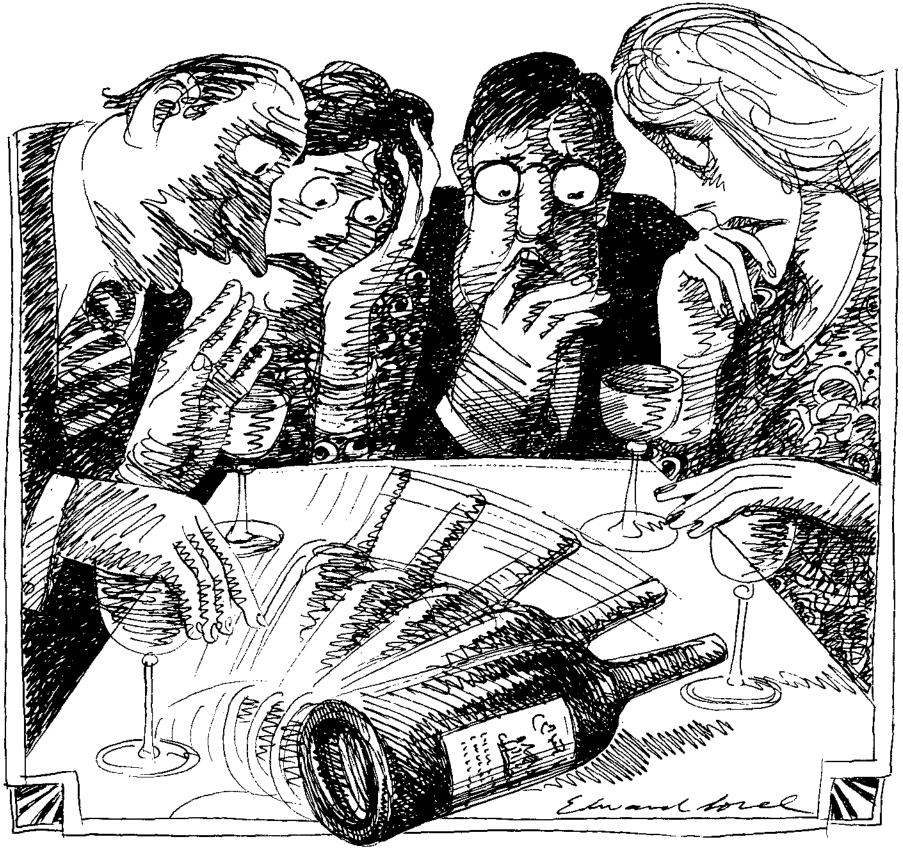
Eaton's first wife was Margaret House, the daughter of a Cleveland physician. He married her in 1907 after they had met at a Baptist Church social function. Before they separated, in the thirties, they had seven children. One, Margaret Grace, known as Lee, spent her adult life in a wheelchair, following botched spinal surgery; after she died, at forty, her father donated some land in the Cleveland suburb of Northfield for a Lee Eaton Primary School. Eaton's youngest son, MacPherson, became an ordained Baptist minister, but not until he was in his forties. Not all of Eaton's children have always applauded their father's public pronouncements. "My father's views are not mine," one daughter told a Cleveland paper in 1959, when his sponsoring of conferences of intellectuals in Pugwash and his hobnobbing with Nikita Khrushchev were creating something of an international stir. "I think there are better ways to spend money than to hold conferences or make speeches." Eaton's children were raised chiefly in Northfield, twenty miles from downtown Cleveland. He bought a late-eighteenth-century house on a couple of dozen acres there in 1912 and, in deference to the early French name for Nova Scotia, called it Acadia Farms. The house was close to a road, and Eaton thought at first that he'd have the building razed and a new but similar residence constructed farther from the traffic. He engaged an architect, who, having heard of his client's fiscal achievements, came back with plans for a replacement that would cost, he estimated, about a million and a half dollars. "I'll stay with the old house," Eaton said, and he has stayed with it ever since. Just inside his front door is an example of the kind of memento that his singular crusading has won for him—a stuffed boar's head from his sharpshooting friend Chairman Khrushchev. When Eaton gave a lunch party in 1962 to mark the fiftieth anniversary of his occupancy of Acadia Farms (he thriftily used the same caterer's marquee for a stepdaughter's coming-out dance that evening), among the guests were the Bulgarian, Czechoslovakian, Hungarian, Polish, and Rumanian Ambassadors. Over the years, he has increased the size of his estate to its present eight hundred acres. And he has given some of it away: in 1955, he transferred fifty-eight virgin acres to the city of Cleveland to form part of what Clevelanders speak of as their Ring of Green, or Emerald Belt.

d. ehrenberg

Living as he does on a place that is called a farm, Eaton prefers to call himself not a financier or an industrialist—or, as others have called him, a tycoon—but, rather, a farmer. He believes that one of the reasons he and Khrushchev were attracted to one another was that both of them had been raised on farms. After a visit to Cuba in 1968, at a time few Americans were heading that way, Eaton was asked in what capacity he had gone there, and he said, "I'm just a farmer," adding that he had talked with Fidel Castro mostly about the artificial insemination of cattle. (Eaton was pleased to be introduced by Castro to a hundred-thousand-dollar prize bull, housed in an air-conditioned stall with music piped in.) As a farmer, Eaton is understandably partial to trees, and his devotion to them may exceed that of most tillers of the soil. It has been said of him in print without his entering a denial that he can name all the trees, plus all the birds, native to the entire North American continent, and an admiring employee at Acadia Farms not long ago remarked of the proprietor, "He knows every tree here by its first name." After Eaton drifted away from the Baptist Church, when he was asked which was his preferred religion he would sometimes choose Druidism, because Druids worshipped trees. He is as fond of poetry as he is of trees. He professes to have read some lines of poetry every single day of his adult life, and it follows that one of his favorite poems (along with Shakespeare's sonnets, Tennyson's "Ulysses," Milton's sonnet on his blindness, and Keats' "On First Looking Into Chapman's Homer") is Joyce Kilmer's dendrological chef-d'œuvre. In 1962, in exchange for a hundred and seventy-three thousand dollars, Eaton granted the Cleveland Electric Illuminating Company, of which he was a director from 1955 to 1965, an easement across twenty-four acres of his farmland to build a power line. The line went in without incident, but in April, 1970, C.E.I. started work on a second line while Eaton's attention was elsewhere, and chopped down four hundred and fifty of his trees. The normally pacifistic Eaton all but declared war. An Eaton truck was rammed by a C.E.I. bulldozer whose progress it was trying to block. Eaton filed a seven-hundred-and-fifty-thousand-dollar lawsuit against his erstwhile associates and stormed into Summit County Common Pleas Court toting a slaughtered stump. His anguish was only partly assuaged when the utilities company, probably suspecting that otherwise its feud with the then eighty-eight-year-old adversary might go on forever, settled for an additional hundred and fifty-one thousand dollars.

One portion of Acadia Farms is devoted to the breeding and raising of Scotch Shorthorn cattle, a specimen of which Eaton had shipped to the Soviet Union in 1955 in an effort to improve the quality of Russian beef. Scotch Shorthorns, like Eatons, came to North America early; the English brought some over in 1783, and they were the first variety of cattle bred specifically for beef to graze on American grass. Eaton's animals have won many prizes, and since 1951 he has held a biennial cattle auction on his premises. Some Russian livestock experts were in the States at the time of the 1961 sale, but the State Department wouldn't let them visit Summit County; some East Germans who also hoped to attend couldn't even get into the country. The all-time star of the Eaton stable was P. S. Troubadour, a steer that in 1956 was proclaimed the International Grand Champion among all kinds of cattle. The "P.S." in its name came from Penn State. The university bought Troubadour's mother from Eaton while she was in calf. Troubadour himself was later purchased from Penn State by the Greenbrier Hotel, which belonged to the Chesapeake & Ohio Railway. That transaction was easy enough to arrange, because Eaton was by then into railroads and was chairman of the board of the C. & O. (He had two prize oxen at his farm called C. and O.) The price was a robust $20,397.50. The Greenbrier serves good cuts of beef, but it used Troubadour for promotional purposes. The animal was featured, along with Eaton, on an Ed Murrow "Person to Person" television show, and it went on tour for a while—in its own railway car, attended by a handler. On July 4, 1957, it paid a patriotic courtesy call on President Eisenhower at *his* farm, in Gettysburg. Eaton wanted to send Troubadour to Russia, too, as a hefty symbol of coexistence, but an outbreak of hoof-and-mouth disease in Europe stymied that scheme. Troubadour died in 1959; a

Save the gambling for after dinner.



A little game of chance after dinner may liven up the evening. A little glass of chance during dinner may not.

But just how do you keep the gambling from starting in your wine store?

French wine is the way. But even French wine can be a jungle.

There are thousands of chateaus, hundreds of shippers, a dozen different vintage years—all in all, perhaps a million different bottles from which to choose…what?

We'd like to suggest you choose Grande Marque red or Grande Marque white.

Grande Marque is a fine vintage French wine, consistent from year to year. It comes from Bordeaux, that small part of France that produces more great wines than the rest of the world combined.

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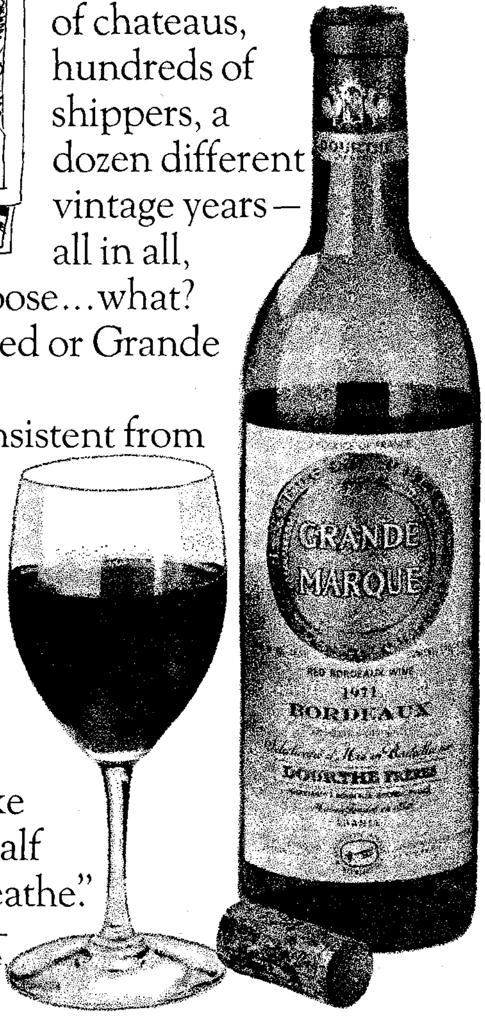
So play the lottery, the market, a hot hand of old maid and leave French roulette to the gamblers.

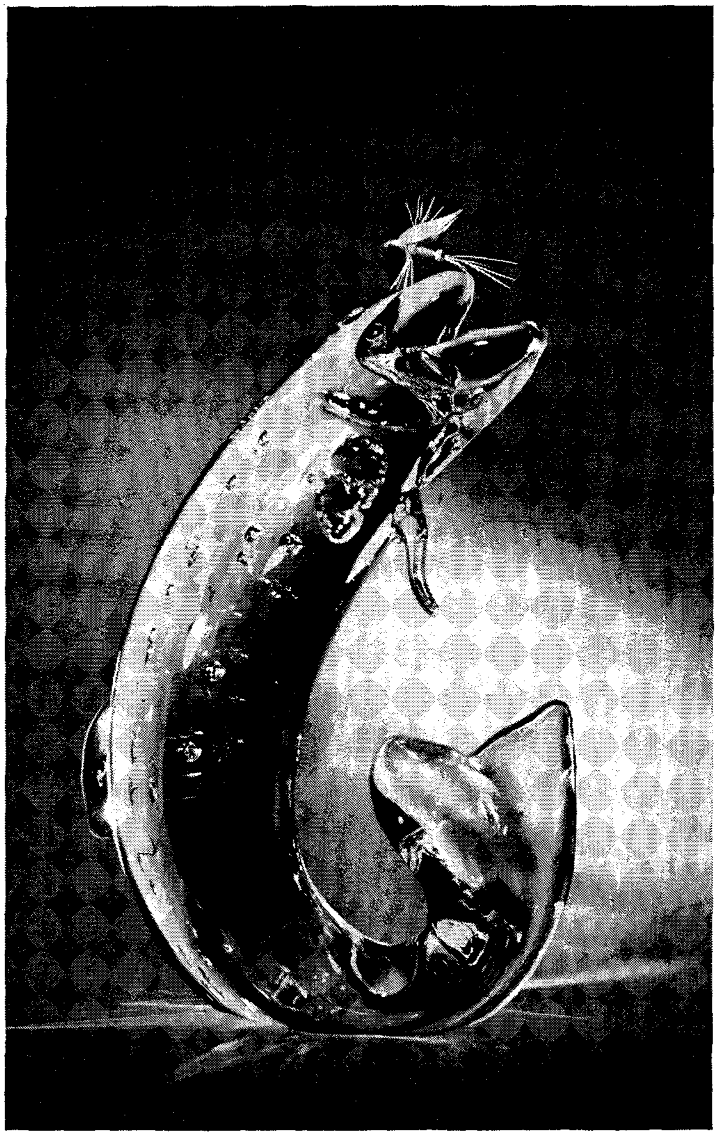
TIP: The bouquet and taste of a great red wine like Grande Marque improves when cork is removed a half hour or so before serving and wine is allowed to "breathe."



"All the French you need to know." Grande Marque is a product of France, imported by Munson Shaw, New York.

decade later, *Shorthorn World* acclaimed Eaton as “Shorthorndom’s most famous breeder.” Eaton also raises cattle at his other principal residence—Deep Cove Farms, a three-thousand-acre establishment in Upper Blandford, Nova Scotia, a hundred and fifty miles from Pugwash. Though he became a citizen of the United States in 1913, he has retained a strong affection for Canada, and up to the last couple of years used to take both summer and winter vacations there. At Deep Cove Farms, he has also bred waterfowl, among them the first European widgeons ever raised in North America.

Eaton’s relationship with his grandchildren, who number fourteen, has been unusual and intense. As each of them became old enough to walk, the grandfather would take the child, sometimes over its parents’ protests, to Upper Blandford for a summer month, in the company of brothers and sisters and first cousins. No mothers or fathers were permitted to tag along. It was such a happy experience for the youthful guests that some of them who are now in their thirties still go back to Deep Cove Farms whenever they can, and at least two of the male grandchildren elected to take their brides there for honeymoons. The grandchildren had to follow a strict regimen. Eaton had a theory that a tot as young as two could do *something* useful around a house—help make a bed, say, or clear a table. He would assemble his clan for breakfast each morning and impart the orders for that day—laundry, or woodcraft, or bird-spotting, or a lecture on local history, or ridding a road of rocks. When it rained, all hands would be fitted out with foul-weather gear and marched off to climb the nearest mountain. To manage the crowd, Eaton would augment his regular household staff with a couple of patient college students. (His full-time majordomo since 1953 has been a French Canadian who until he joined Eaton was a Canadian Pacific Railway dining-car superintendent and also a member of the Nova Scotia legislature.) On the top floor of the Upper Blandford farmhouse, Eaton set up two dormitories—one for girls, one for boys. If there were too many children on the scene to fit into them, the overflow was harbored in tents. There were frequent picnics. Eaton loves picnics almost as much as trees. He used to give an annual picnic at Acadia Farms for Chesapeake & Ohio employees and their families, but he had to stop after the C. & O. absorbed the Baltimore & Ohio system; he could not



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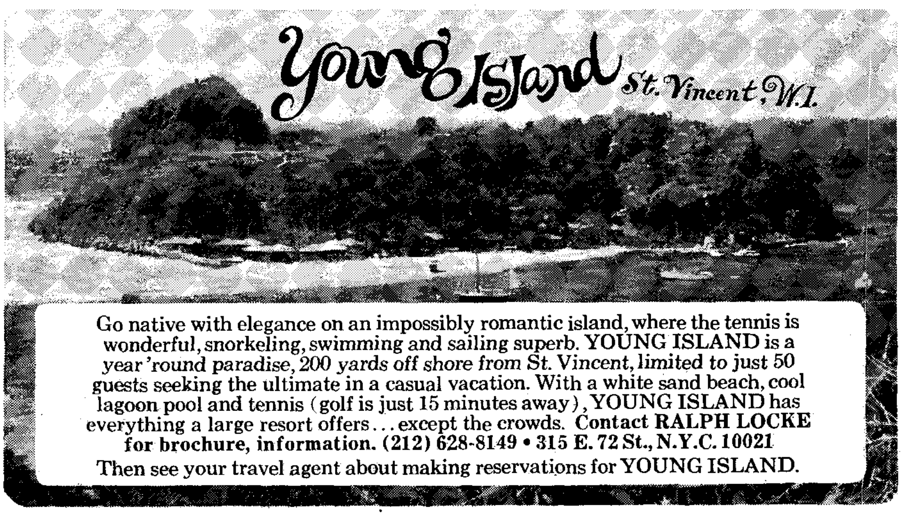

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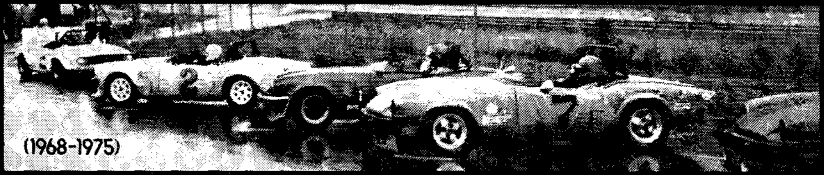

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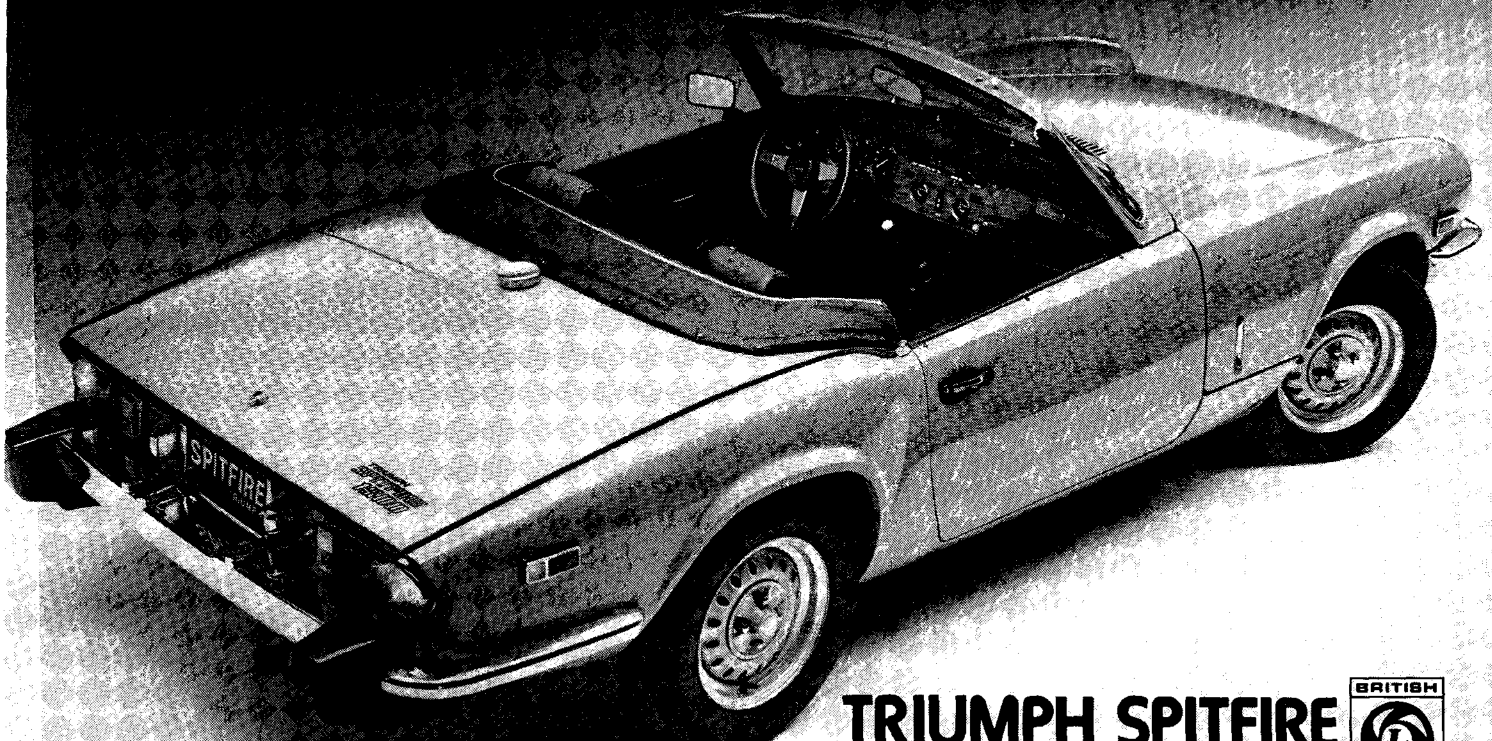

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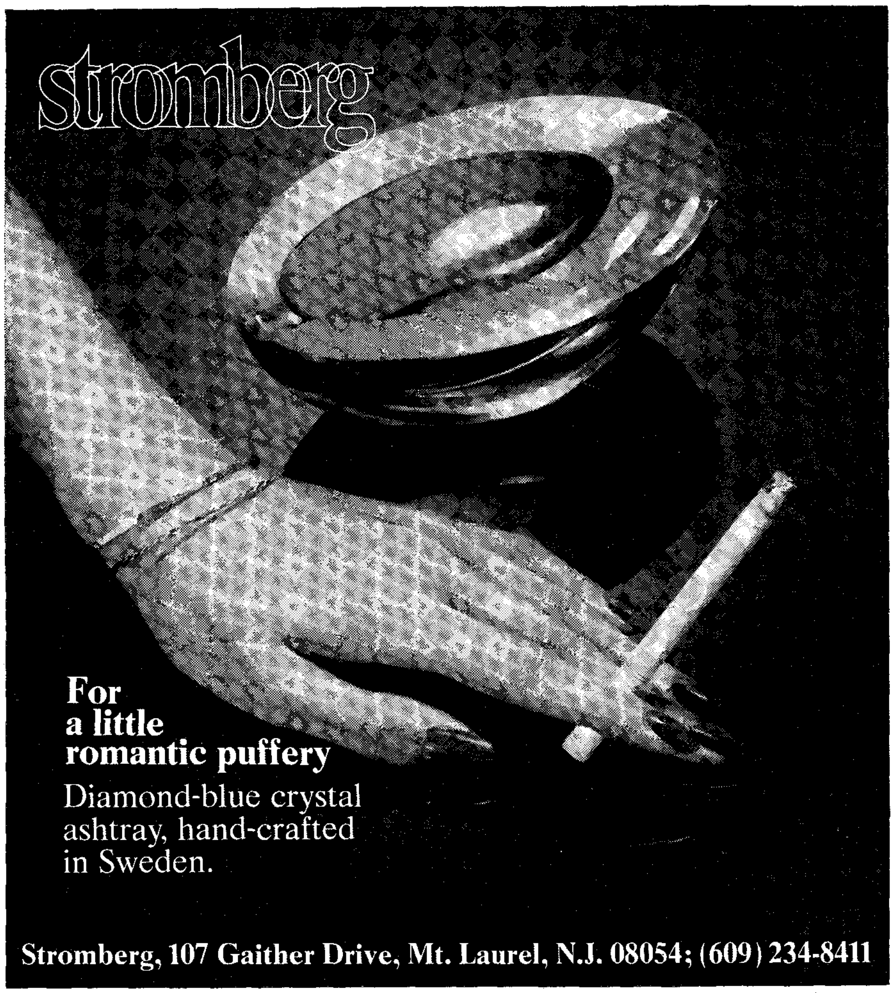

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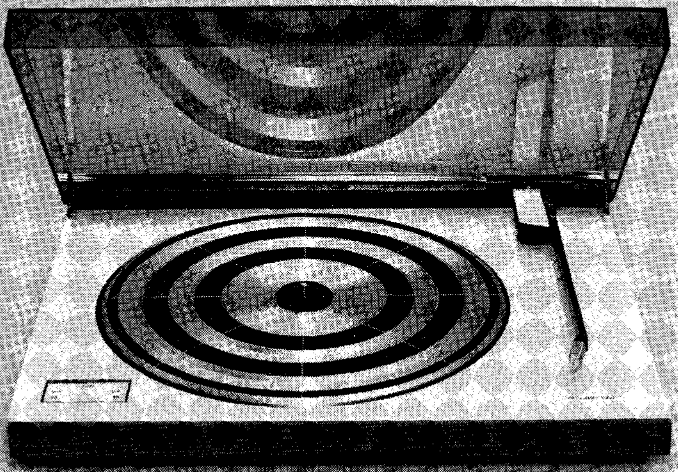

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comfortably accommodate more than a couple of thousand picnickers at once. During most of the years in which Eaton ran his summer camp, he was much featured in the press, but the children in his engaging company were all but unaware of his not always flattering celebrity. "To me, my grandfather was simply the man I played tennis with," one of them said years afterward. To Eaton, the family holidays were an unalloyed joy, though not without risks: when he was seventy-one, one of his grandchildren gave him the mumps.

A firm believer in physical fitness, Eaton was cool toward one prospective son-in-law until the young man grabbed a tennis racquet and beat him at singles. At Acadia Farms on winter weekends, he would corral whichever grandchildren showed up, shepherd them to a frozen pond, and play ice hockey with them. He skied every winter until he turned eighty-seven, but he remained contemptuous of ski lifts. He had begun skiing before lifts were invented, and he believed that half the challenge of the pastime was climbing up a hill before sliding down it. He never could get the hang of rope tows; he kept falling off them, with indignity and indignation. At seventy-five, he stopped riding jumpers. He had begun riding at four (he started his own children in at one), and he belonged to two hunt clubs. Since he reached ninety-two, he has reluctantly given up all sports, but he still walks a couple of miles a day. Fifty years ago, he suffered from chronic indigestion. A doctor he consulted urged him to forswear tobacco, alcohol, tea, coffee, and corned-beef hash. Since then, his staple potables have been orange juice and hot water. "Sir William Osler once said that a man should eschew Lady Nicotine, Bacchus, and the younger Aphrodites," Eaton likes to say. "A lot of my contemporaries have had shorter lives because they did not obey Sir William's injunctions." One of Eaton's physicians attributes his healthy longevity to a capacity for instant sleep. The doctor once joined Eaton on an inspection tour of an iron mine. The two men were assigned to the same room in a bunkhouse. Before his companion even had both shoes off, Eaton was in bed and snoring.

IN the mid-nineteen-thirties, Eaton began hauling himself back up the financial ladder, at first principally through the underwriting of railroad and utilities bonds. These had traditionally and profitably been marketed

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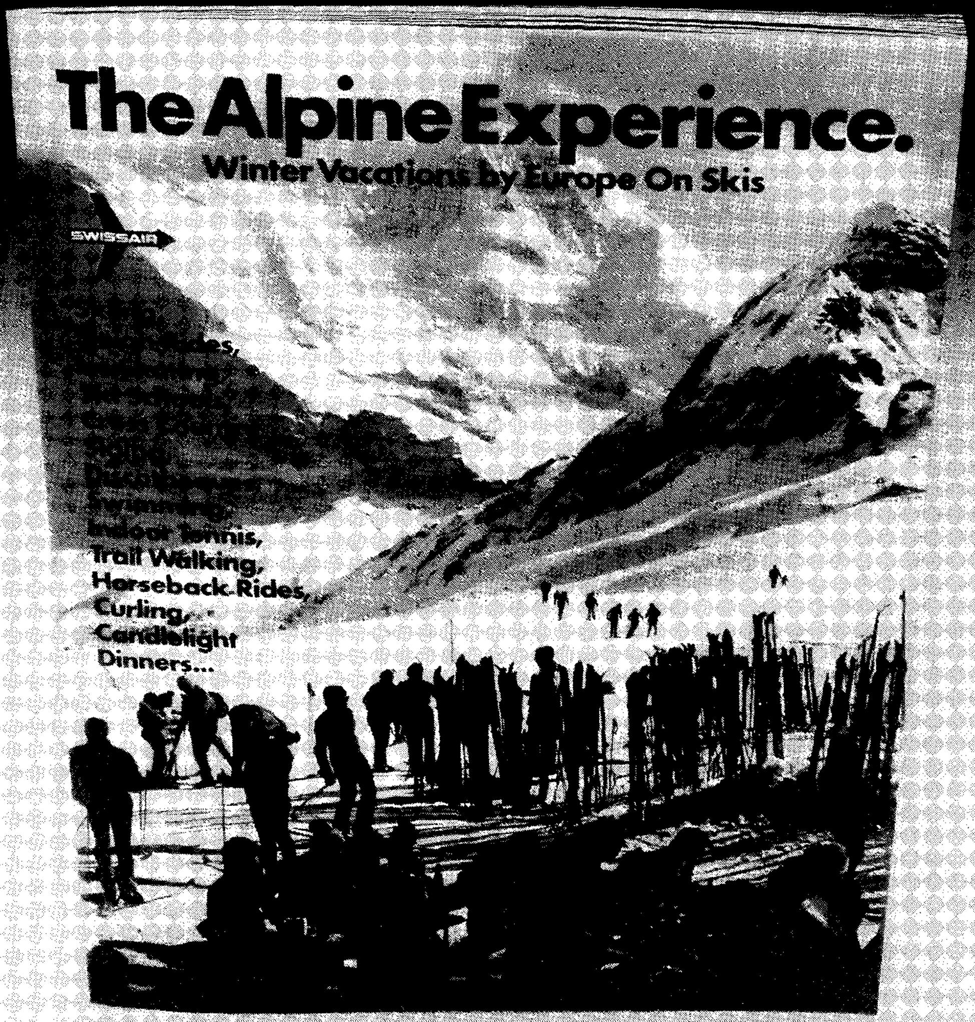
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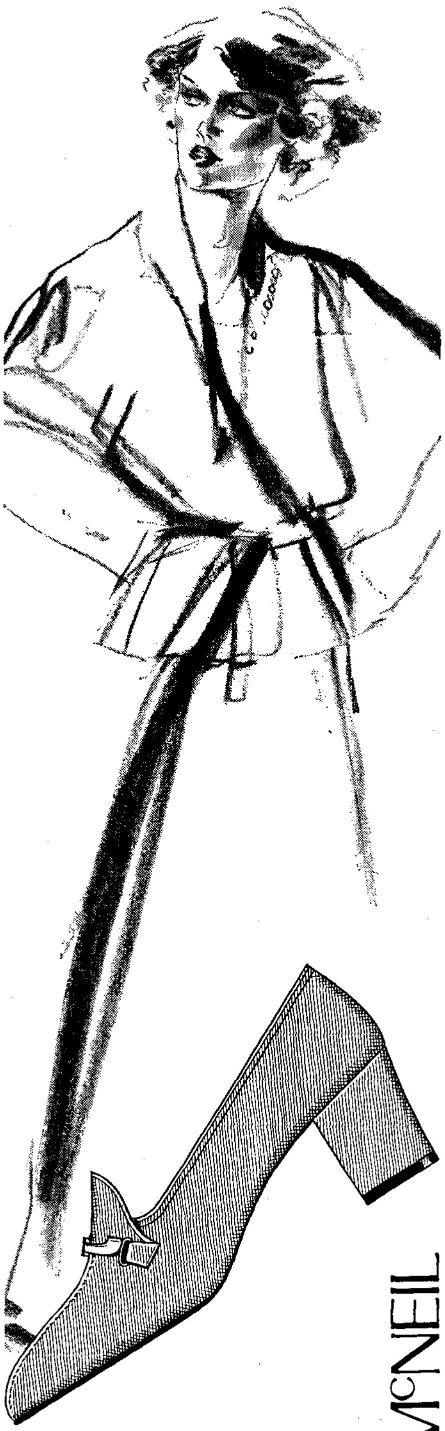

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through the large Wall Street investment-banking houses, with little or no prior competitive bidding to determine who would manage an offering. Fighting Wall Street was for Eaton not merely a means of making money; it was fun, and it also took on the dimensions of a crusade. Nothing pleased him more than to learn, in 1947, that the federal government had indicted seventeen East Coast investment-banking houses for allegedly having arranged among themselves to handle two-thirds of all the country's underwriting business over the previous nine years. "The nation simply will no longer stand for the continued concentration of financial control in a few hands and in one place, because it has been amply demonstrated that such control militates against the creative and constructive finance that is the keystone of our free-enterprise system," Eaton said in a prepared statement. "The New York houses that have been indicted form a colorless fraternity, banded together to do only the riskless, high-grade business and to divide it up into tiny participations, according to fixed percentages, with the houses that should be their competitors." In his efforts to make the underwriting business more truly competitive, Eaton found an eager accomplice in another alien to the Establishment—Robert R. Young, the Texan who, until his suicide in Palm Beach in 1958, cut quite a swath through the American railroad industry. "Young was a man of great courage," Eaton says, "and we were friends in all areas, although he grew more interested in the social life of Newport and Palm Beach than I could ever be, and though he didn't entirely share my interest in seeking answers to the problems that concern philosophers and scholars." Young's first big railroad acquisition was the Chesapeake & Ohio, and his domination of it was solidified by a thirty-million-dollar refinancing, which the railroad's directors had planned to confer, as was the routine practice, on the familiar old Wall Street houses of Morgan Stanley and Kuhn Loeb. Eaton, through Otis & Company, joined with the Chicago firm of Halsey, Stuart and, by underbidding the New Yorkers, forced the railroad's board to throw its business their way. Young put Eaton on the C. & O. board of directors in 1943, and in 1954, when Young left to wage his successful battle to control the New York Central, he sold his C. & O. stock to Eaton, who succeeded him as chairman.

All this skirmishing for control of railroads inevitably involved the federal government. In threading their way through the bureaucratic mazes of Washington, Eaton and Young attracted the sympathetic attention of Senator Harry S. Truman. Eaton had first met Truman in the nineteen-twenties in Kansas City, where Eaton had a stranglehold on public utilities (and, of course, saw nothing wrong with that). The two men met again in Washington in 1941, when Eaton testified—in opposition to Wall Street—at some Securities and Exchange Commission hearings on the intricacies of financing utilities bonds. At about that time, with the United States at war, Eaton learned from friends of his in Canada about the discovery of a vast deposit of iron ore beneath Steep Rock Lake, in northwestern Ontario. He remembered what John D. Rockefeller, Sr., had told him twoscore years earlier about natural resources; by then, moreover, he himself had concluded that "iron ore is the foundation of American industry." Eaton went to Ontario and, from canoe and airplane, scrutinized Steep Rock Lake. There was no question about the potential value to the Allied war effort of the ore under the water; the problem was how to get rid of the water. After talking to some engineers, Eaton concluded that this could be accomplished, at a cost of no more than seven or eight million dollars, by regiments of pumps and a three-thousand-foot drainage tunnel. With the backing of the Canadian government, he went to Washington in the fall of 1942 to submit his proposal to the War Production Board, which did not think much of the idea until Senator Truman, chairman of the Senate Committee to Investigate the National Defense Program, gave it his blessing. Then, with the W.P.B. prodded into his corner, Eaton was able to go to the Canadian government and the Reconstruction Finance Corporation for assistance. By 1947, the onetime lake bed was yielding up iron ore at the rate of a million tons a year, through two corporations organized by Eaton. One of them, Premium Iron Ores, of whose stock he controlled seventy-four per cent, acted as Steep Rock's sales agent. For obtaining contracts to sell ten million tons of the ore over a ten-year period, Premium received nearly a million and a half shares of the other, Steep Rock Iron Mines, at a price of a penny a share. In 1955, the Internal Revenue Service contended that Eaton owed it ten million dollars in back taxes, on the ground that the Steep Rock shares for which he had paid one cent had actual-

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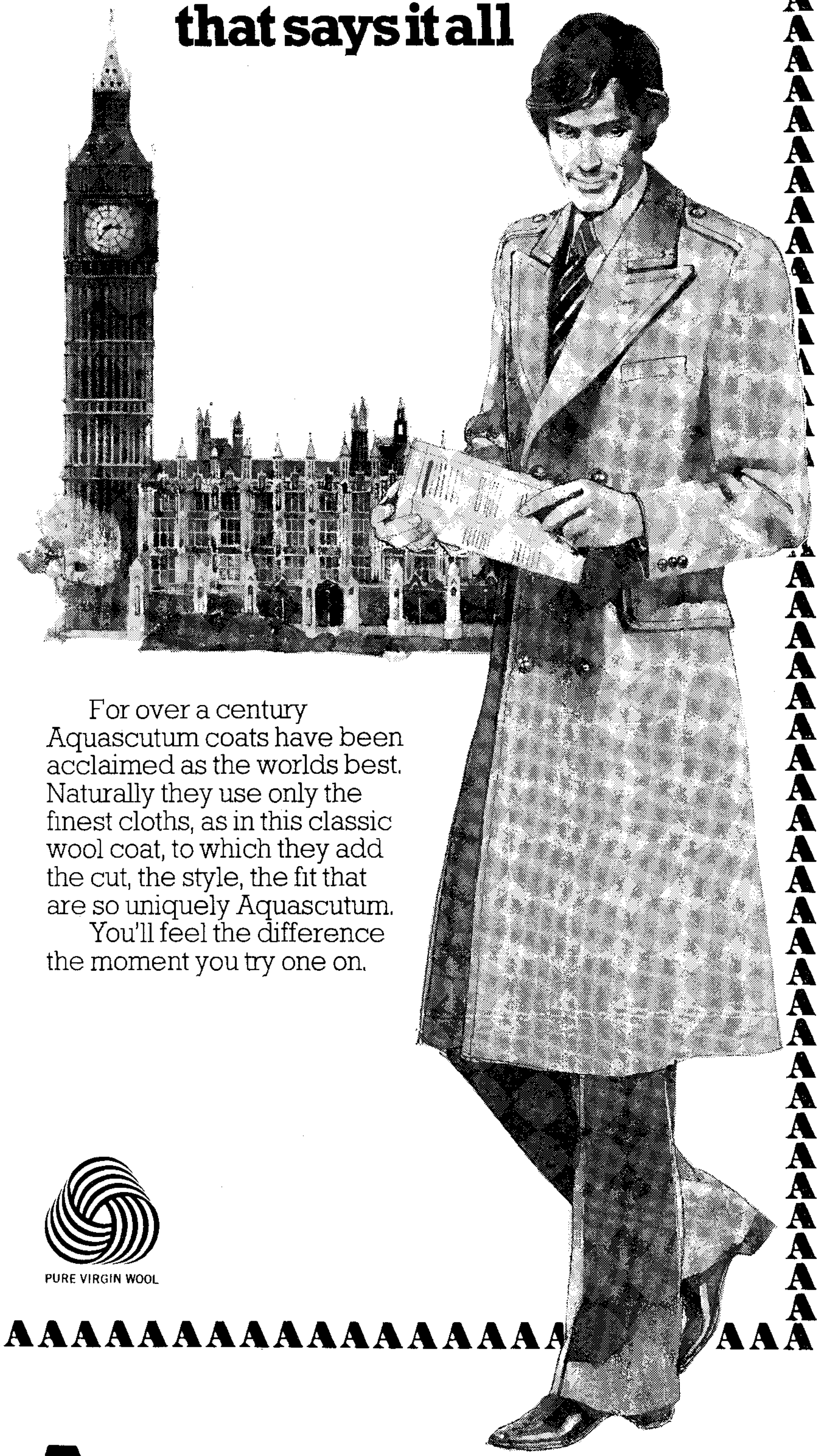
ly been worth a dollar sixty-seven apiece. Eaton was especially put out because the incumbent Secretary of the Treasury, and thus the boss of the I.R.S., was George M. Humphrey, a fellow-Clevelander. The case dragged on through the tax courts for a couple of years before Eaton was adjudged the winner—a verdict that prompted *Fortune* to describe him as "a living refutation of that old American saying 'You can't win 'em all.' "

Eaton was able to reciprocate for Truman's earlier intercession when the Missourian campaigned for the Presidency in 1948. Just before Election Day, Eaton was visited at the Biltmore Hotel—where he usually puts up while in New York—by the president of a railroad brotherhood. The caller said that President Truman was planning to travel by train from New York to St. Louis for his last big voters' rally, that the New York Central wouldn't let the train depart unless it got five thousand dollars, and that the Democrats had run out of cash. Eaton paid for the train.

During the Second World War, Eaton had embarked on a collaborative venture with still another non-Establishment man, the California industrialist Henry J. Kaiser. Along with Joseph W. Frazer, Kaiser wanted to break into the postwar automobile market, and for that he would need steel. Through Otis & Company, Eaton underwrote a sale of stock in the Portsmouth Steel Corporation, whose output was supposed to go largely into Kaiser-Frazer cars. In 1947, another equity financing seemed desirable—this one to sell Kaiser-Frazer stock. Arriving at Kaiser's office to discuss the terms, Eaton folded his hands together, much in the manner of a Baptist at prayer, and said, "Henry, we want to be very careful in this matter, because it is a very bitter experience to lose other people's money." The Californian seemed somewhat taken aback when it turned out a few minutes later that Eaton was assigning himself more than the conventional underwriter's percentage for floating the stock issue. Afterward, Eaton, his hands again piously folded, said, "Dear me, I'm afraid Henry Kaiser must think I'm a bit of a bandit." Kaiser did indeed come to think so. In 1948, when he expected Otis & Company to sell almost four million dollars' worth of the new company's stock, Otis suddenly pulled out of the deal, explaining that the securities market had turned sour and that the issue could not succeed. Kaiser believed that Eaton had welshed unreasonably on a



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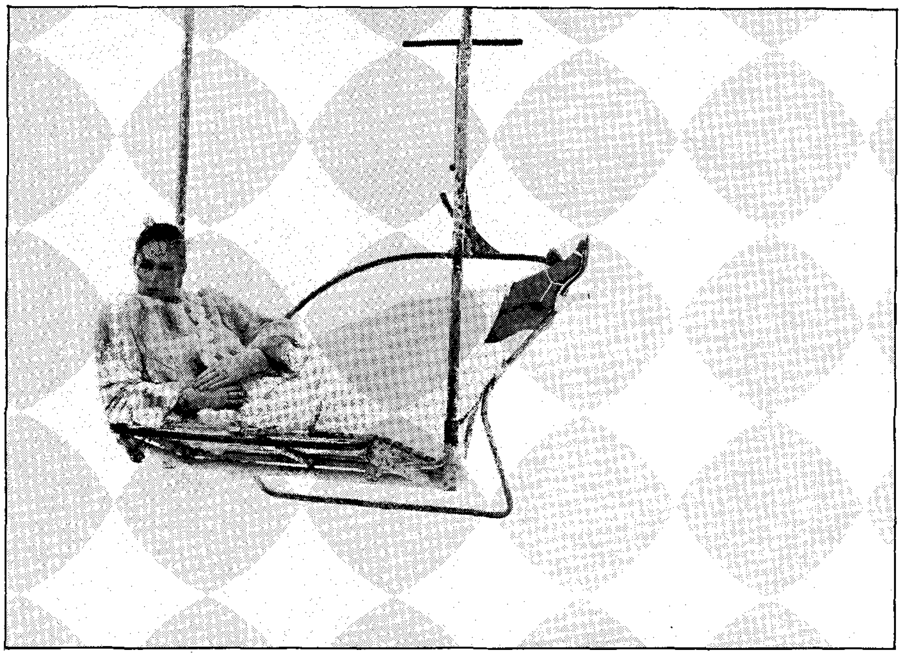
firm commitment, and for the next few years their disagreement occupied the time of numerous judges and lawyers. (Abe Fortas was one of Eaton's attorneys.) In 1951, a federal court found against Otis and ordered it to pay Kaiser-Frazer more than three million dollars—this at a time, embarrassingly, when the Eaton firm's total assets were a million dollars shy of that figure. But Eaton continued to refute the you-can't-win-'em-all adage: the following year, a higher court reversed the judgment.

LONG before the Second World War, Eaton had got himself involved in domestic American politics. In his business life, he scarcely ever dealt with anyone who wasn't a Republican, but, in his iconoclastic fashion, he personally tended to gravitate toward Democrats. He had first met Franklin Roosevelt in 1920, during Roosevelt's unsuccessful candidacy as the Vice-Presidential running mate of Ohio's Governor James M. Cox. After becoming President, Roosevelt hoped to develop, in conjunction with Canada, a St. Lawrence Seaway. He asked Eaton to stop by and talk over the project. For Eaton, it was a familiar subject. He had once hoped to build a seaway privately, but had been forestalled by Governor Al Smith of New York, who told him that any such undertaking would have to be carried out by federal, state, and provincial governments, and not by any individuals for their own profit. Roosevelt told Eaton that *he* was being hindered by a provincial government—specifically, that of Mitchell Hepburn, the Premier of Ontario. "Inasmuch as Mitch Hepburn was a cousin of mine and also a farmer who raised cattle, Roosevelt asked me to persuade him to go along with the scheme," Eaton says. "I said I'd be glad to, but I would need full and official information on how negotiations stood. The President said that was easy, and made a date for me to go see Secretary of State Cordell Hull. I did, and learned what I wanted, but a week later I received a letter from Hull to the effect that his department, on reviewing the whole matter, had concluded that all negotiations should be carried on not by private citizens but exclusively by government officials. I sent a note to Roosevelt saying that I assumed he didn't want me to continue. He replied that Hull was, of course, absolutely correct, that official undertakings had to be handled through official channels, but—I don't know what, if anything, he told Hull—



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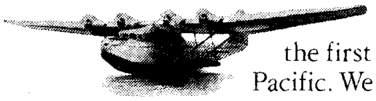

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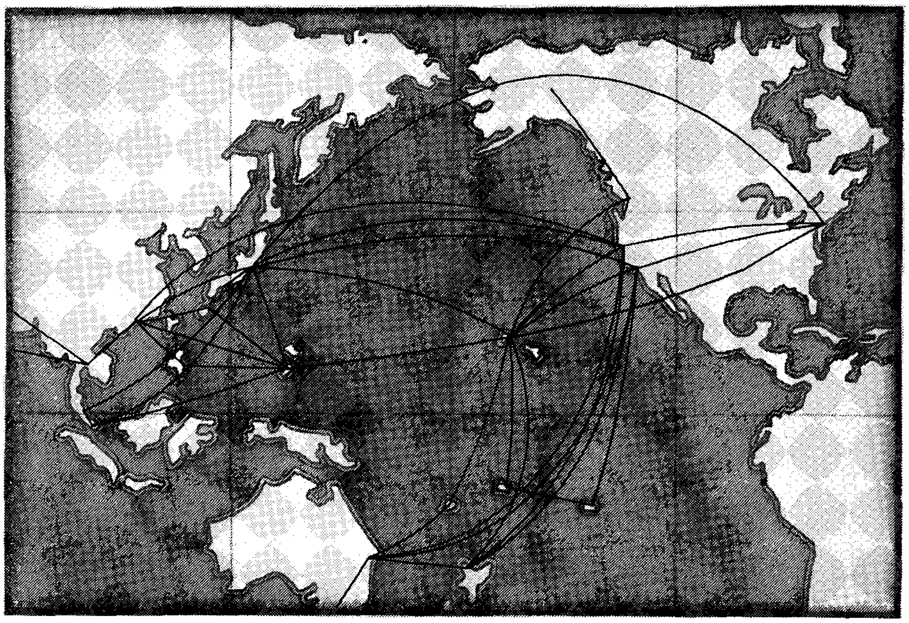

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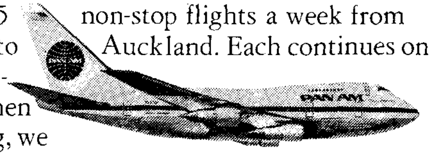

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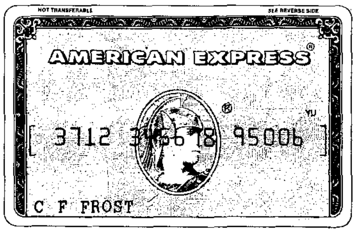

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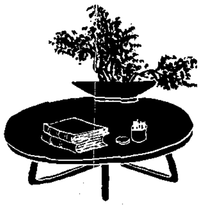
wouldn't I please proceed as planned? So I went and spent a weekend with Hepburn on his farm, and we talked about cattle breeding and various agricultural matters, and I finally got around to the question of his supporting Roosevelt on the St. Lawrence. Hepburn said, 'I'll go along. You're the only man in the world for whom I'd change my stand.' And everything moved forward from that moment on."

Eaton tends to consider almost as consequential his participation in another turn of events, in 1940, shortly after the fall of France. He was in Nova Scotia, and was invited to lunch, aboard the flagship of a British battle squadron at Halifax, by Rear Admiral S. S. Bonham-Carter, the ranking naval officer in the harbor. "The Admiral served a first-rate lunch, with excellent wines, but he was naturally distressed about what had happened on the other side of the Atlantic," Eaton says. "I told him at one point that there appeared to be little chance of success for his country, and that perhaps the prudent thing for Britain to do would be to make peace swiftly on the best possible terms. Bonham-Carter disagreed. 'If we could get the use of some of your old destroyers, we could win this war,' he said. After lunch, we had a confidential chat and he asked me to help obtain the destroyers. I said that I would try—that my Uncle Charles was a man of some influence in Washington, and that I was sure his heart was with England. I went straight to Washington and told Uncle Charles what the Admiral had said, and Uncle Charles went straight to Roosevelt, and the President told him, 'I'll provide the ships if I can get it by you Republicans in Congress.' Uncle Charles said, 'I will deliver the Republicans if you will take the lead.' Well, the destroyer deal went through, of course, and I suppose my helping to bring it about may have been the most important event of my life."



Eaton enthusiastically backed President Roosevelt when he ran for a third term, in 1940—even composing a pamphlet, "The Third Term 'Tradition,'" in which he observed that Walpole had been the Prime Minister of England for twenty-one years and the younger Pitt for twenty, and that for forty-nine of the seventy-three years Canada had had its own government a mere three men had held the reins. Moreover, Eaton didn't like Wendell Willkie, who had been counsel for some of his bitterest enemies in some of his bitterest fights in the public-utilities arena. The Republican who most frequently got Eaton's hackles up, though, was the one often known as "Mr. Republican"—his fellow-Ohioan Robert A. Taft. In the fall of 1941, when Taft, a redoubtable noninterventionist, opposed Roosevelt's attempt to have the Neutrality Act revised, Eaton wrote him a letter saying that his stand was "distressing to your Ohio constituents," and continuing, "Republican senators and congressmen owe it to the nation to desist from demagogic appeals to human weakness and human folly, which give only Hitler cause to be enchanted." Eaton and Taft had tangled a couple of years earlier over the underwriting of a twelve-million-dollar bond issue for the Cincinnati Union Terminal. Eaton had, as usual, wanted competitive bidding, and Taft, the chairman of the terminal's finance committee, resented Eaton's rocking that particular boat. And in 1952, when the Taft family disclosed its intention of buying the Cincinnati *Enquirer*, which the paper's employees had hoped to buy themselves, Eaton delightedly lent the employees the seven million six hundred thousand dollars they required.

In 1950, during Taft's senatorial reëlection campaign, Eaton contributed thirty-five thousand dollars to his Democratic opponent, Joseph Ferguson. Inasmuch as five thousand dollars was supposed to be the maximum any individual could give, a Senate subcommittee inquiring into campaign expenditures subsequently asked Eaton for an explanation. At first, he begged off appearing, on the excuse that he had bursitis, but he finally showed up in Washington and said that he hadn't exactly given all the money himself. Some was his son's, and some came from Otis & Company employees, whom he had later reimbursed, though he didn't seem to be able to lay his hand on any of the relevant cancelled checks. In any event, he told the Senate subcommittee, "I felt that my place was on the side of the laboring man—in my own interests as a capitalist." The committee let the matter rest there. To identify himself with labor was one of Eaton's favorite pastimes. He more than once proposed, to the outrage of many of his fellow-capitalists, that it would be an estimable notion for employees to sit on the boards of corporations for which they toiled. In 1947, he had written, "The casualness with which we capitalists seem willing—nay, even eager—to invite the

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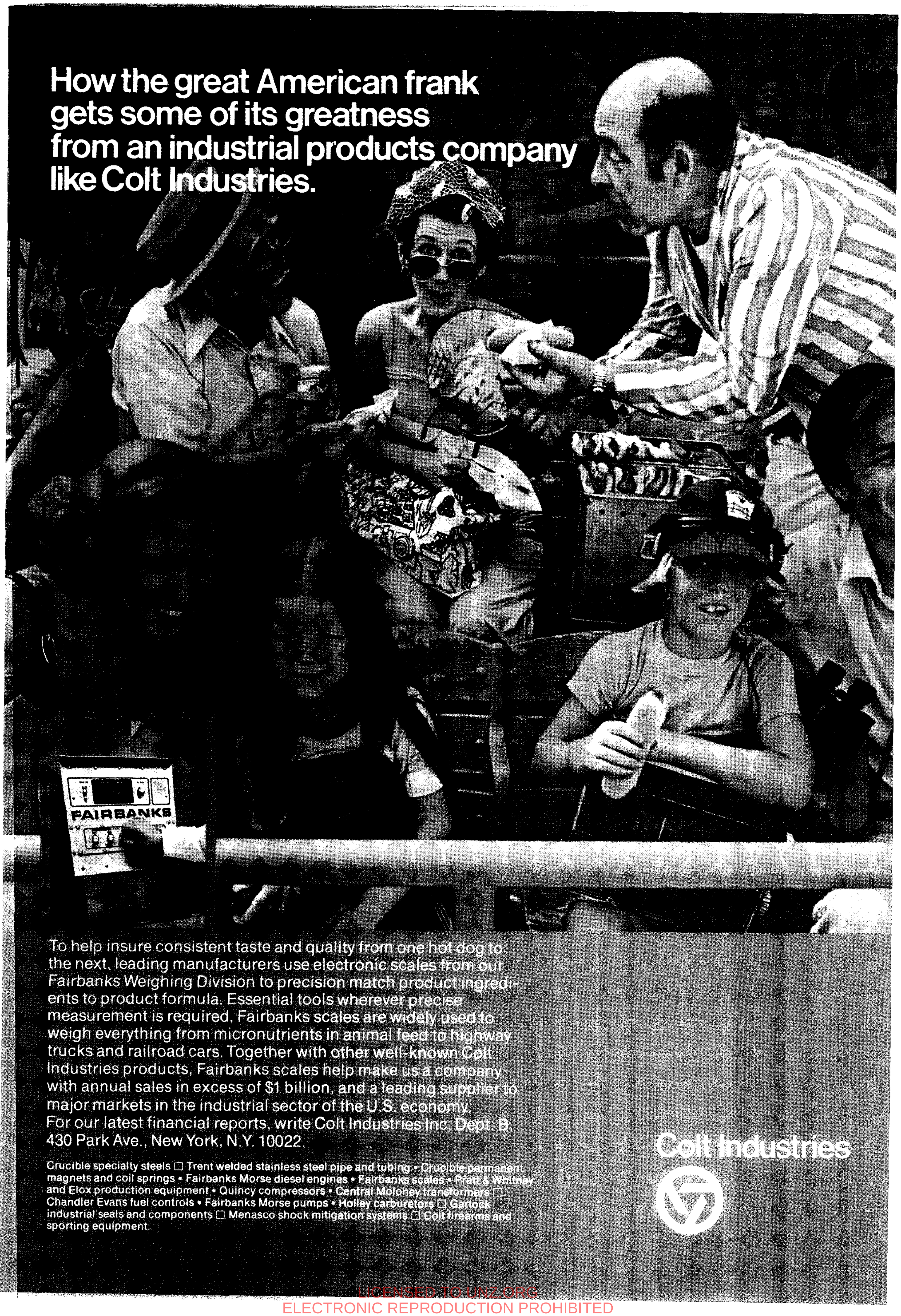

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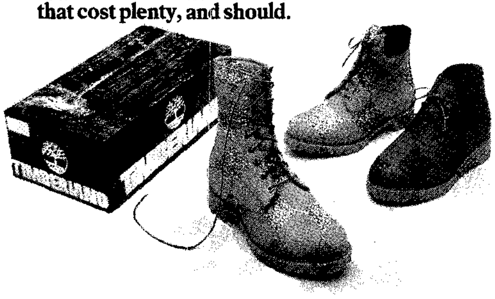
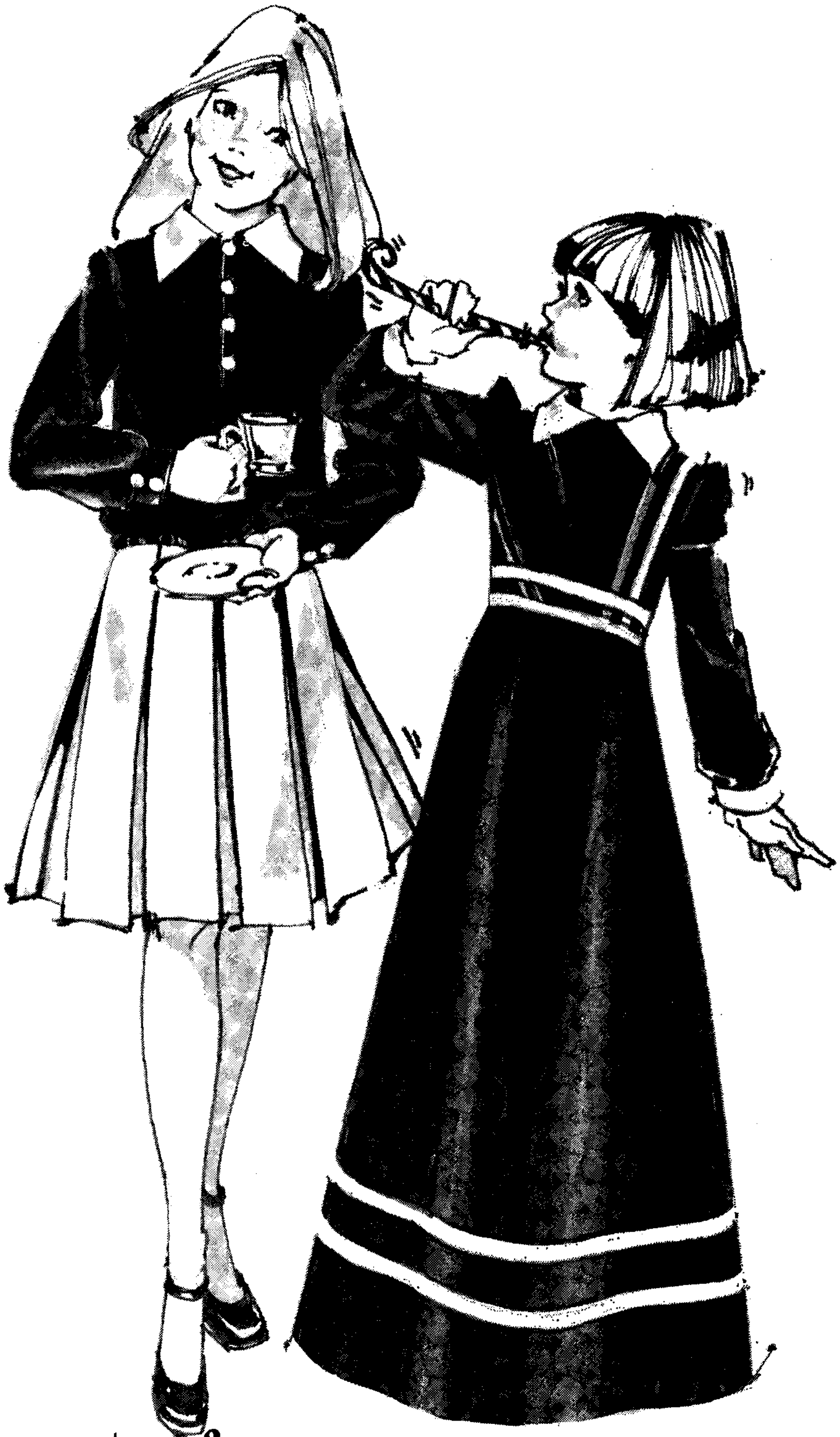


collapse of our economic system, in almost every industrial dispute, for the sole purpose of thwarting labor, is utterly incomprehensible." These sentiments—utterly incomprehensible to many of the men who sat around boardroom tables with Eaton—were expressed in an article in the University of Chicago *Law Review*. When it was republished in *Labor*, a journal put out by fifteen railroad unions, its editors stated, "So far as *Labor* can recall, nothing quite like it has appeared in print in recent years."

The funds that didn't help Ferguson defeat Taft were contributed by Eaton through Labor's Non-Partisan League, an entity created by John L. Lewis. It was perhaps natural that the mine workers' leader, considered by many of his fellow-unionists the most cantankerous specimen of their breed, should have been a warm friend of Cyrus Eaton, who enjoyed much the same reputation on his side of the industrial fence. When, during the Second World War, there was angry talk of drafting miners who were dissatisfied with their working conditions, Eaton rushed to Washington at President Roosevelt's behest and assisted in achieving peace between Lewis and the mine owners. "John Lewis has again proved that he is a brilliant leader," Eaton declared after that war within a war had ended. "I wish American industry and government had more men of his courage and statesmanship." Eaton says that he and Lewis, who died in 1969, at eighty-nine, had a lot in common. Lewis's mother-in-law was an Eaton, for one thing, and, for another, both men were fond of poetry. "John and I liked to talk about the great authors and philosophers and scientists of the world," Eaton says. "I was an admirer of Darwin and Huxley and Tyndall and their views of the origin of man and of his destiny, and we discussed these matters a great deal. It didn't bother Lewis to be known as my friend any more than it bothered me to be known as his." One aspect of their friendship was explored in an article in the December, 1961, issue of *Harper's*, which recounted in considerable detail how, a decade earlier, the United Mine Workers had lent perhaps ten million dollars to various Eaton companies, thus enabling Eaton to procure control of the West Kentucky Coal Company, which, theretofore never organized, soon recognized Lewis's union.

FROM his involvement in American politics it was an easy enough step for Eaton to move on to the interna-



party favors.

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Guest of Honor: Florence Eiseman

tional scene. This he did, initially, by sponsoring the Pugwash scientific conferences, which since 1957 have been moved from Nova Scotia to many other places. His objective, as he put it once, was to afford intellectuals a chance to "relax together, exchange views, sharpen their own thinking, and design formulas for us to live by in this brand-new world." Perhaps the most rewarding conference, in Eaton's estimation, was an early one, held in Austria in 1958. It was sponsored by the Austrian government, drew eighty scientists from twenty-two nations, and met in two venues—first Kitzbühel and then Vienna, where a crowd of fifteen thousand, including the President of Austria, filed into an auditorium to hear the visiting scientists thumpingly condemn nuclear weapons. During one session, Eaton, Bertrand Russell, and a distinguished European scientist were on the agenda for a ten-minute talk apiece. The scientist led off. It is one of Eaton's favorite footnotes to the annals of Pugwash that after the Herr Professor Doktor had held the floor for forty minutes and was showing no signs of relinquishing it Lord Russell turned to the American and whispered loudly, "It's time to drop the bomb."

Inasmuch as Russian and Chinese scientists were among those invited to Pugwash Conferences, these affairs inescapably attracted the attention of outsiders. Eaton is convinced, for instance, that eventually the Pugwash movement was infiltrated by the Central Intelligence Agency. A few of the hundred thousand-odd shareholders of the Chesapeake & Ohio Railway from time to time got interested in their chairman's hobnobbing with all those erudite foreigners, not to mention the heads of Communist governments, and expressed some misgivings about his behavior, but his staff did some checking and was relieved to find that the writers of the angriest letters generally turned out to own a trifling number of shares. Nobody ever tried to calculate the possible effect on C. & O. stock prices of any of the irrepressible chairman's extra-business pronouncements. In any event, Eaton usually managed to appease his C. & O. flock at their annual gatherings by exerting his considerable Old World charm and by, on one occasion, reminding his auditors that George Washington had been the first president of the company that became their railroad, and so they were all part of a fine continuing American capitalistic tradition. In private, he was sometimes less than totally convinced of the sanctity of American capitalism. He

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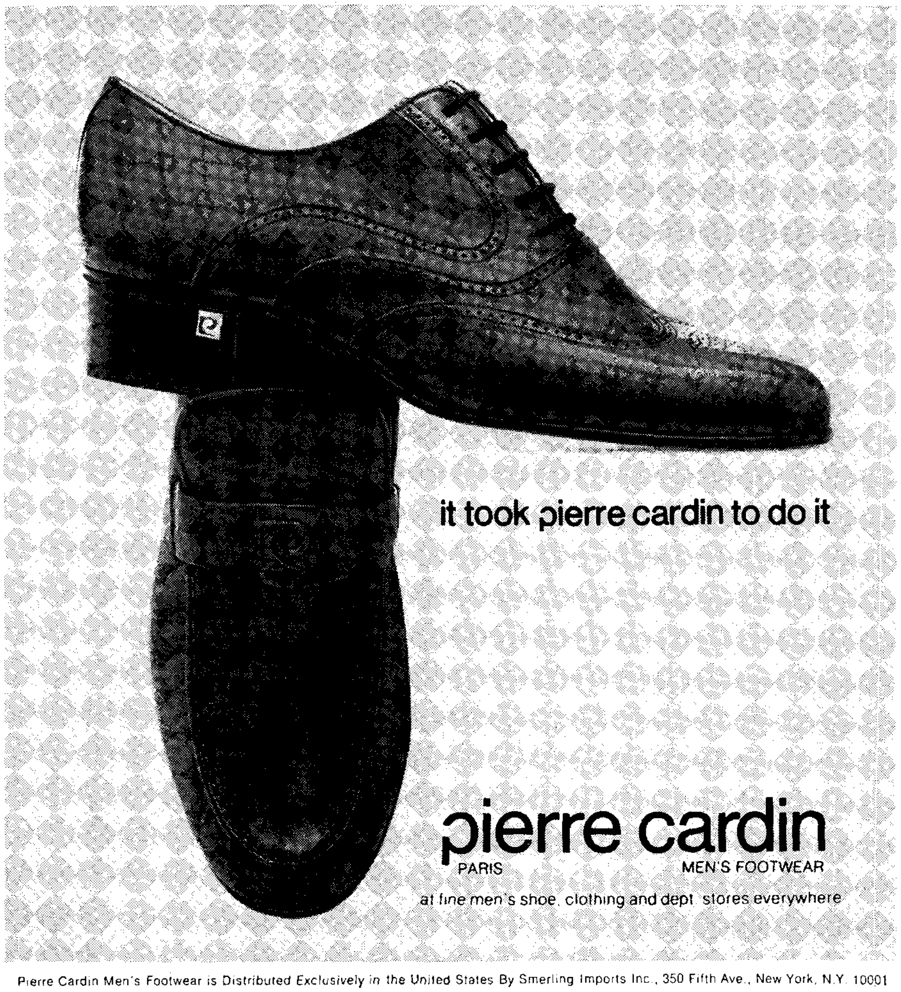
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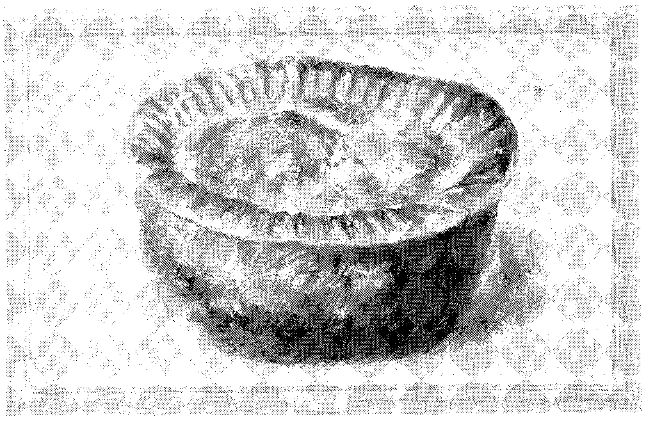
(No. 2 in a series of "quick quips" which prove centuries ago they said it better)



IT'S EASY AS PIE!

Our testy research discloses this historical quote standing for "ease-of-performance" had humorous beginnings indeed. Seems as though during the reign of Charles the Bold, a pie eating contest was entered into by his Lordship's knights. The rules required they attack the pies attired in their traditional suit of armor. Knight Fotheringill of Doxwood won the affair. He squished into his mouth (through the flap of his head gear) twenty-three meat pies. Having been stuffed with plovers, boar shanks and goose liver, the pies were devilishly greasy. Whereupon, the good knight found he and his armor covered from iron dome to iron toe with gooey drippings just as the trumpets heralded start of the "Castle Run" (a foot race with everyone again in armor). The object of this competition was to run from the portcullis, up the tower stairs, around the castle parapet, and finally drop with a clank to the reviewing stand cobblestones. Undaunted the greasy knight joined the event. To his amazement he easily outdistanced everyone, a feat he had never, ever, accomplished before. His metal joints functioned quietly and effortlessly while others laboriously squeaked and clunked many steps behind. Lubricated Fotheringill won, acclaiming to all "T'was easy as pie." That's how the expression got its start—and that's the truth.

Any expression as that which, through time, has represented such ease-of-performance—we have to grab. It's a *"natural"* to use in describing how easy-it-is to program (work) our ADAM (the world's first *program-it-yourself in English* business computer). We could utilize mundane words like: quick-to-use, easy-to-understand, etc., but ADAM is *no* mundane computer. Like *easy-as-pie*, ADAM epitomizes *simplicity*. As example with ADAM—you no longer get involved with costly programmers, confusing computer languages nor confining computer program packages. As *easy-as-pie* you program-ADAM-*yourself* in English to the way you're *now* doing business (a process *you already understand*). It's that simple.

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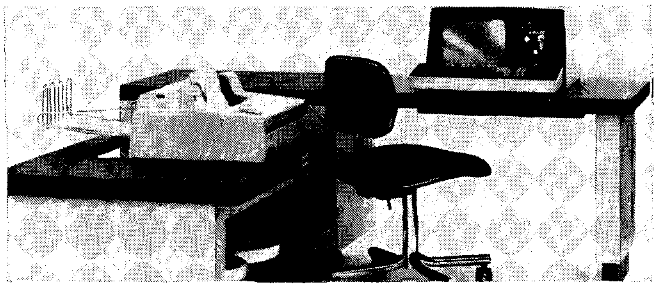

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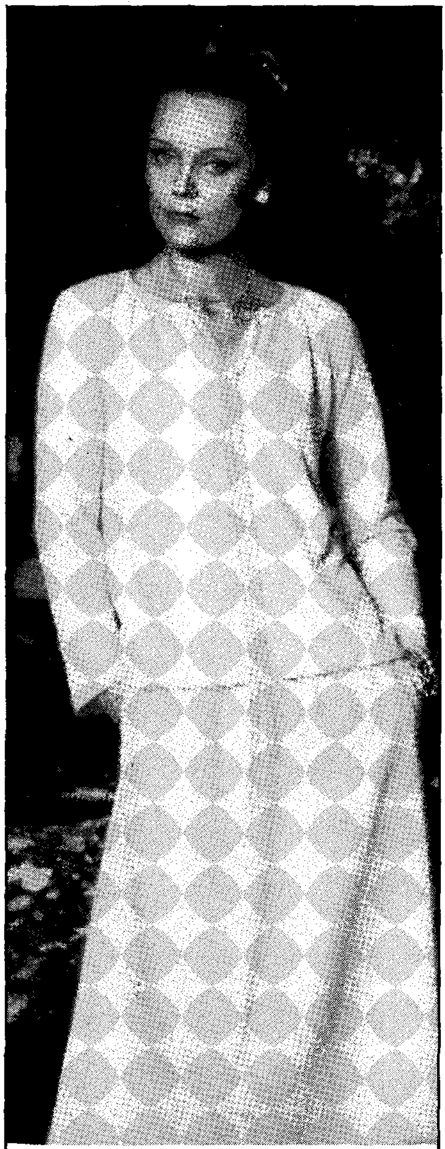
was all for it, certainly, but no one knew better than he did the imperfections and inequities of the system. He had in his time exploited these to his huge profit, and he had also been monumentally undone by them. Thus, he saw no reason that an alternative system, even a Communist one, should not coexist with this one. He believed that American businessmen were foolish to be obsessed with Russia at the very time when Russians, in their approach to commerce, seemed to be acting more and more like American businessmen. That there was ruthlessness inherent in the Communist way of doing things was to him not particularly significant; as a capitalist, he had, when necessary, been as ruthless as anybody who ever foreclosed a mortgage. Yet it appeared that he was denounced as a turncoat every time he tried to aver that although he was for the one system he did not mind if others were for the other. It was therefore not surprising that he greatly relished the trips he began making to Eastern Europe and other Communist regions in 1958; in those oases, nobody ever said anything nasty about him.

IN his tilts with the conventional, Eaton found, during his early seventies, an articulate helpmeet. She was Anne Kinder Jones, a Cleveland divorcée who had helped him entertain his thinkers at the 1957 gathering in Pugwash, and who contributed to the old Eaton family home there, which the newspapers had begun calling Thinkers' Lodge, a welcome sign that read "Retain your hope, all ye who enter here." Eaton had not remarried after his 1934 divorce. His ex-wife died in the spring of 1956, and that December he married Anne Jones. Some Cleveland eyebrows shot up. The bride had an impeccable social background—début at the 1940 Cleveland Assembly Ball, Hathaway Brown School, Vassar College. Her father, Walter T. Kinder, was a much respected probate judge in Cleveland, and had been a senior partner in one of the city's most distinguished law firms, Jones, Day, Reavis & Pogue, with which her first husband was also associated. But she was ten years younger than Eaton's oldest daughter, and she had been confined to a wheelchair since being stricken with polio, in 1946. Eaton did not care what anyone in Cleveland thought about his private life or any other aspect of his life, and the newlyweds were cheered by congratulatory messages from farther afield—from Harry S. Truman, John L. Lewis, Julian Huxley, and a group of scientists whose joint telegram made them sound like the most splendidly named law firm of all time: Russell, Powell, Rabinowitch, Rotblat, Skobeltsyn, and Szilard.

Anne Eaton, who had been teaching an adult-education course in semantics at Cleveland College, had never been known as a political activist, but she quickly came to share her husband's feelings about the skewed state of the world. Over the last twenty years, indeed, she has seemed to some of her friends to have become even more militant than he, and she has vigorously defended him against all comers. One anti-Eaton comment in the Cleveland *Plain Dealer* elicited from her the tart rejoinder "Cyrus Eaton has been the first spokesman for millions who share his concern. Until more of them are quoted on your editorial page, I am proud to hold his coat." On her own, she became a forthright participant in the deliberations and demonstrations of groups like the Women's International League for Peace and Freedom and Women Strike for Peace. Because of her wheelchair, let alone her husband's celebrity, whenever she joined a protest rally outside the White House or the United Nations she was a prime target for photographers. When she went back to Vassar for her twenty-fifth reunion, in 1969, she took with her a scolding message about Vietnam for her classmates to send to President Nixon.

Mrs. Eaton has accompanied her husband on most of his trips to Moscow, Prague, Sofia, Budapest, Warsaw, East Berlin, Bucharest, Havana, and Hanoi, in all of which they have received V.I.P. treatment. More than usual courtesies have also been extended by the Communist world to other members of Eaton's clan; a stepson-in-law, Alfred Heller, has conducted symphony orchestras all over the Soviet Union. When Eaton visited Moscow in December, 1960, for two days running *Pravda* put his picture on its front page—an unprecedented accolade for a private citizen from the imperialistic West. He has had such ready access to top Soviet officials that when Adlai Stevenson was representing the United States at the U.N. he would invite Eaton to have lunch with him as soon as Eaton got back from Russia, to ascertain what was on the Russians' minds at the moment. "Adlai thought the Russians were franker with me than with any other American," Eaton says. In June, 1965, shortly before Stevenson's death, Eaton briefed him on the reaction of the Soviet Union and its al-



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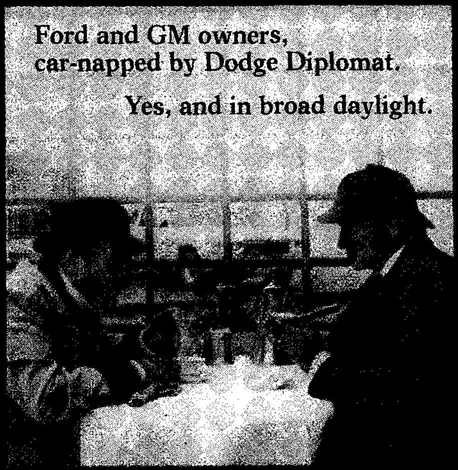

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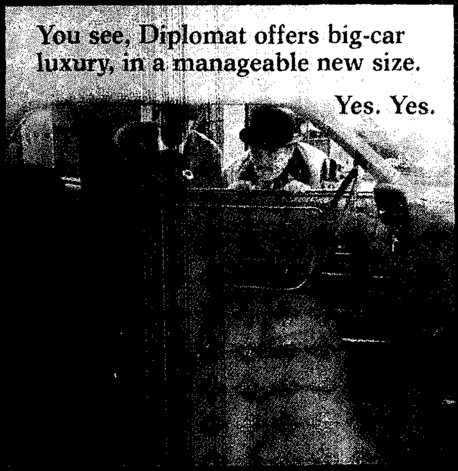

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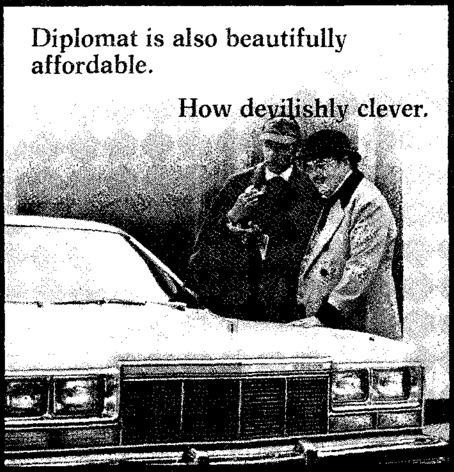

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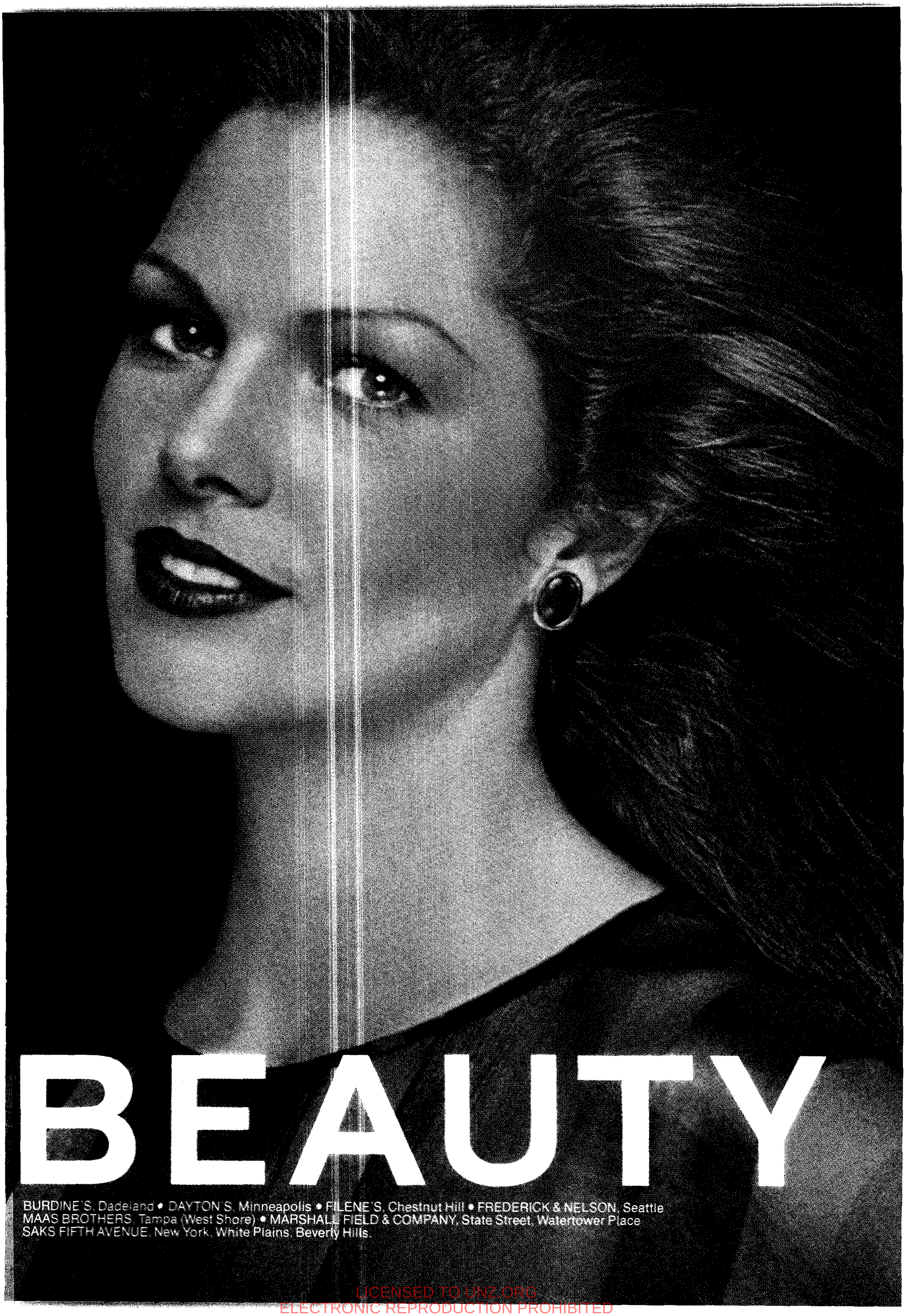

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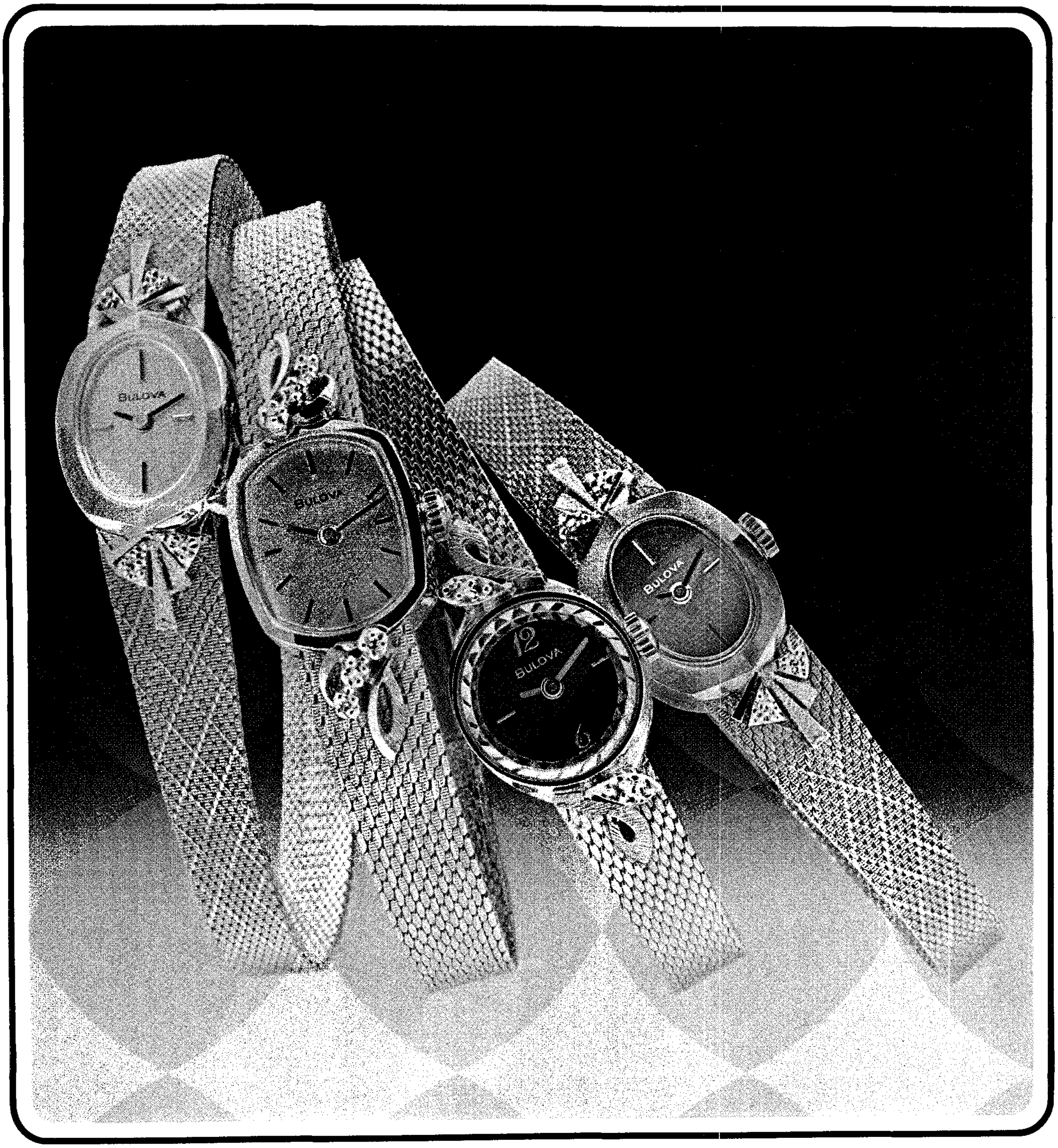
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lies—not surprisingly, a negative reaction—to the American bombing of North Vietnam. Stevenson replied that there was little likelihood of the Johnson Administration's diminishing its military buildup in Indo-China, and a few days later, addressing the Economic Club of Detroit, Eaton said, "I must tell you with sadness that my life is a failure. . . . In my sober judgment, we are on the brink of catastrophe, and unless some miracle occurs in the next month, I fear that mankind is doomed." He had seen Premier Kosygin at the Kremlin, he said, and he went on, "The deep significance of his remarks was that the United States had declared war on the Soviet Union, that the Soviet Union was compelled to meet the challenge and would do so in coöperation with the armies of Vietnam and China. . . . There is nothing left for them to do but to go in with everything they have. I want you to take it from me that I'm certain they will. . . . Nothing I could say to him would suggest further patience, waiting and forbearance. . . . The people of the Soviet Union and their leaders earnestly hope that at the last minute the business interests of the United States will persuade the President to take whatever steps are necessary to avoid the catastrophe that our present actions in Vietnam threaten." When the State Department suggested that perhaps these views were Eaton's rather than Kosygin's, Eaton defensively made public a transcript of some notes his wife had scribbled at the Kremlin.

Eaton has sometimes regarded himself as an ambassador between two opposing worlds—though, as Senator Barry Goldwater once gruffly noted, one manifestly without portfolio—and whenever he drops in at a foreign capital he makes a point of calling on the bona-fide American envoy and, if time permits, on the Canadian, British, French, Soviet, Vietnamese, and Chinese Ambassadors, too. One of his few frustrations is that he has never been to China; even from afar, though, he once declared that Mao Tse-tung "has been able to analyze our financial problems with deeper insight than a long line of American Secretaries of the Treasury." The breach between China and Russia has distressed Eaton. For one thing, it robbed him for a while of his customary niche in *Pravda*. "When I was in Moscow in 1965," he says, "I was told, 'If your name and picture are displayed on the front page, as in the past, it may suggest undue devotion to American capitalists, and it could be misunderstood in China. We hope that you, as an old friend, won't take it amiss if we leave you off. All the conferences that are planned for you will go on as scheduled, but nothing will be reported in the Soviet press.' "

It has been Eaton's feeling all along that effective coexistence between the Communist and capitalist worlds could be attained most easily by increasing commerce between them. The more trade, the less tension is his credo. He had been a proponent of doing business with the Russians years before many Americans could even bring themselves to contemplate that possibility, and he is fond of citing an encounter he had with President Nixon in June, 1973, in the course of a White House reception for Leonid Brezhnev. "With an arm around each of us," Eaton says, "Nixon told Mr. Brezhnev, 'For more than twenty years now, Mr. Eaton has been a leading advocate in this country of trade with yours, a belief that I have belatedly come around to myself.' Mr. Brezhnev laughed and agreed, adding that it made him extremely happy that my efforts had finally been vindicated."

Curiously, Eaton—aside from swapping gifts with Khrushchev—has never traded extensively with Russia himself, although his older son and namesake helped pave the way for a multibillion-dollar Soviet-American natural-gas project that Armand Hammer and his Occidental Petroleum Corporation disclosed in July, 1972. Anticipating that announcement, Eaton told a C. & O. shareholders' meeting three months earlier, "It will be a memorable day in my life when the New York *Daily News*, our newspaper of largest circulation and the most vigorous denouncer of Communism, uses power produced by Soviet natural gas to run its presses. I will also be delighted when the Cold Warriors of Washington cook their breakfast by natural gas brought in from the Soviet Union." Cyrus Eaton, Jr., runs a company called Tower International (his headquarters, like his father's, are in Cleveland's Terminal Tower), which since 1960 has specialized in doing business—building hotels, making movies, random imports and exports—with Eastern Europe. That the head of Tower International bears a name almost as well known there as Charlie Chaplin's hasn't hurt.

Cyrus Eaton, Sr., was in his eighties when the Vietnam war began to escalate, but this did not deter him from expending much of his still enormous energy in trying to bring that tragedy

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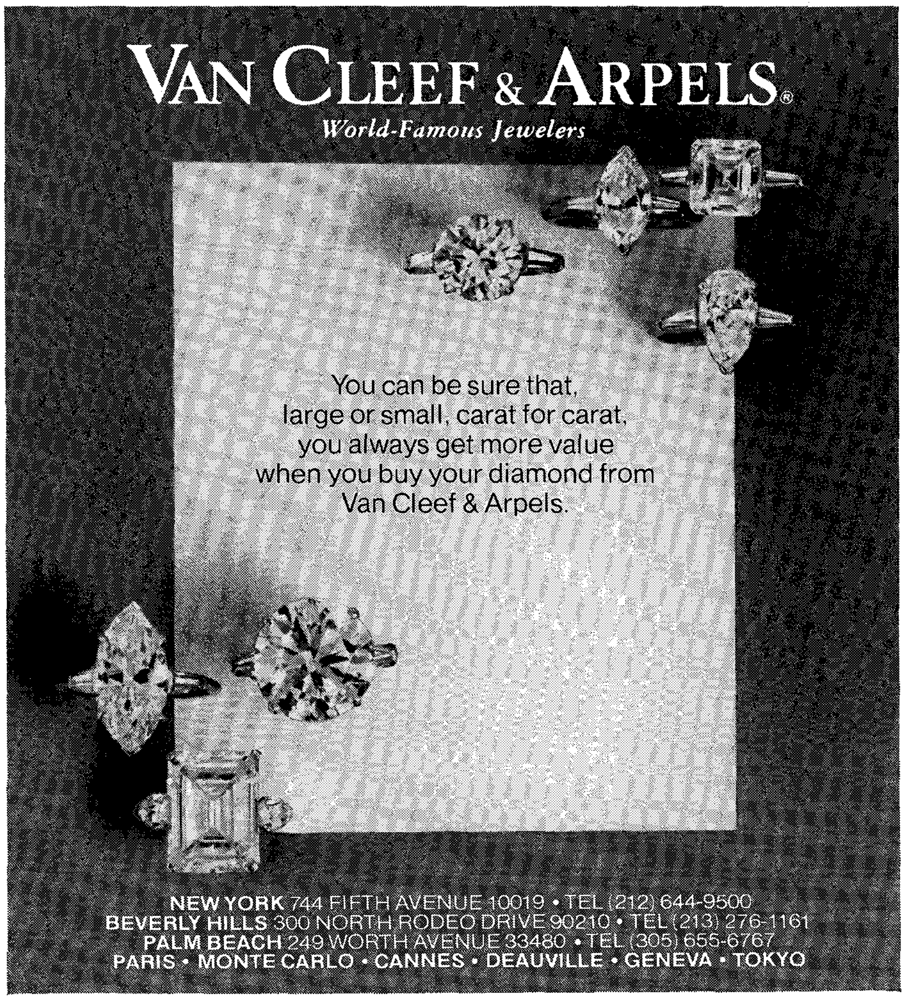
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to an end. He liked to tell people he had a sound capitalistic reason—he had business interests in Indo-China. That was stretching the point a little, however; he was apparently alluding to the acquisition of rubber by the tire industry, with which he hadn't been associated for thirty or forty years. He also liked to cite as special allies in his crusade two illustrious military men of his acquaintance—General Eisenhower and Field Marshal Montgomery. "Ike and Monty were the greatest soldiers of their time, and they both told me it was madness to send American troops to Vietnam and Cambodia, because we couldn't possibly win," Eaton says. "Eisenhower explained to me in some detail that while North Vietnam was a small nation, it had as allies the Chinese, with the largest standing army on earth, and the Russians, with the most sophisticated military equipment. Montgomery told me that, to a military man, going into Vietnam was an absolute absurdity, and that anyone who was an Army officer should resign rather than take part, because there was no chance of success. I suggested to Monty in June, 1966, after we spent a day together at his country place in England, that he come over and talk President Johnson into getting out of Vietnam, but we were never able to work it out. I also made public a letter Monty wrote me in 1970 in which he said, 'President Nixon is, of course, totally unfit to be Commander-in-Chief of the armed forces of the U.S.A. His knowledge of the conduct of war is nil.' There was an avalanche of criticism against Monty for that. Ike, unfortunately, never came out publicly; there was too much fanaticism in Washington. But he did tell me privately once, after his retirement, that one of his problems as President had been to restrain Nixon and Dulles, who were forever urging the dispatch of American troops to every continent to destroy Communism by force."

Unable to get others to stop the war, Eaton characteristically decided to act himself. He had met emissaries of both the North Vietnamese and the Vietcong while making his ambassadorial rounds in Paris, Moscow, and elsewhere. In late November of 1969, he set out for Hanoi, with interim stops in Paris, Moscow, Teheran, Karachi, Rangoon, Phnom Penh, and Vientiane. He was eighty-five years old. In Cambodia, Eaton and his wife were joined by one of his grandchildren, Fox Butterfield. As a Far East correspondent of the New York *Times*, Butterfield could not easily gain admittance to Hanoi; as Cyrus Eaton's grandson, he found it a cinch. During eight days there, Eaton talked with, among others, Pham Van Dong and Le Duc Tho, the principal North Vietnamese spokesmen. "President Nixon was saying at that time that North Vietnam wouldn't negotiate," Eaton says, "so I asked Pham to give me the terms upon which it would. He said it wouldn't do any good, because Nixon wouldn't make peace. I pressed him. I said, 'Give me the terms, and let me see what I can do,' and he did. I also asked if he would be willing to meet Nixon in person. 'I'll go anywhere in the world to talk to him at any time,' he said. The terms I brought back were virtually identical to those that were accepted four years later. When I returned to the States, I got in touch with the White House, and was told to report to Secretary of State William Rogers. He told me that he didn't believe I could give him any insights into North Vietnamese thinking that he didn't already have. 'We've decided that the only thing they respond to is force,' he said, 'and that's what we're going to give them, and plenty of it.' When I got to see Nixon not long after that, I told him that the head of the government of North Vietnam would meet him anywhere, anytime, and he said he'd have to think about it. Then he launched some new attacks. It was a great deception on the American people." In Cleveland, Eaton told a press conference that the North Vietnamese had assured him they didn't want to take over South Vietnam. He also mentioned, no doubt enviously, that on his way to Asia he had met a Soviet shepherd who was a hundred and sixty years old and still rode horseback.

It pleases Eaton to travel with an entourage, and he has reached an age when having grandchildren along can be more blessing than burden. One grandson, David LeFevre, who, before he began practicing law, did a Peace Corps stint in Uruguay, is fluent in Spanish, so Eaton took him along as interpreter when he visited Chile, in December, 1970, just after the election that made Salvador Allende President. "I felt that it was important for the United States to have good relations with all South American countries, and here was one we certainly ought to be friends with," Eaton says. "I was interested, of course, in Chilean agriculture, and I wanted to be of assistance in the breeding of beef cattle there. I was received with great courtesy, and Allende and I became great friends. However, the attitude of

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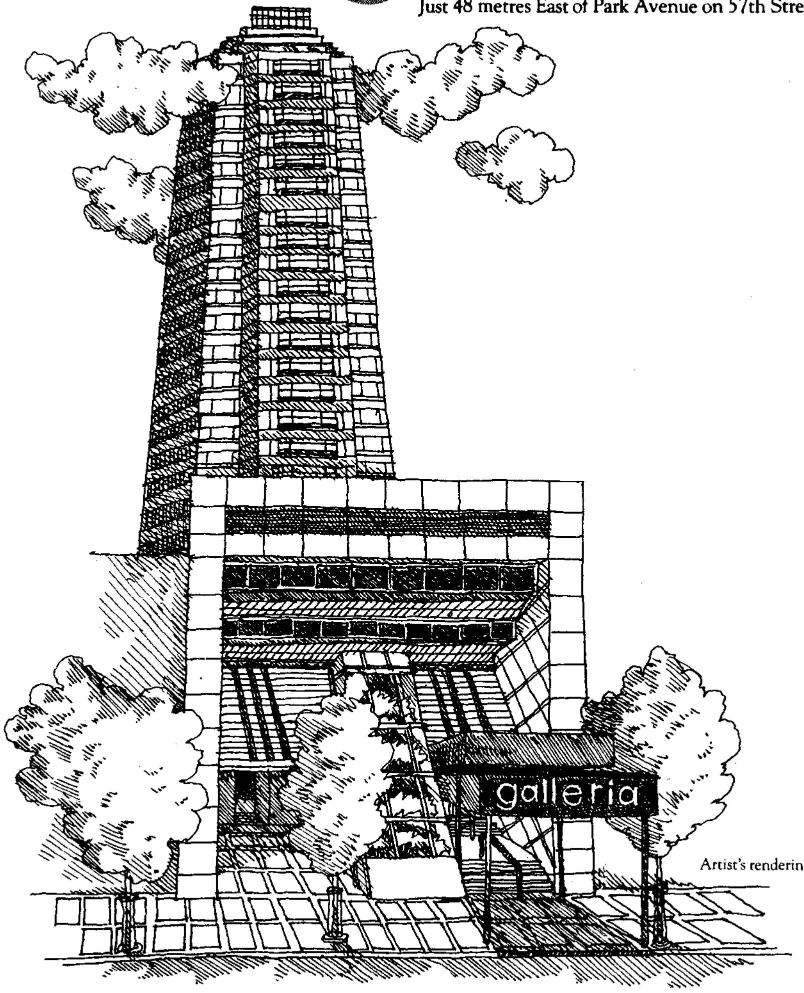

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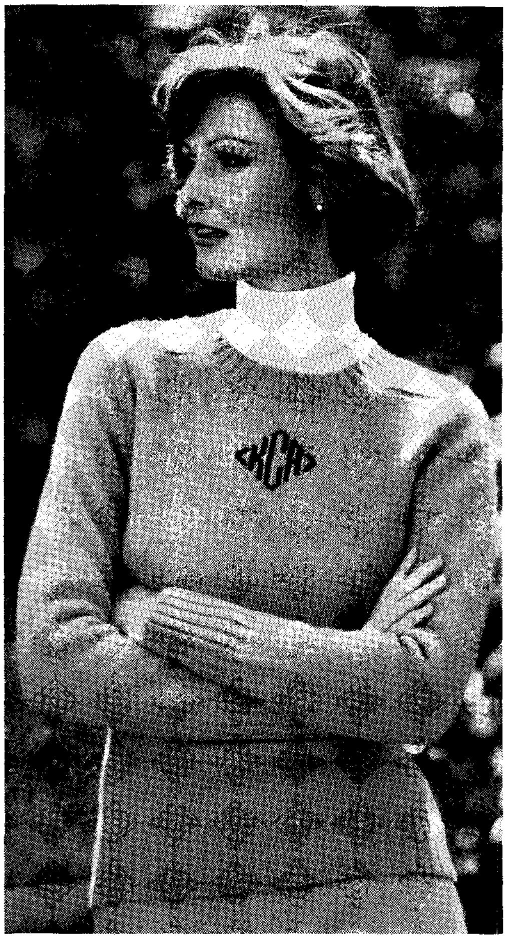

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our government representatives there toward him was indescribably hostile." On Christmas Day in Chile, Eaton decided to do what he does best. He gave a picnic, choosing as the site a coöperative farm. He expected thirty or so guests, calculating on three or four children per resident family, but the first family to arrive had eleven offspring, and the second eight. Fortunately, LeFevre knew South America and had forehandedly arranged to triple the amount of food Eaton had ordered. With Allende, as with the Russians, Eaton talked trade. "I said to him, 'Let's start selling you things,' " Eaton says. " 'Then the politicians won't be able to undo what we've put together.' " The Santiago newspaper *La Nación* quoted testimonials by Eaton to Allende's strength and brilliance; the Cleveland *Plain Dealer* found it odd that he should have so unstintingly praised the leader of a country that was so busily engaged in expropriating and nationalizing public utilities.

David LeFevre also accompanied his grandfather on one of several journeys the old man has made to Cuba since Castro took over. Eaton sometimes says that he thinks Cuba is the most beautiful spot on earth, and he has seen much of it. He began going down there in the nineteen-twenties, but he had no stomach for the Batista government; he maintains that while trying to float a hundred-million-dollar bond issue to rehabilitate Cuba's railroads the Batista regime planned to siphon off ninety-five per cent of the proceeds into its own pockets. When Castro came to New York for a U.N. meeting in 1960—the time he moved from the Shelburne Hotel to the Hotel Theresa, in Harlem, because the first hostelry took a dim view of the live chickens in his retinue—Eaton was one of the few Americans who called on him to pay their respects. Castro was touched, and invited him to Havana, at his convenience. It was May, 1968, before Eaton got there, but he was so affably received that he returned seven months later on the occasion of his eighty-fifth birthday. Castro sent a cake. While talking trade with Cubans, Eaton offered to take some iron ore of theirs back with him and have it assayed for commercial potential. (He carried home about fifty pounds' worth, but it turned out to be of unpromisingly low grade.) Castro gave Eaton some rum and cigars, neither of which fit in with his austere regimen. Eaton gave Castro, who rarely wears neckties, some Chesapeake & Ohio promotional ties, with Chessie kittens cuddling all over them. Eaton also spent his ninety-second birthday in Havana. The war in Angola was then going on, with Cuban troops importantly involved. Their participation upset some Americans but left Eaton untroubled; in view of the long-standing United States practice of sending troops to Asia, he said, why shouldn't Cuba send some to Africa? On returning home, he wrote to the *Times*, "My latest visit to Cuba reinforces my long-held conviction that the American giant is making a grievous mistake in continuing to bully the tiny but enterprising island just ninety miles from our mainland." He added that after meeting President Osvaldo Dorticós and the rest of the thirteen-man Politburo of the country, "contrary to impressions fostered by our officialdom, there is not a rubber stamp among them." An item about Eaton and President Dorticós that ran in *Granma*, the official organ of the Central Committee of the Communist Party of Cuba, had, however, a rubber-stamp look. "Yesterday morning," it went, *in toto*, "Osvaldo Dorticós, President of the Republic and member of the Politburo of the Party, held a long interview with Cyrus Eaton, an outstanding personality in economic, industrial, and financial circles in the United States, whose positions and activities in favor of peace are known throughout the world. During the interview, which was held in a cordial, friendly, and frank atmosphere, they had a wide interchange of opinions on different aspects of the present international situation. Mr. Eaton repeated his friendly statements toward the Cuban people."

At almost ninety-four, Eaton travels less frequently than he used to. Indeed, in grudging deference to the increasing fragility of his bones he spent most of last winter in the Florida Keys. He still has a good many plans for the future, though. His son is hoping to build a big new hotel in Moscow, for the 1980 Olympics, and Cyrus, Sr., who will be going on ninety-seven when the Games get under way, has already booked a room.

—E. J. KAHN, JR.

(*This is the second part of a two-part article.*)

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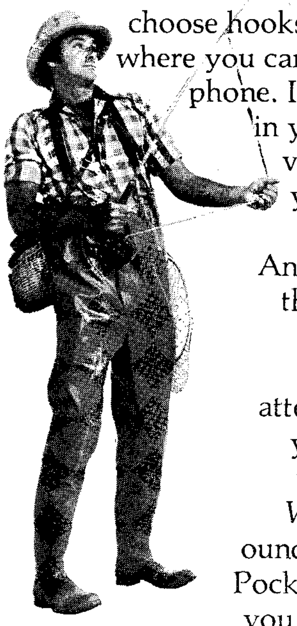

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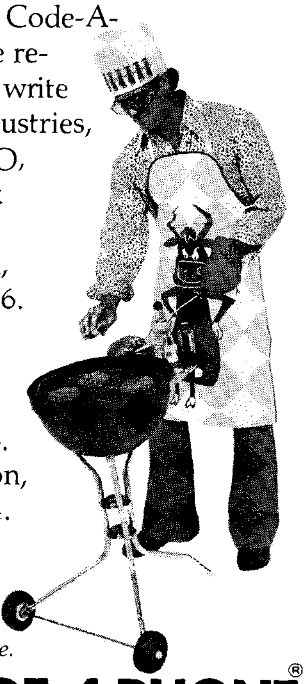

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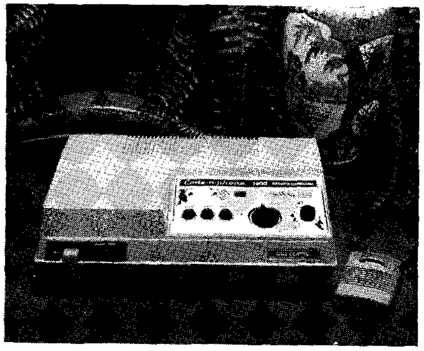

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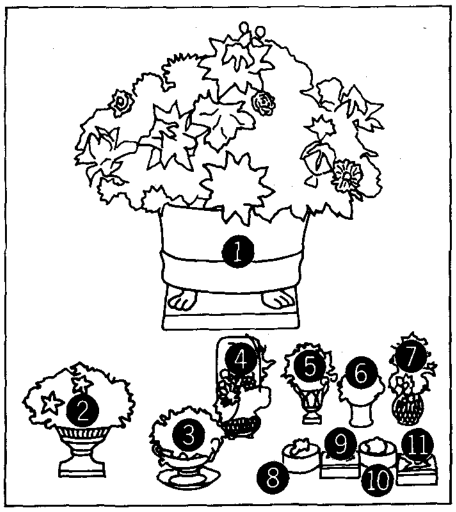

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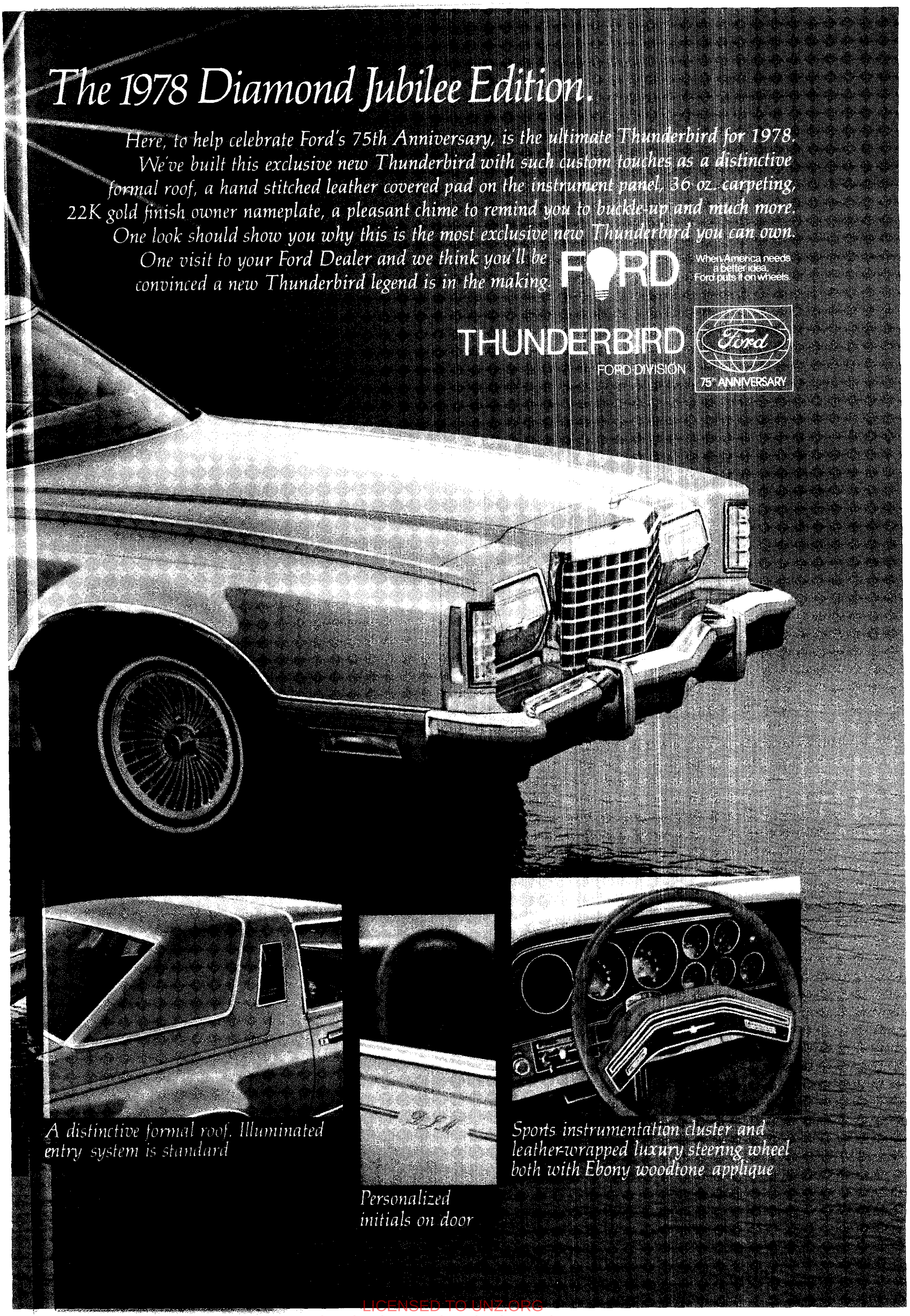

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THE THEATRE

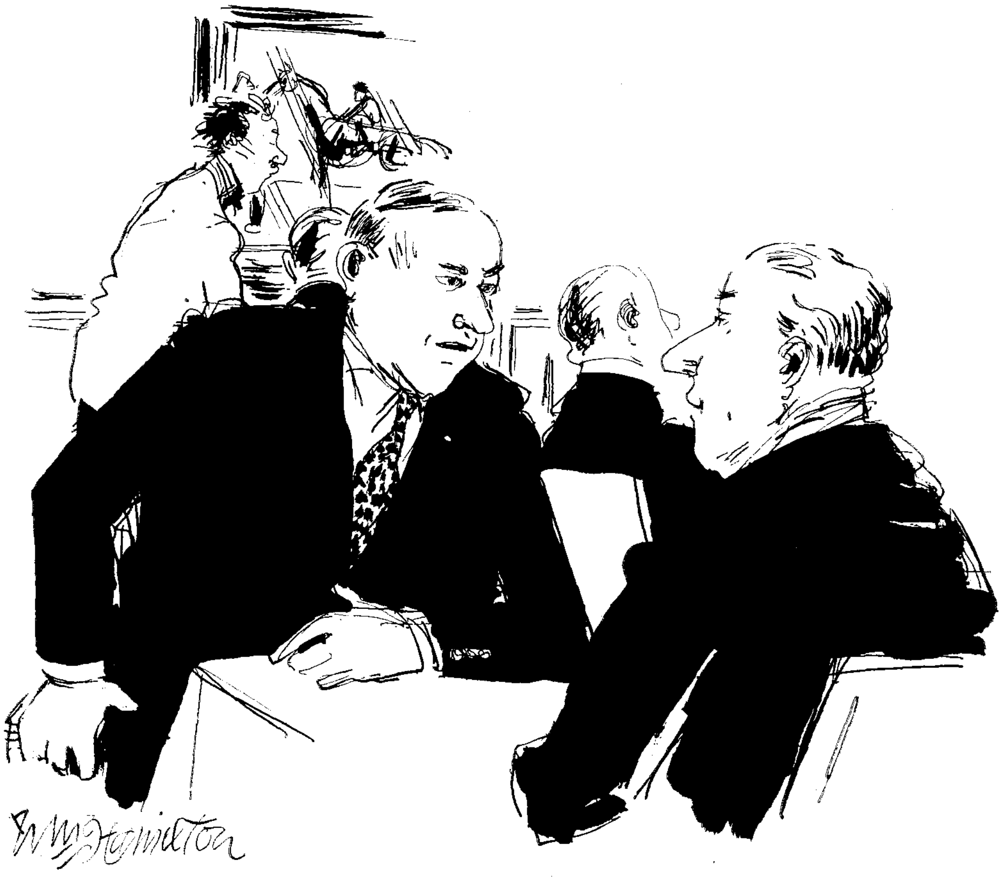
IN THE ANTEROOM

A NEW playwright named D. L. Coburn made a pleasing début on Broadway last week with a harsh little two-person comedy called "The Gin Game" (at the John Golden). All I know about Mr. Coburn is contained in a terse paragraph in *Playbill:* "D. L. Coburn comes from Baltimore and has for the past nine years lived and worked in Dallas, Texas. He is married and has a son, Donn, age 11, and a daughter, Kimberly, age 7. Besides writing, Mr. Coburn flies gliders, is a Civil War buff and an avid baseball fan and player. 'The Gin Game' is his first play." From these meagre facts, I risk the deduction that Mr. Coburn is young; true, he could be the father of Donn and Kimberly in his sixties, but it would be unlikely for him to be flying gliders later than in his fifties, or playing baseball later than in his forties or thirties, and it is a well-known fact that Civil War buffs are at their most ardent in their twenties, or even in their teens. Moreover, the play itself hints at the author's youth: by a readily understandable paradox, old playwrights tend to write about the remembered splendors of the past (and tend to get them all wrong), while young playwrights tend to write about the imagined horrors of the future (and tend to get them pretty nearly right). Mr. Coburn is telling us about a couple of miserable inmates of an old people's home, whose plight he observes with an astringent clarity and about whom, at the same time, he manages to be very funny. Gallows humor in an almost literal sense, and, luckily for Mr. Coburn, the director of his play, Mike Nichols, is a master of the form. Mr. Nichols could turn Lear on the heath into a laff riot, and on opening night I wasn't a bit surprised when a rickety, ill-patched porch roof—a symbol of the general neglect and decay with which "The Gin Game" is concerned—suddenly sprang a leak, gallons of water pelted down onto the stage, and the audience roared with laughter. What were we laughing at? Mr. Nichols, who had been obliged to introduce a totally irrelevant thunderstorm in order to prepare the way for the gag, would no doubt say that it was none of our business; enough that we laughed. The old people's home is an anteroom to death, and where could a comic interruption be more welcome?

Mr. Coburn is also lucky in having the limited action of his play—we are present at four increasingly irascible bouts of gin rummy and at nothing else—performed by Jessica Tandy and Hume Cronyn. The Cronyns are among the most gifted actors alive, and they play together not merely with great professional cunning but with a sort of family zest. I have to admonish them that, skillful as they prove to be, they are a little young to be playing old folk convincingly, but it is obvious that over the years "The Gin Game" will prove a more and more appropriate vehicle for them; how glorious it will be for us to be able to watch them going at each other hammer and tongs in their eighties! The dramatic function of the buffetings exchanged by the couple are, by the way, curiously old-fashioned; they are the Ibsen-like means of peeling off layer after layer of their earlier lives and holding them up to the still unbearable light of truth. The last notes struck in the play are unalleviatedly despairing, and it is one of the most precious mysteries of the theatre that, having heard these notes struck, we should go up the aisle and out onto Broadway with happy hearts.

The calculatedly shabby setting of "The Gin Game" is by David Mitchell, the costumes are by Bill Walker, and the lighting is by Ronald Wallace. This production was originally presented at the Long Wharf Theatre, in New Haven. Wallace Stevens once wrote a poem entitled "An Ordinary Evening in New Haven." The title could be thought to imply that there were rarely evenings of any other kind in New Haven; it is a title that grows more ironic every day.

IF I look forward to seeing the Cronyns on Broadway in their eighties, I am no less eagerly looking forward to seeing Victor Borge there at approximately the same age. Mr. Borge, who has just opened at the Imperial in a show he calls "Comedy with Music," is as close to being an indestructible performer as anyone I can think of. He opened at the John Golden, across the street from the Imperial, back in 1953, in something he called "Comedy in Music," which ran for eight hundred and forty-nine performances. (Mr. Borge, a Dane, is preoccupied with the nuances of the English tongue, and is



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very humorous about them. After twenty-four years of what I assume must have been exhausting intellectual commotion, he has changed the preposition in the title of his show from "in" to "with." I await an explanation.) Mr. Borge is a stand-up-and-sit-down-and-on-some-occasions-kneel-down comedian of high intelligence and superb presence. Like Jack Benny, he possesses a sense of timing so acute that many seconds can pass in a breathless silence, after which the very first word he utters is often sufficient to bring down the house. This time, Mr. Borge employs two main props—an enormous grand piano, which he plays on and at and with and sometimes under, and a good-looking blond singer named Marylyn Mulvey, whom Mr. Borge accompanies and interrupts in a series of opera burlesques. Mr. Borge is reputed to have entertained eight and a half million people in the past quarter of a century, and I would find it hard to believe that he hadn't left every single one of them in stitches. That, at any rate, is how he left me. I recommend him with all my heart.

WHY on earth should anyone have wished to bring back "Hair"? Surely not for any reason as simple as making money. No, I fear that its producers believed in it and will perhaps not understand why its return amounts to an embarrassment. The novelties that proved attractive almost a decade ago—the easygoing, not to say fugitive, book, the informal relations between audience and cast, and the endearing (and never very erotic) nudity—have lost their power to move us. Except for two or three charming songs, what remains is a sort of cold dregs, which fail to give us even the sorry satisfaction of tasting bitter. It is simply there, poor "Hair," on the cluttered stage of the Biltmore, all feverishly abustle and all, alas, lifeless.

The book and lyrics of this—I dolefully quote the subtitle—"American Tribal Love Rock Musical" are by Gerome Ragni and James Rado, and the music is by Galt MacDermot. The scenic design is by Robin Wagner, the costumes are by Nancy Potts, and the lighting is by Jules Fisher. The director is Tom O'Horgan.

—BRENDAN GILL

OFF BROADWAY

Mr. Wilkof et al.

LEE S. WILKOF is a stubby, balding fellow, whose deadpan style has a mysterious built-in eloquence. He is

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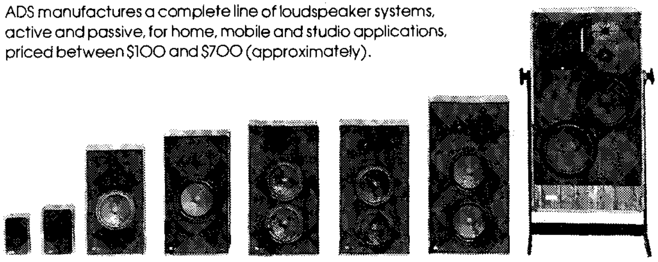

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very funny, and he is the star (although he is not billed as such) of a little revue, "The Present Tense," which opened last week in a new cabaret on *the sixteenth floor of the Park Royal* Hotel, on West Seventy-third Street (carrot cake on the menu, ashtrays on the table—one foot, so to speak, in each camp). Mr. Wilkof, a true original, is well supported (or well enough, surely) by a cast of five fresh, appealing young men and women—Chris Carroll, Michael Nobel, Jim Cyrus, Barbara Brummel, and Lianne Kressin—all of them relatively new to the theatre. In their first number, they present themselves as veterans of the turbulent sixties adjusting to the straight, prosy seventies. In one of the better sketches, a couple of upwardly mobile business executives at their tenth college reunion are reminiscing about the good old days of S.D.S. and their good old friend who blew up a wall at a protest meeting when they are joined by the old friend himself (Mr. Wilkof), still an unregenerate revolutionary, whose own reminiscences cut so close to the bone that the others quickly desert him. Funny, but sad, too. In the show as a whole, a kind of cheerful self-mockery takes the place of satire ("cabaret" and "satire" might seem to go hand in hand, but not here), and although the evening is agreeable enough, it rarely takes off unless Mr. Wilkof is onstage. Fortunately, he is onstage much of the time—as Castro's Minister of Tourism imploring (to a rumba beat) the American pigs to come to Cuba, as a folksinger in Chassidic garb singing (in a Yiddish accent and to his own accompaniment on the banjo) a song he wrote called "Possum Pie." Other sketches range from so-so to quite good, and they move right along under Stephen Rosenfield's direction. I especially enjoyed Miss Brummel, in cap and gown, to the opening strains of "Gaudeamus Igitur," giving us a synopsis of her activities—curricular and extra—during her four years at Sarah Lawrence (among her courses was An Introduction to Walking) and Jim Cyrus singing a funny song, by *Allen Cohen, about the annoyance of* constant phone calls from President Carter. Mr. Cohen is listed in the program as one of seven contributors of the pleasantly tuneful music and the often clever lyrics. The sketches are the work of four writers (Jeff Sweet in charge), plus members of the company. Much of the material was originally improvised, but it certainly seemed set on opening night.

—EDITH OLIVER

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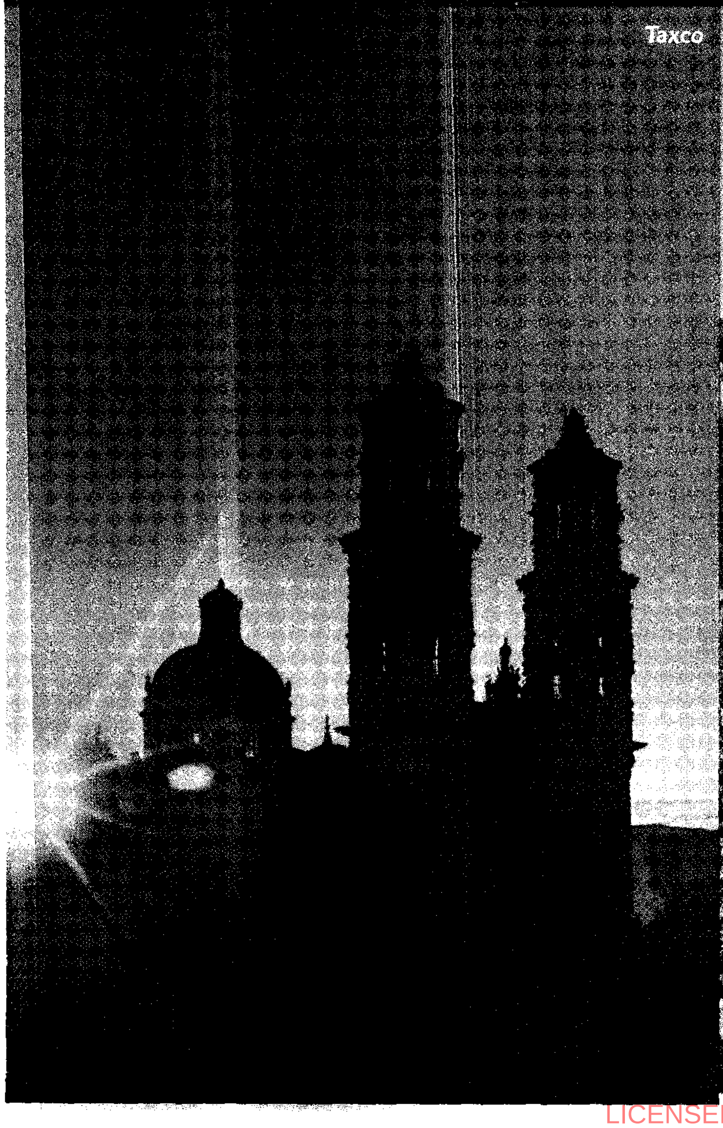

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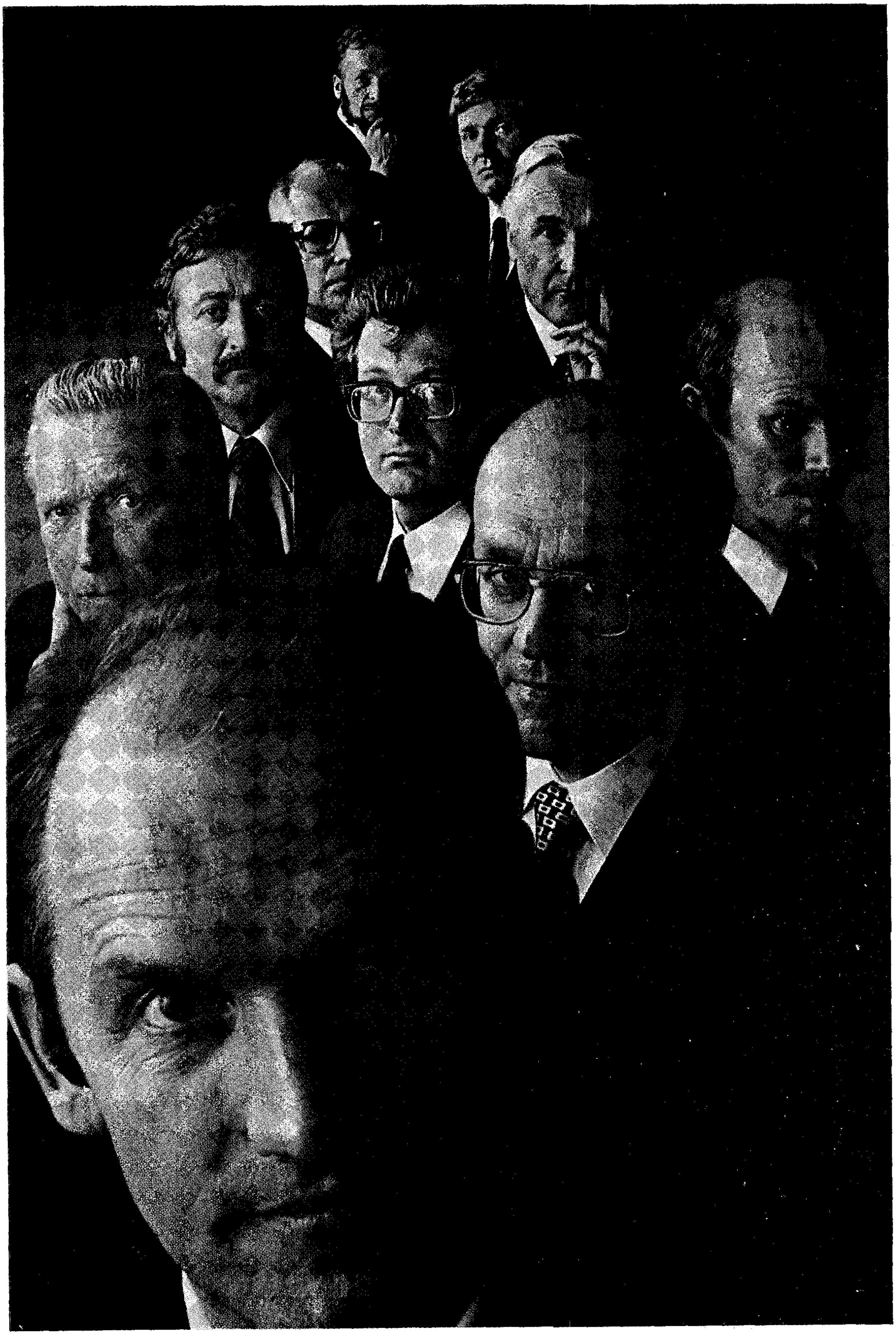

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FOOTBALL

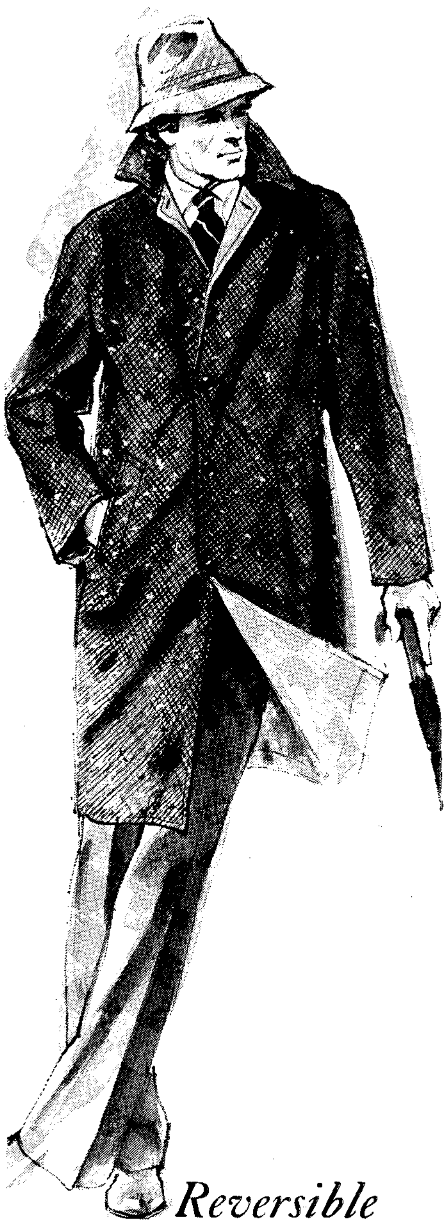
Safety Last

GALLANTRY under fire is rarely a weapon in the quiver of the computerized tactics that nowadays decide the outcome of sporting events; this refusal ever to take a chance sits poorly indeed when—and it does happen still on a fair number of campuses—the spectators in the stands are the classmates and confreres of the performers down on the football field. But Dartmouth and Yale went against the grain on Saturday last, in an even-Stephen match that may turn out to have been the superlative meeting of the season in these parts. Dartmouth, on one occasion well into Yale's bailiwick at fourth down, chose to run the ball instead of kicking it away, and lost it. Yale, in the same quandary, but toward its own end of the field, chose to run the ball instead of kicking it, and held onto it. In the final, fevered minutes of the day, Yale, inside Dartmouth's four, and once more at fourth down, chose to move the ball on the ground instead of tying up the exhibition with a safety-first field goal, at 3–all. Thus, Yale lost the match, at 3–0. Navy, at fourth down on the Air Force twenty-five, chose to throw the ball instead of kicking it away, and Navy went on from there to win, 10–7, in Part 1 of the annual service teams' round robin. Southern California, coming from behind at the last moment to make the count Alabama 21, U.S.C. 20, chose not to kick the safety-first point after its third touchdown but to try a pass for the two points that would have made the count U.S.C. 22, Alabama 21. Thus, U.S.C. lost out. Distinguished Service Medals to all hands involved in all these occurrences.

A childhood phobia about left-handed pitchers in chilly, blustery weather carries over into this chronicler's afterlife, and it came to mind again as he watched Rizzo, one of Yale's sprightlier running-and-throwing quarterbacks, encountering occasional difficulties in persuading the ball to go where he wished it to go. These, and a brace of expensive Yale penalties, may have offered Dartmouth the minute edge it held in the encounter. But for most of us the pleasure of the afternoon was the commingling of experience and prescience which moved the defensive squads of both participants on the swift completion of their rounds. And now Dartmouth heads—at any event until Saturday—the Ivy League, at two won, none lost, alongside Harvard, which, after a fortnight of disaster, overcame Cornell, up in Ithaca, at 17–7, by dint of (as expected by everyone) throwing the ball instead of running it. Luck was with Harvard: Cornell elected to lose one touchdown, by fumbling the ball away twelve inches from the Harvard goal. Dartmouth and Harvard meet this weekend; that will pit the well-rounded, well-staffed, well-drilled Dartmouth against a Harvard operating, most probably, from the harum-scarum, get-the-ball-in-the-air offense devised for it by its counsellor, Restic, as a jury-rigged replacement for the offense he had taught the damaged Davenport, his favorite quarterback.

The patron saint who oversees Ivy League football has a forked tail: here is underequipped Harvard up top, with Dartmouth; here is Brown, which surely belongs up there instead, down near the bottom, because it lost its match, last Saturday, with Pennsylvania, at 14–7. Yes, Pennsylvania, whose hunt for a viable quarterback is as frantic as Harvard's, and whose record has been largely cheerless this fall—Columbia 30, Pennsylvania 18 the week before, to cite one instance. Brown, which knows a lot about the option play, knew not enough to prevent Pennsylvania's running up more than three hundred yards with it, and Brown also ran up five expensive penalties that day. The patron saint helped put away a momentarily jubilant Columbia, still recalling its trouncing of Pennsylvania, by permitting Princeton, which had lost eight matches in a string and amassed but nine touchdowns in its last twelve encounters, to tally four to Columbia's one, and by permitting Lockhart, a Princeton quarterback whose pitching has often been (shall we say) wide of the marksmen, to be right on target. All in all, autumn leaves, autumn leaves, falling who knows which way in the Ivy League.

Army had anticipated a mild breather against Villanova, which had been lying doggo most of the season, but it was nip and sometimes tuck, too, before Army came out ahead in the end, at 34–32. A



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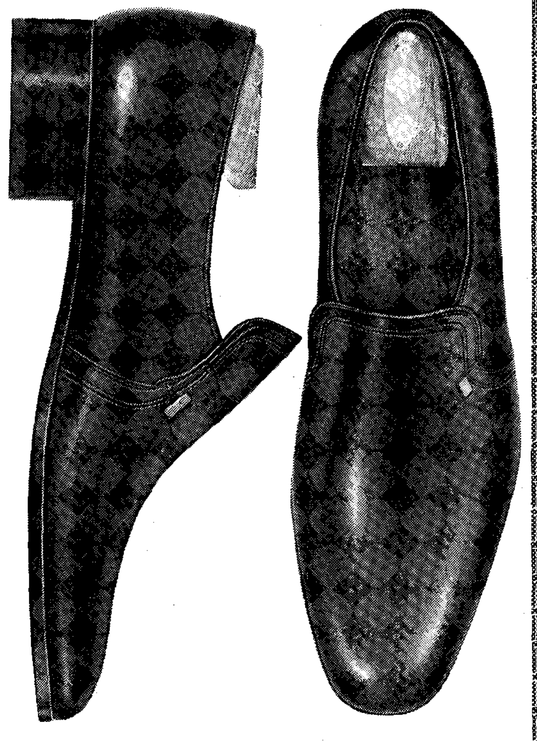

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high wind bothered the kickers, especially after Whyte, Army's first-stringer, was injured, but not the passers, and Puleo, Villanova's option quarterback, unfolded a throwing game that he had kept a secret so far. This spurred Hall, who breaks an Army record nearly every time he gets his hands on the ball, to supernal efforts—two touchdown passes, two touchdowns on the ground; all told, that is 270 points for him since he arrived at West Point. Villanova, on Saturday's showing, is overrun with vigor, guile, and Bedesems. Bedesem *père* is head coach, one son is his assistant, another is a Villanova back, another is a Villanova ball boy. But Hall is so good that McGlasker, once considered to be Army's most promising quarter, was long ago made flanker (and one of Hall's best targets), a post at which his speed, far greater than Hall's mode of advance, is most advantageous. Villanova also presented one more exhibit in the swelling collection of imported soccer players—Fernandez, late of Buenos Aires, who got Villanova's field goal against Army. How long, one wonders, will it be before it is announced that Pelé, just retired from the Cosmos, has been signed as kicker of goals by, say, someone in the Big Ten? —J. W. L.

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NO COMMENT DEPARTMENT

[*From "TVQA," a syndicated column in the Gannett newspapers*]

Q: I'm interested in knowing why Harry Reasoner always ends the ABC nightly news with "for Barbara and ME, good night"? The usage of ME is, of course, a grammatical error and should be replaced with I. Knowing that Reasoner and Walters are highly educated, this seems quite unusual.—J.C.P.

A: According to Bergen Evans, noted professor of English, language changes constantly. And since it does, the best that anyone can do is to say how it is being used, and this is what grammar should tell us. In natural, well-bred English "me" and not "I" is the form of the pronoun used after any verb, even the verb to be. If you are in doubt whether to use "me" or "I," the chances are that "me" is better. And that's what Reasoner prefers.

•

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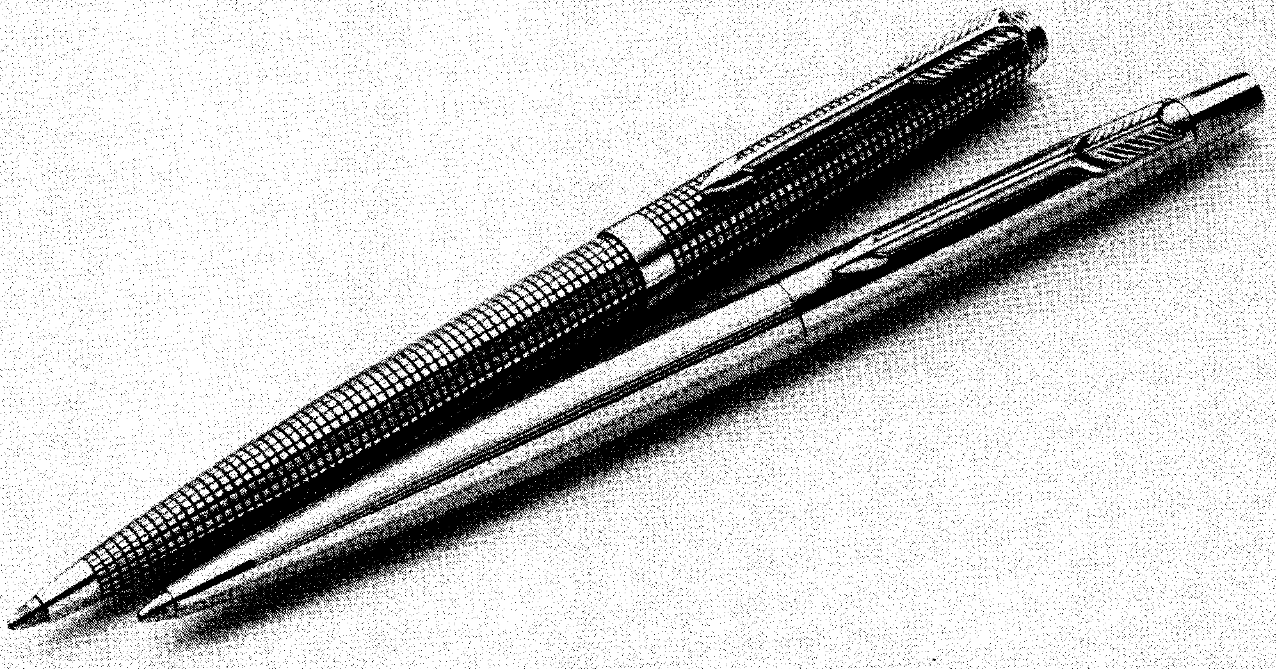

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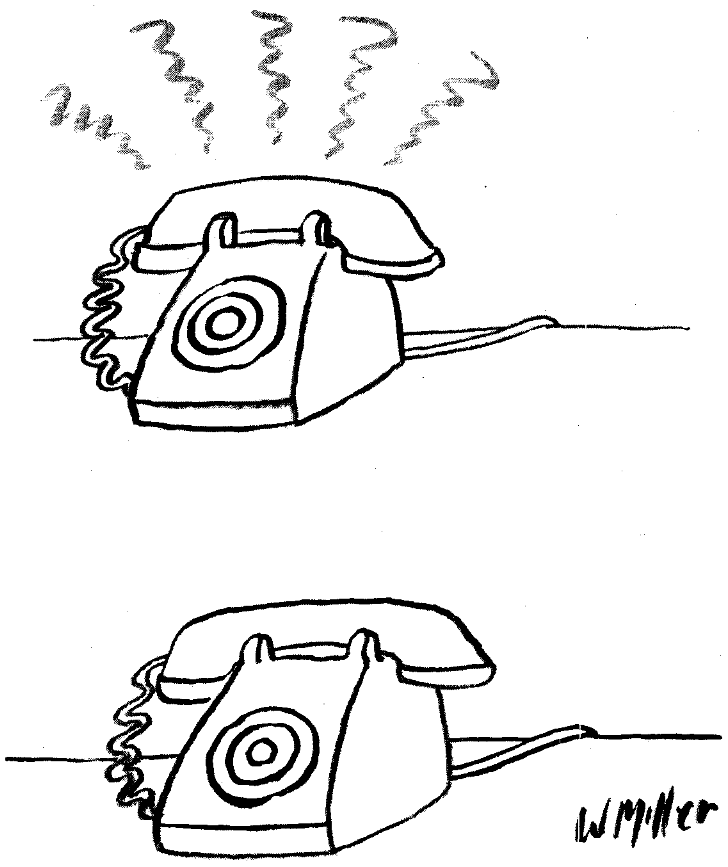
THE AIR

Happy Families

AS the new television season continues to unfold, or to unravel, it begins to seem like all other new television seasons of recent memory; in other words, at first a lot of ballyhoo, which in the end only calls attention to the emperor's clothes, and then salvo after salvo of new programs from the redoubtable program factories on the Coast, most of which, upon detonating upon the screen, instantly seem like *old* programs, with the usual exception of a couple of shows that have a little something nice going for them and then invariably are quickly cancelled.

In fact, the best thing on television lately was probably the retirement, or "last game," of Pelé, the great Brazilian footballer who for the past three seasons, albeit with fading skills, has been playing for the New York Cosmos and spreading the gospel of soccer to the rest of the country. This was not an event altogether untouched by hype and commerce, for Warner Communications, the conglomerate that owns the Cosmos, as well as other chunks of the New World, had arranged to dispatch to the rain-soaked stadium in East Rutherford, New Jersey, where the game took place not only Pelé's former team, Santos of Brazil, as opponents for the Cosmos, but also a vast array of soccer-loving celebs and luminaries, such as Muhammad Ali, Barbra Streisand, and Dr. Kissinger, to name but a few. Pelé, however, triumphed splendidly over the artifice of the occasion (in fairness, both Warner Communications and ABC Sports, which covered the contest, behaved with relative restraint), and I think that nobody who watched him that rainy afternoon could have been unmoved by what he saw: an extraordinary man, giving himself and being himself. After the game was over—or, rather, the "happening," for Pelé changed sides between the Cosmos and Santos at halftime, and the action was stopped periodically for the retirement of shirts and for presentations on the field—ABC's Jim McKay informed us that we would shortly be switched over to Frank Gifford for an interview with Pelé in the clubhouse. There, soon, was the great Pelé, looking slight and black and half naked, and there, standing beside him, was Frank Gifford, as tall and straight as a West Point cadet and very handsome in his sportscaster's blazer. Gifford smiled solemnly and asked Pelé one of those sportscaster questions, and Pelé began to answer it—and then started to cry. And not one of those nervous, aw-shucks fits of sobbing, either. Pelé had himself a real cry. Gifford stood beside the Brazilian, at first, true to the sportscaster's code, shoving his microphone at Pelé whenever there seemed to be a break in the crying, repeating his original question, or else reaching across Pelé to ask the same question of Pelé's wife, who was standing on the other side of her husband, wearing a plastic raincoat and the look of someone who was not seeing the doughty athlete burst into emotional tears for the first time. Then, finally, Gifford did a noble thing, which was rather in keeping with the strangely elevated nature of the whole event. First, he made a little speech—a salutation, as it were—in the general direction of Pelé, but mostly to the audience, and so enabled Pelé to muster a vague and teary smile and keep right on crying. And then, rather in the manner of one of Napoleon's taller marshals waiting with soldierly modesty for the great man to pull himself together after getting the news from Salamanca, old Gifford just stood there—stood his ground and kept his silence. It was a brave and singular gesture and did honor both to man's eternal quest for peace and quiet and to the ABC sportscaster's blazer, which that day was a gold one. If Gifford doesn't get fired for this eccentricity, it may well be the start of a trend.

So much, at any rate, for trend-spotting in the new season. As for the bulk of the new programs, it seems to me that so far there is little very novel or distinguished to be found in most of them, unless one counts the "NBC Nightly News," which had the stroke of Blakean vision to remove Chancellor and Brinkley from behind their desks and put them instead into strange and beautiful egg-shaped chairs—which is presumably but a step toward the day when all newscasting, Beckett-like, will be done from trash cans. On entertainment programs, of course, there have been some surface changes—some fine-tuning of the product, so to speak. This year, for instance, apparently in response to the twin mysteries of "viewer pressure" and the more arcane and Druidical "soul-searching" of advertisers, there has been a certain amount of fine-tuning on the violence knob. In short, there seems to be less childish violence on the action shows. Squinty rapists with thick eyeglasses and giggly homicidal maniacs (also, invariably, with burdensome vision problems) don't seem to wander in and out of cop shows with the same regularity as before. Indeed, there appear to be fewer cop shows. Not that screeching tires, random gunfire, and dogged mayhem have entirely vanished from the pristine North American electromagnetic spectrum, but they have been fine-tuned and deëmphasized. Also deëmphasized have been



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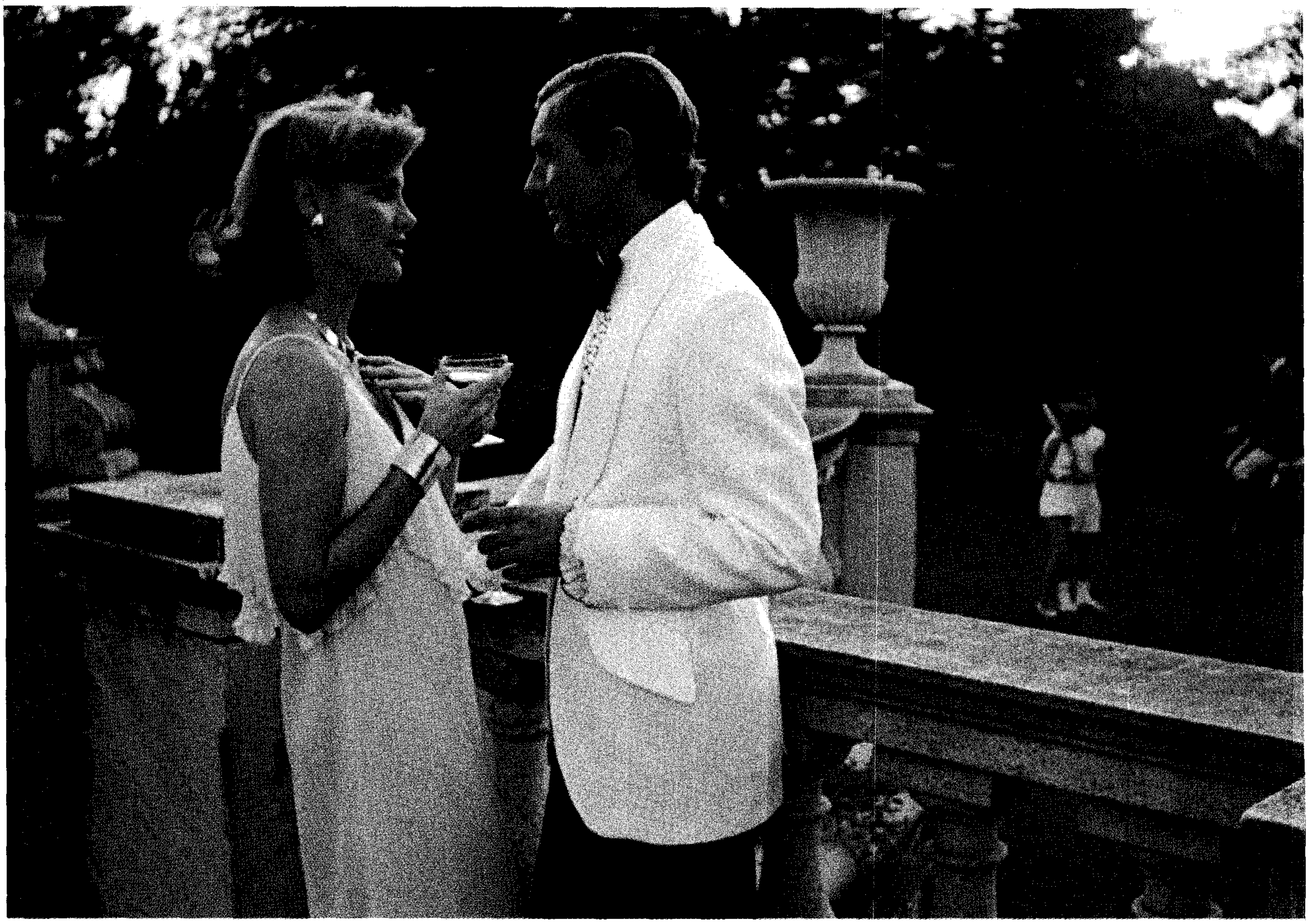

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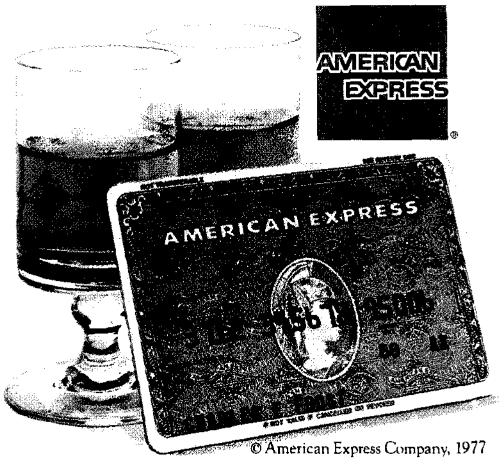

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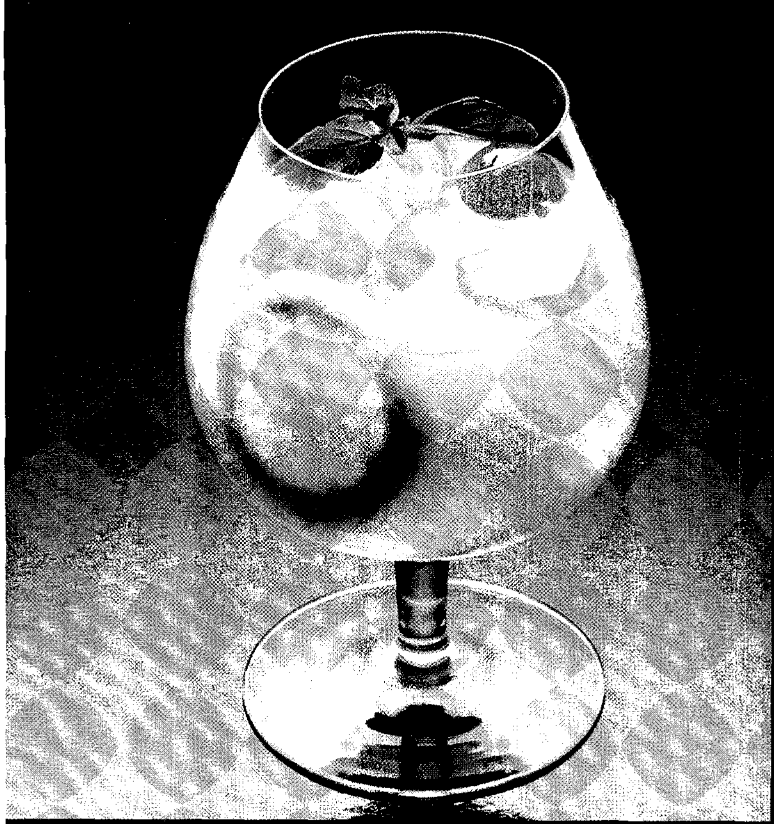
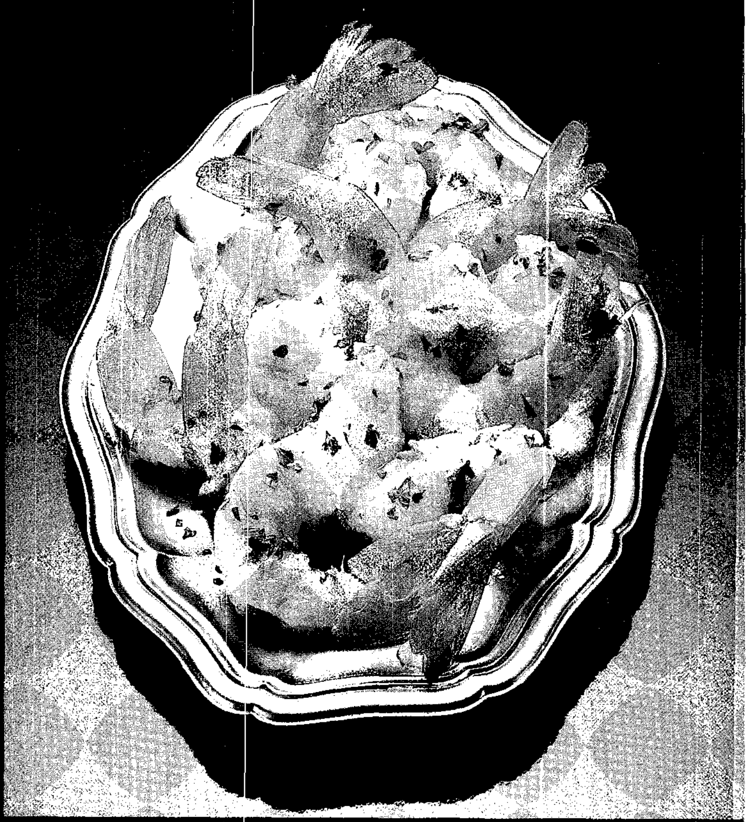


ADD SAMBUCA ROMANA FOR SCAMBUCA.
2 oz. Sambuca Romana to ¼ lb. butter, 2 tbs. oil, garlic clove and parsley. Pour sauce over cooked shrimp.



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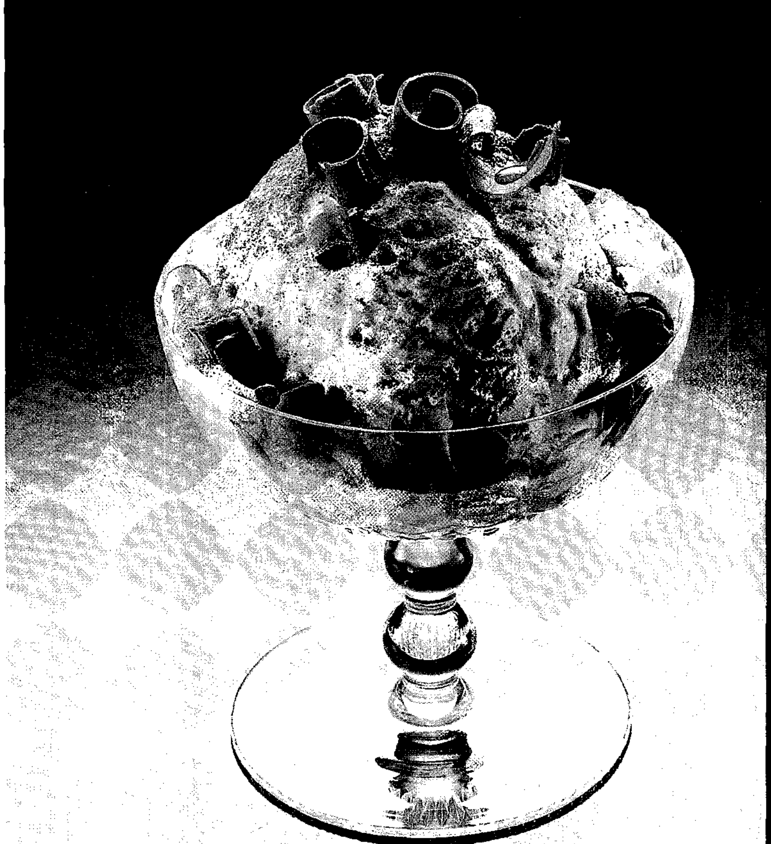
1 oz. Sambuca Romana over coffee ice cream, and chocolate curls.



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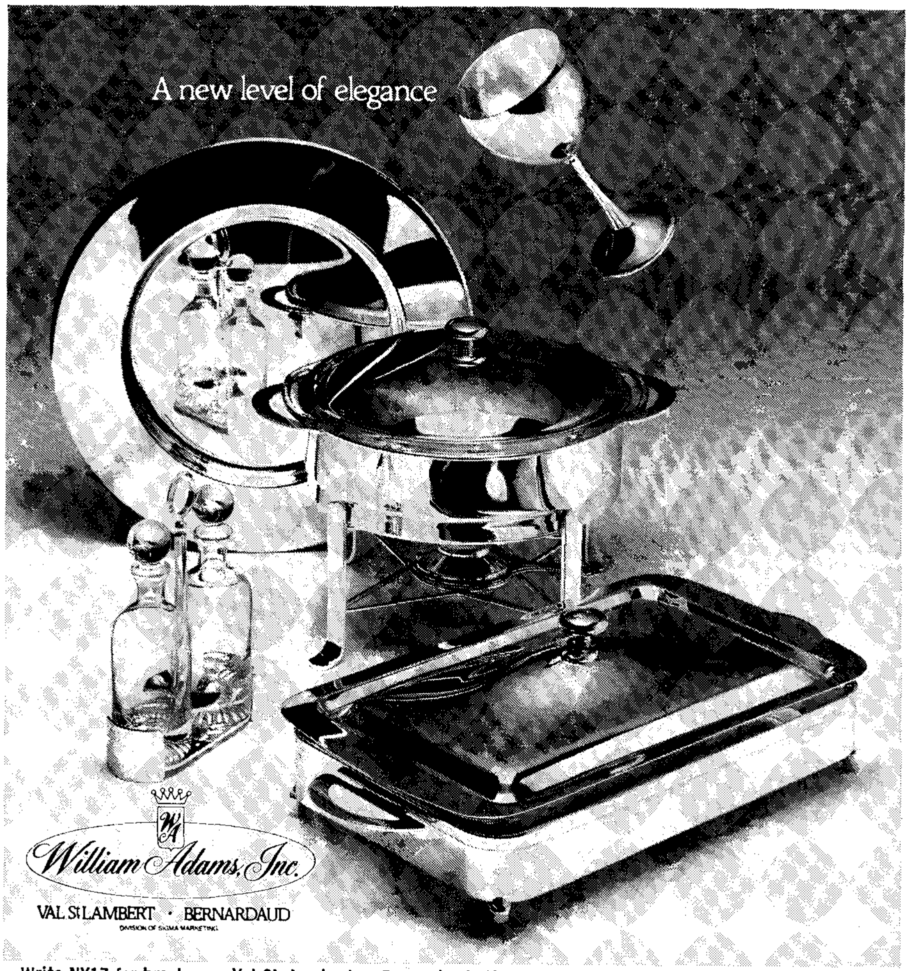
those addled robot programs that ABC was threatening to disgorge in greater and greater numbers only last spring, though that still leaves the addled bionic programs, which, like Donny and Marie Osmond, and individually wrapped slices of cheese, have probably already attained the status of American classics; thus, should "The Six Million Dollar Man" be continued eternally on the air, as seems likely, it may be usefully employed in future generations to punish spirited youngsters, much as "Ivanhoe" was used in the pre-television era.

ON the positive side, though, there are two shows I've seen recently that seem a bit better than the run-of-the-mill and that don't have the look of having been produced with a total disregard for the capacities of the viewing public. One of them is called "The Fitzpatricks," and at present is being shown on Tuesday nights, on CBS. This is what's called a "family program"—as opposed to, I suppose, a real swinger's or rakehell's program (for which I gather one has to voyage to the Chinese quarter of Rangoon and turn to Channel 6). Essentially, it's a more or less "Walton"-like depiction of what is supposed to be working-class family life in Flint, Michigan, and first let me mention some of the things about the program that may make it a bit sticky going. For one thing, the ambience of the Fitzpatricks' home and life seems rather on the slick side, which isn't to say that blue-collar life in industrial Michigan in the nineteen-seventies should be presumed to be something out of a Dickensian blacking factory, but, on the other hand, staging the Fitzpatricks' story on a set that resembles every other suburban house on American TV sometimes makes the program's claims for down-home grittiness a bit unconvincing. Thus, Mr. Fitzpatrick works nearby at "the mill" (from which he always seems to return in clean clothes) and lectures his kids on frugality, and Mrs. Fitzpatrick rousts the family up at dawn to unload cheap food from a farm coöperative, while in fact everyone in the family appears to exist in a kind of idyllic, cozy comfort, lacking only an occasional consumer item (which apparently distinguishes the Fitzpatricks from the middle-class family next door) and in general living high on the American dream. Also, most of the Fitzpatricks seem excessively *clean*, even when smudged with dirt, doubtless in the grip of a Marxist-revisionist tradition of proletarian good grooming that was begun in "The Wal-



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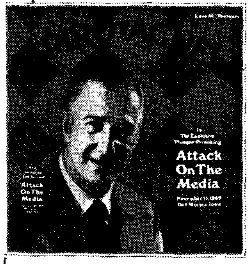

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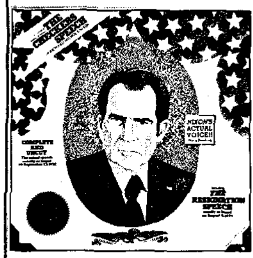

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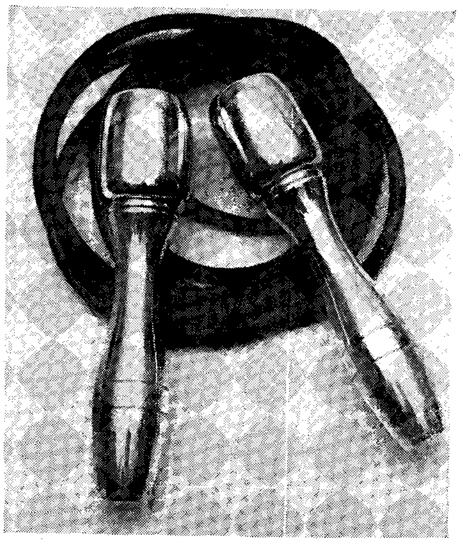
tons." The Fitzpatrick females—the mother and daughter—generally look right in their parts, being apparently cast according to maternal and not cutie-pie models, and the father (Bert Kramer) is fine, though also on the clean side, but the two teen-age boys seem altogether indistinguishable from teen-age boys on every other series show in America. *They're* the cutie pies, presumably cast with an eye to various offscreen promotional benefits.

Having said all this, however, let me suggest what I think is nice about the program and why I hope some people—albeit not swingers and rakehells—will look in on it; namely, that it's a program from which some degree of human feeling now and then escapes. It's a commercial program but with a bit of soul, and one that shows traces of honest relationships and simple affections. On the whole, the stories are fairly slight and so don't become the total focus of each episode. In the last one I saw, for instance, the Fitzpatrick daughter was accused (naturally unjustly) of cribbing test answers for her algebra class, and there were some moderately adventurous comings and goings until the real culprit was uncovered. In some ways, these episodes don't quite seem to fill the whole hour, but I think the programs work reasonably well, and I like them for being loose and fairly unplotted—freed of that conventional series dogma that requires the principal characters to completely reënslave themselves each week to some new jewel theft or surfboard murder. In fact, it strikes me that if there's an obstacle to the show's success it's not in the stage-design slickness of the sets or in the prettiness of some of the actors but in the program's not pressing its looseness and flow to better advantage. What's wanted here is not more plot or more of those supposedly dramatic incidents that rotate interchangeably from series to series but more of the Fitzpatricks. What might these characters be like—and how much material would there be to draw on—if they were released from the servitude of having to dress up for a TV show? Thus, it seems to me that the strongest elements of the program so far have been the unaffected moments: the casual, almost throwaway conversations between the father and mother, between one of the parents and a kid. These are the naturally deep parts, and they are the ones, I imagine, that have the widest appeal to a young audience. But the programmatic "deep" parts are an intrusion and ring a false note, which reduces the larger possibilities of



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the show and makes it like so many others. These occur periodically throughout the script, such as when Mr. and Mrs. Fitzpatrick are required to stop whatever they are doing and to deliver wretched little homilies to their young about trust and coöperation and truth and falsehood and having babies and so forth. These expressions of tinny morality surely do nothing useful for the show and have the earnest, disconnected sound of "messages" interposed from elsewhere—from a producer, perhaps, with his impala's ears too sensitively alerted to anticipated "viewer pressure." It seems to me that by now the members, young and old, of the American family audience have probably earned the right to a certain expertise about American family life, and don't need to have all the plays and on-the-field activity described for them by actors stepping out of character to act as sports announcers, always defining, framing, telling us what we should be looking at, what is the move to watch—directing the camera *there*, and always quickly away from the injury on the sidelines. In short, "The Fitzpatricks" is a nice show, with interesting possibilities. I hope it gets a chance to survive, and I hope it plays it straighter to family life, for that's where you'll find true grit—all the grit that anyone can handle.

The other show that I've liked lately is "Lou Grant," also on CBS, and also at present on Tuesday nights. And here, too, I admit, is a case of my wanting to like something a bit better, perhaps, than it so far has warranted. Lou Grant, as "Mary Tyler Moore" fans will remember, was the news director of that Minneapolis TV station, and was played by Edward Asner; now, since the M.T.M. show has stopped, Mr. Asner has moved his alter ego from Minneapolis to a newspaper in Los Angeles, where Lou Grant has become city editor of the *Tribune*. Asner isn't the first or last stocky, middle-aged male actor to have played a gruff-but-kindly (or boyish-belligerent) role to good effect, but he was wonderful at it on the M.T.M. show, and with some luck he could do just as well on the city desk in Los Angeles.

Thus far, it seems to me, there are two main problems with the show. First of all, Asner is best as a responsive actor. That is, he might appear to have the presence of a dominant figure because of his managerial "job," and because of his mass and solidity—the moral mass he usually represents—but in fact his strengths and colors come out mainly in relationship with other char-

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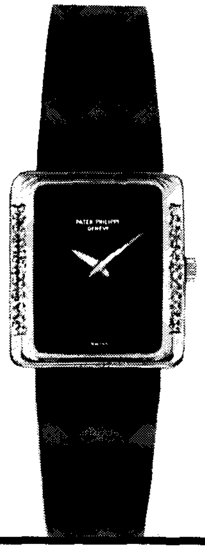
acters. For example, when he was cast last season in the part of the slave-ship captain in "Roots" and had to generate presence and momentum on his own, though he won an Emmy for his work he seemed to me like a fish out of water, and the part came across as strangely soft. Asner's weight, of course, held down the M.T.M. show and stabilized it like a keel, but the reason the show worked so well, and that Asner appeared to such good advantage, was that the other characters, even the supposedly lightweight parts, were each so good and had their own weight. One of the troubles, I think, with Lou Grant's recent incarnation in Los Angeles is that, though they've provided Asner with an ensemble of his own—notably the *Tribune's* female publisher; the managing editor; a brash, abrasive investigative reporter, etc.—during most of the show's early episodes Asner has been left pretty much alone at center stage, with the others buzzing around him, not yet having developed much weight or substance, and also, unfortunately, in many instances having the look of being maneuvered in and out of Asner's orbit for no better reason than to give him someone to respond to.

The second problem stems, I imagine, from these same growing pains of not knowing what to do with Asner on his own and not yet having built up an ensemble that he can play with: it's that what started out as a loose, humorous, above all human story that happened to be set in a city room, and unfolded much more in terms of character and personality than in terms of plot, had already by the second episode become a much less easygoing, less humorous, much more conventionally plotted action narrative. In that second episode, for instance, "Lou Grant" was virtually transformed into a cop show—in this case a cop show that happened to be set in a newspaper office, full of topical details and ironies about terrorism and the media, and with a couple of dozen of those Los Angeles SWAT cops running around, presumably to make the recently violence-deprived viewer feel right at home.

Obviously, one can see why most television-series writers do this kind of thing—because, in most television series, what else can you do, week after week, except chase the jewel thief . . . find the lost puppy . . . fight off the Vegetable Men of Saturn . . . solve the surfboard murder . . . fight off the Lion Woman of Uranus . . . and so on? Most television series start with a bunch of characters that are too synthetic for



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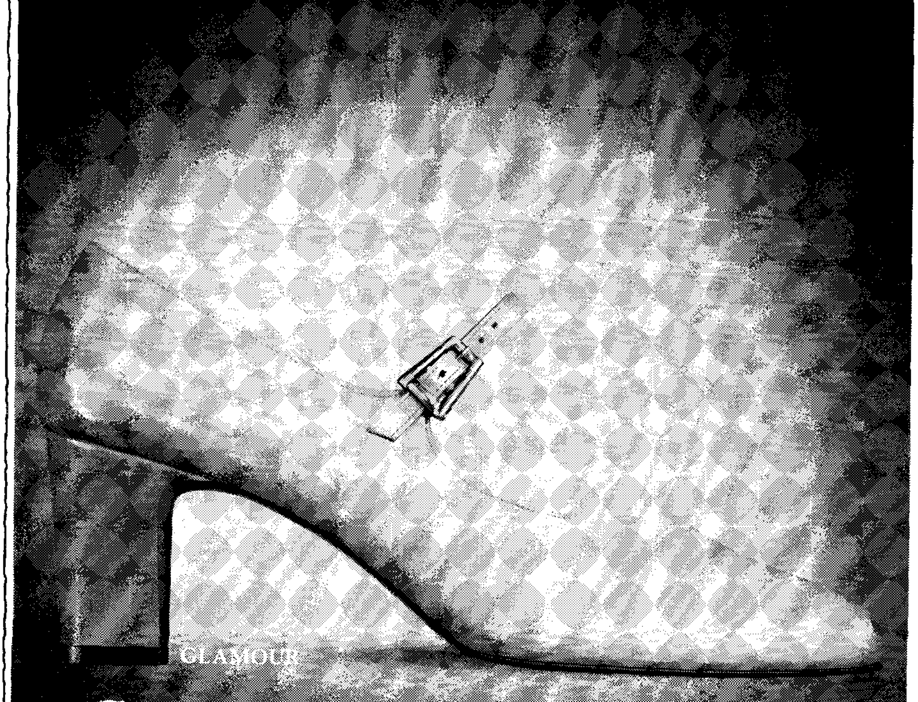

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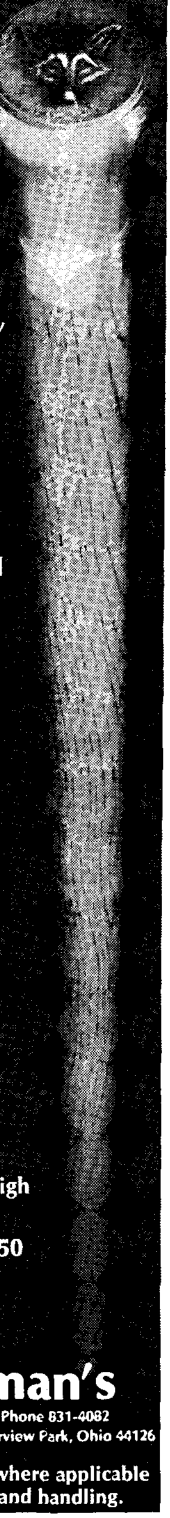

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anyone to care about, and so, in order to keep the viewer awake and the series in business, the characters are compelled to voyage from one overplotted, action-packed incident to another; and since plot without character is at best a cheap thrill—and inevitably an unsatisfying one, for the thrill soon wears off and so needs to be replaced by another one—most action and entertainment series survive only by repeated massive injections of plot or of "personality," or because nothing is so bad on television that people will turn their sets off entirely, whether they really like what they happen to be watching or not.

The most successful and long-lasting American television series, though, seem to be the ones that, in a manner of speaking, have taken the easier route; that is, they risked being about believable people at the start and so didn't have to load the principals into spaceships or squad cars every week and send them, as in those relentless, chore-like porno films, searching for that almost-nearly-ultimate excitement. I am thinking here of some of Norman Lear's shows, and especially of the M.T.M. show, which was intrinsically a family show: a show about a family of people who worked for a television station. "Lou Grant" also has the makings of a strong and appealing family show—in this case about a family of people who work in a newspaper office—but I hope the program won't perversely (or defensively) go chugging off along the dreary overplotted road that leads to surfboard murders, the L.A. Police Department's Ski Assassination Squad, and finally the Dog People of Betelgeuse, and that instead it will be nervy enough to play its strengths, which are right in front of it, in simple character.

—Michael J. Arlen

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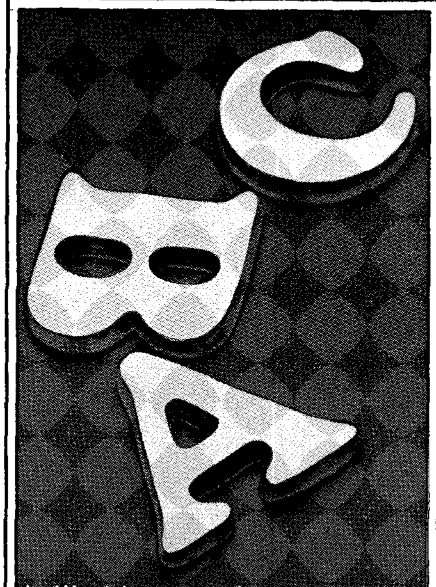

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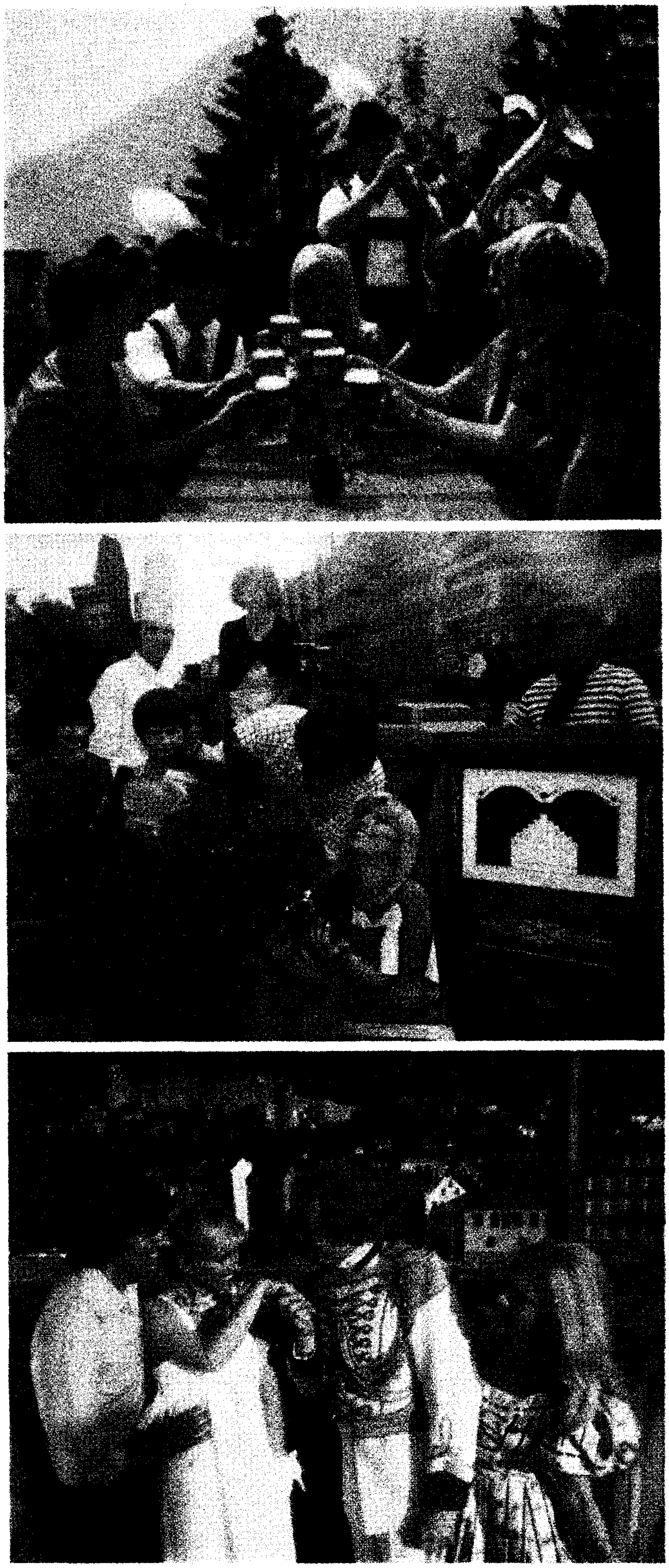

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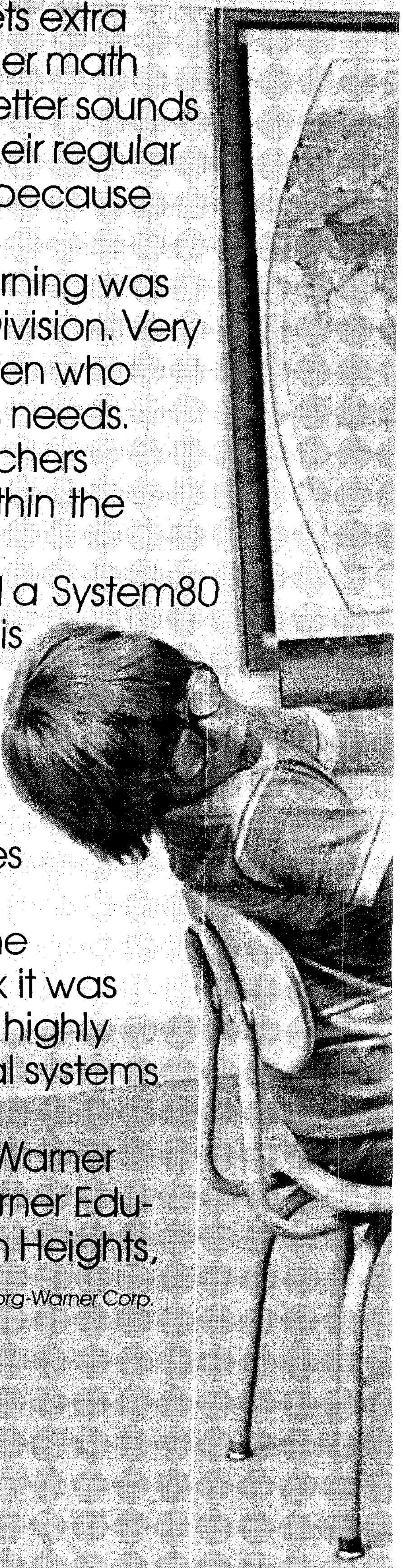

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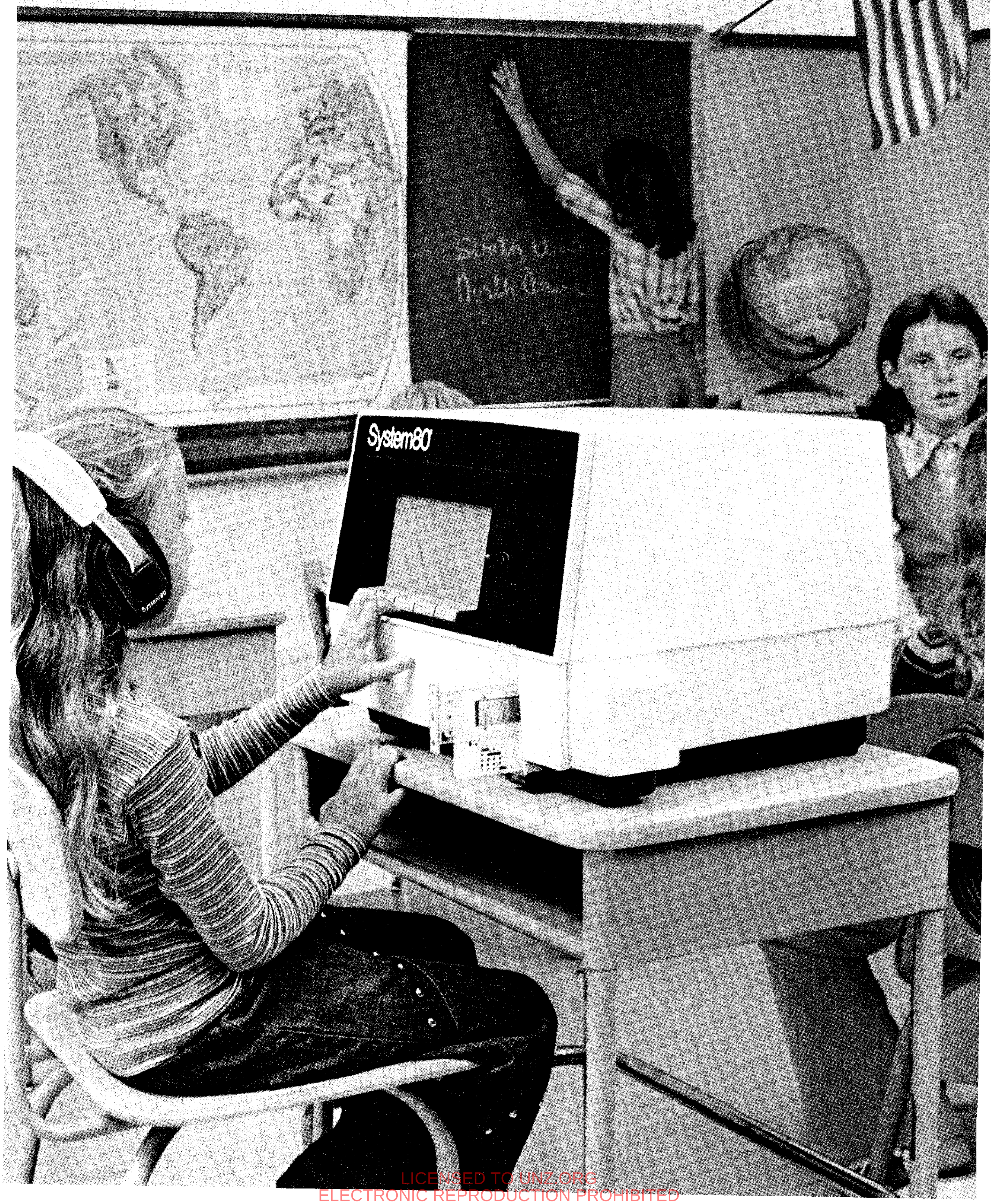

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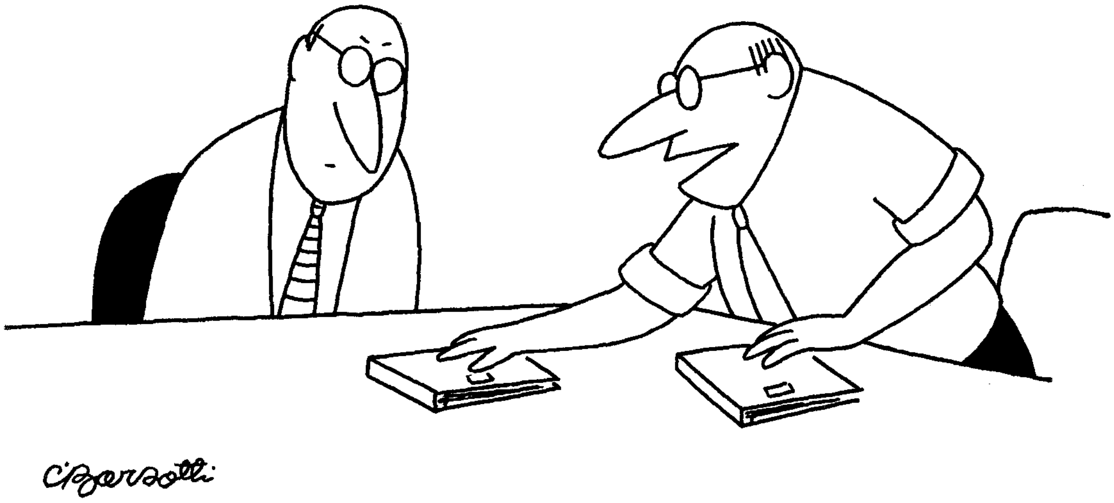
LETTER FROM NEW DELHI

FOR some days in June, the front pages of the newspapers here were taken up with the fate of an elephant named Sunderkali, carrying huge pictures and running banner headlines such as "CAN ANYONE SAVE SUNDERKALI?," " 'TRUNK CALL' FOR MERCY," "SUNDERKALI DIES AFTER GETTING ON HER FEET." The news stories concerned a thirty-two-year-old cow elephant that, over the years, had paraded in a Republic Day pageant and, festooned with posters and contraceptive devices, had ambled about the city advertising medical remedies and spreading the gospel of family planning. One day, she had tripped and broken a leg, and after hobbling around for four weeks had buckled and lain down on a roadside near a bridge. Her mahout was distraught—his very livelihood depended on her—but, try as he might, he could not get her to raise herself. A crowd of passersby began keeping vigil by her side, and fortune-tellers, homeopaths, and practitioners of ancient Ayur-Vedic medicine flocked to her and tried their arts. The central government began issuing regular medical bulletins on the elephant's condition. The Minister of Agriculture, Surjit Singh Barnala, ordered his officials to see that she be given the best treatment in the government's power. Specialists and surgeons were summoned from hundreds of miles around—from veterinary hospitals, agricultural colleges, great zoos. They operated on her leg and set it in a cast; a crane and a steel assembly raised her to her feet. She stood unassisted for two hours, and then had a heart attack and died. "Sunderkali was as much a friend of the *high and mighty* as she was of the slum dwellers," commented the *Statesman*.

At the same time, New Delhi, like much of the country, was preoccupied with a severe power shortage. The electrical system routinely sloughed off sections of the city by turns, plunging them for two to four hours a day into hot, still, rancid darkness, like the inside of a dead elephant's mouth. The fans would slow down and stop, and flies land in swarms and stick to the skin; refrigerators would go off, and foods spoil; water pumps would quit, and the toilets wouldn't work. Owners of these modern conveniences would pounce on their newspapers, searching for the load-shedding schedules as eagerly as for the weather report, scanning the skies for a sign of rain. They had always looked forward to the monsoon rain, which cools the air, even if it does spawn countless varieties of crawling and flying insects, but now they were learning that the same rain also feeds hydroelectric power plants. And when there was electricity the use of air-conditioners was banned during the day. Inspectors roamed the streets and checked for violators, who could have their electricity shut down for four days and nights. By nine o'clock in the evening, however, when the appetite of industry was appeased, the electrical system allowed air-conditioners everywhere to be turned on; people who might have spent the day making visits to relatives or friends on a different load-shedding schedule, looking for a fan and an iced drink, could finally be at rest at home.

The load shedding was indiscriminate, sparing neither houses nor shops, neither offices nor factories, neither railway stations nor godowns. It was nothing less than power famine, conjuring up the ghost of pre-British village India and warning that the artifice of the electrically powered city, with its air-cooled shops and offices, its assembly lines, its traffic lights, its trains, was much more fragile than the ancient, mudlamp-lit village of the poor. For a few hours, the temporary victims of load shedding and the permanent victims of poverty were united by their sweat, and they might as well have belonged to the same class. New York-style blackout looting and arson, however, were unknown here, because the Indian poor still have an awareness of community and God, and live under the injunction of a fatalistic moral code. In fact, the New York blackout of July was scarcely mentioned here. It would have been like explaining the poverty of Harlem to the poor of Old Delhi's Jama Masjid—to whom the American poor would seem to live in unimaginable affluence—or like trying to arouse sympathy for someone with a headache in someone dying of a brain tumor. The onset of the monsoon rain obviated load shedding, making people quickly forget that, with the passing of the years, Indian power shortages have become increasingly widespread, acute, and frequent.

But what exercised people here even more than the fate of Sunderkali or the lights going out in their houses was the question of former Prime Minister Indira Gandhi's future. Since her defeat in March, everyone had been asking, "Will she be arrested and tried?" Many people are convinced that she committed Watergate-type crimes during the Emergency—a general term for her constitutional dictatorship, which lasted from June, 1975, to January, 1977. People here were both anticipating and dreading the prospect that the police would escort her to jail. They felt that not to hold her accountable—and thus punishable—for those supposed crimes because she had been Prime Minister and was Jawaharlal Nehru's daughter was, of course, inequitable, but they also felt that no matter how carefully the new government might develop its case against her, no matter how solid its evidence against her might be, her arrest and trial would smack of political vengeance and might prepare the way for her return to office. For a long time, it looked as if she would be tried only in the press and in the court of public opinion. On October 3rd, however, the new government arrested her on charges that she had coerced two Indian companies to donate a hundred



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and fourteen jeeps for the Congress Party's use in the Parliamentary election campaign of March—and then refurbished and sold the jeeps to the Army as new equipment—and that she had conspired to award a government contract to a French oil company, whose bid was twelve million dollars more than the bid of an American oil company. Although the government claimed that its case was "iron-clad," its initial presentation was so clumsy and incompetent that the judge who heard the case dismissed it for lack of evidence and released Mrs. Gandhi. Even if the government wins the appeal that it has filed, the decision has given Mrs. Gandhi enormous political advantage by throwing into doubt the government's motives for proceeding against her in the first place. The government may have been goaded into action by events in Pakistan, where former Prime Minister Zulfikar Ali Bhutto had been arraigned for conspiracy to murder a political opponent, or by Mrs. Gandhi's ever more strident criticisms of its new leaders in her ever more numerous speaking tours through the country, or by its wish to divert attention from its own increasingly apparent inability to deal quickly with India's huge problems. Whatever the reason (or reasons), by the largely symbolic act of arresting her the government may have helped to resurrect Mrs. Gandhi politically from the ashes of the Emergency.

THE Janata, or People's, Party, which in March's Parliamentary elections overthrew Mrs. Gandhi and ended thirty years of Congress Party rule of the central government, is spoken of here as a person in its own right. "It's Janata raj now," people say, or "It's Janata who now sits in Mrs. Gandhi's chair and gives orders." When the lights went off, people cursed Janata, and when the lights went back on, people gave thanks to Janata. The Janata Cabinet, led by eighty-one-year-old Prime Minister Morarji Desai, is spoken about as if it were a Hindu god with many heads and more arms, the apotheosis of the Cabinet's conflicting opinions and personalities.

People speak of the Janata victory as "the wave," "the cyclone," "the wind." It is as if the victory defied ordinary political analysis and can no more be understood than natural phenomena can. When I was last here—a few months before Mrs. Gandhi instituted the Emergency—people used to refer contemptuously to the poor who make up the bulk of the country's population

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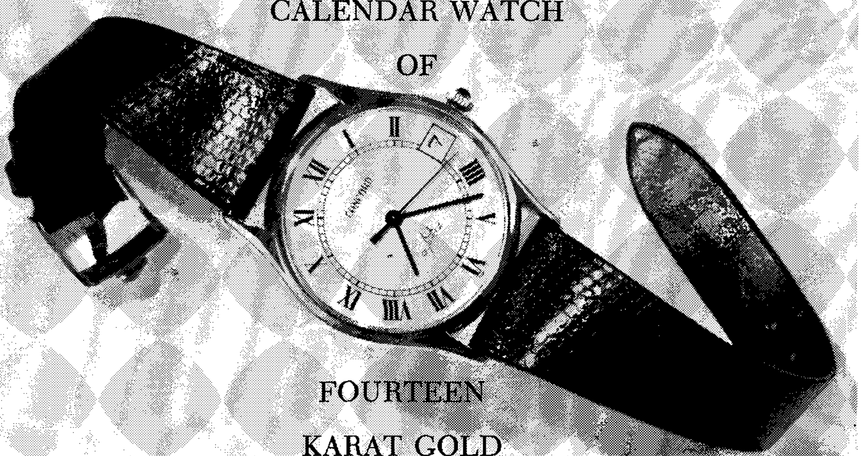
as "dumb millions," "ignorant masses," or, simply, "the blight." Nowadays, the same poor are spoken of as "the true democrats," "the saviors," "the salt of the earth." The name of Lincoln is often invoked in declarations that all the poor can't be fooled all the time. Astrologers are being consulted to find out what the poor are thinking, and they say that the conjunction of the stars suggests that another wave, cyclone, or whatever is in the offing. Slogans and jingles, ballads and folk songs, ghoulish tales and morality playlets are weaving an oral tradition around the Emergency, as if it had been the reign of a villainous monarch.

Most of the well-to-do people here depend on the government for their livelihood in one way or another, and hence belong to one official family. Perhaps as a consequence, they are obsessed with politics; that's all they seem to talk about, think about, joke about. This summer, members of the official family were gossiping and tittering about a ten-thousand-word document that had been encased in steel and buried forty feet underground at the Red Fort, the Mogul monument. The document was a time capsule prepared by Mrs. Gandhi's fallen government at a cost of thirty thousand rupees (four thousand dollars), and contained an account of Indian history from independence, on August 15, 1947, through August 15, 1972. It immortalized only seven people, three of whom turned out to be foreigners. In and out of Parliament, people were asking, "On whose authority was the capsule buried?" "Where is the relevant file?" "Who prepared the file?" "Who decided which names to preserve for posterity?" P. C. Chunder, Minister of Education, Social Welfare, and Culture, promised to launch an investigation and have the capsule dug up and its contents exposed. A professor named S. Krishnaswamy finally came forward and took responsibility for having provided the material for the time-capsule history. "The whole episode has now become so amusing that I feel tempted to write a history of this time capsule purely for its entertainment value," he wrote, in a letter to the press. "I wish to mention, particularly for the sake of those who have an academic interest in the subject, that my emphasis in my teaching and writing of history has been on the significant socioeconomic movements of the people rather than on the achievements or failures of individual leaders. This is the reason why the omission of the names of several of our national leaders



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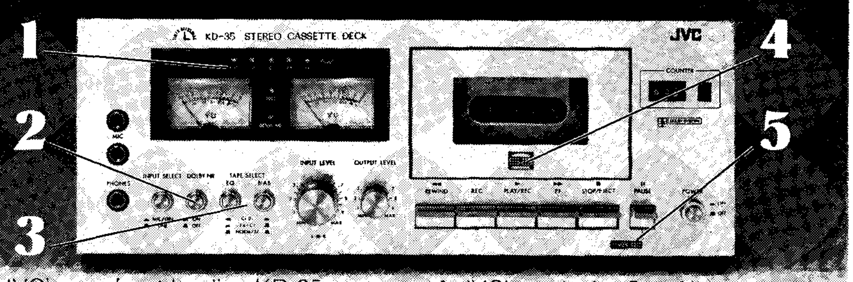

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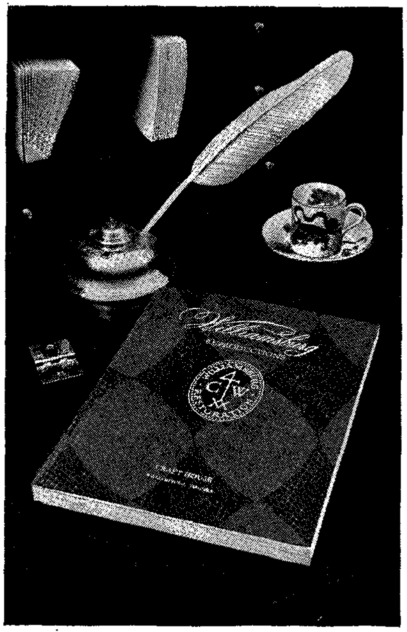

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occurred in my version of the capsule history." The Red Fort capsule is one of three time capsules bequeathed by Mrs. Gandhi's government. Meanwhile, the Janata government has announced that all the honorary titles bestowed on distinguished citizens every year since independence are forthwith revoked, because they were often unmerited and, furthermore, "unconstitutional." Anyone displaying his or her title on stationery, calling card, or signboard is to be prosecuted. The French sculptor Freda Brilliant, who had been working for many months on a Congress Party-commissioned seven-foot bronze statue of Mrs. Gandhi, was peremptorily informed by the new government that her commission was cancelled. Last year, a Hindu mother in the village of Karwar named her son Sanjay, after the son of Mrs. Gandhi, who was then, next to his mother, the most powerful person in the country. This year, on the baby's birthday, July 25th, she changed his name to Sanjiva, after Neelam Sanjiva Reddy, who on that day assumed office as the new President of India.

Few would deny the Janata government three important achievements: that it has restored civil liberties and re-established a rule of law; that it has helped to bolster the nation's democratic institutions; and that it has given the Indian political scene at least the appearance of a two-party system for the first time. But, leaving aside the period of Mrs. Gandhi's constitutional dictatorship, the difference between the Congress Party and the Janata Party seems, as time goes on, to be more one of style than of substance, more one of rhetoric than of policy. During the election campaign, Janata politicians presented themselves as austere and dedicated, in contrast to their Congress opponents, who were portrayed as self-indulgent and power-hungry. But once victorious, Janata politicians lost no time in moving into the big government bungalows and offices of their predecessors and surrounding themselves with the customary retinue of servants and clerks. Similarly, during the election campaign, the Janata Party excoriated the Emergency laws and amendments, but it has been quick to use them when doing so suited its purpose. It even resorted to the threat of the hated omnibus Forty-second Amendment, the foundation of Mrs. Gandhi's constitutional dictatorship, to force elections in June for the state legislatures—most of which were controlled by the Congress Party—on the ostensible ground that the legislatures' moral authority had been undermined by the Janata victory

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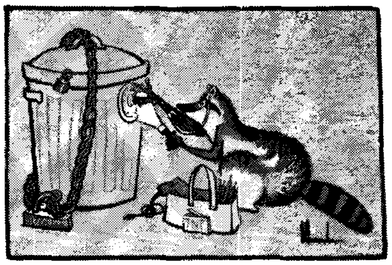

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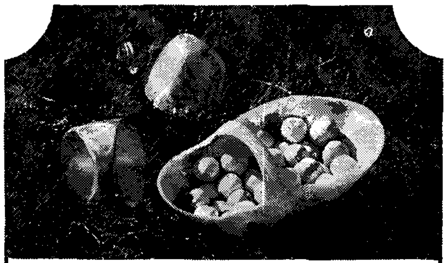

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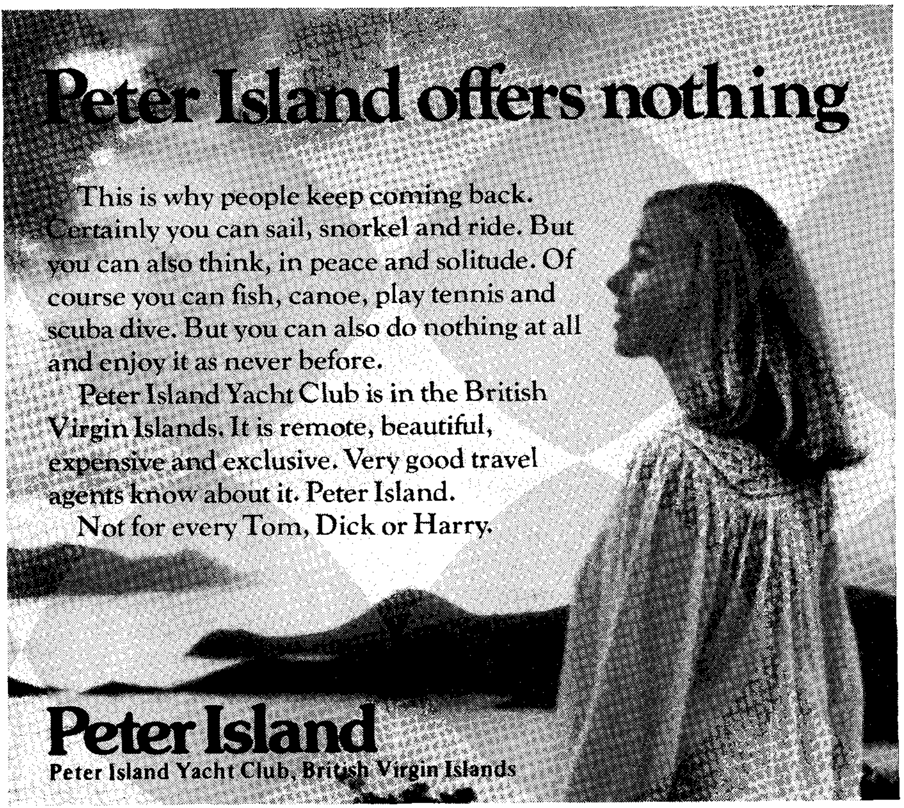
in the Parliamentary elections. As expected, the Janata Party was swept into power in most of the states.

Janata, a hasty ad-hoc alliance of disparate parties, came to national power on a negative, or protest, vote against the Emergency. It has neither a history nor an organization, neither an ideology nor a program, of its own. Most of the constituent parties of Janata started out as splinter groups of the Congress Party, and Janata is now encouraging large-scale defections from the Congress. The more these parties try to bury their past and change their identity in order to present a unified, new Janata front, the more they look like the Congress—but the Congress functioning in a political vacuum. Thus, Janata has sway over the whole country, but it may be standing on a patch of political quicksand.

Janata leaders often compare Mrs. Gandhi's Emergency rule with British colonial rule and speak of their overthrow of her as "the second nonviolent revolution," the Congress overthrow of the British being the first. Like the Congress governments, the Janata government is right of center but awash with socialist rhetoric. This contrast between political reality and political rhetoric has its roots in the contradiction between, on the one hand, India's huge size and low per-capita income (ranked ninety-ninth in the world), and, on the other, India's early Western-type industrialization and high gross national product (ranked ninth in the world). The Janata government, however—arguing that central planning has failed, because money and effort tend to be siphoned off into proliferating bureaucracy and regulations without ever reaching the villages—intends to depart from the policies of the Congress government in at least one respect: to deëmphasize the socialist concept of central planning for Western-type industrialization in favor of Mahatma Gandhi's concept of grass-roots schemes for small irrigation projects and cottage industries. With these grass-roots schemes, the Janata government hopes to build a power base that is more solid than a protest vote, but there is no assurance that these schemes will be effective. Moreover, critics say, five or ten years from now it may turn out that these schemes were impractical and that central planning, with all its shortcomings, was the only practical approach for a poor country in the twentieth century.

ONE night in July, a seventy-year-old widow, Mrs. Savitri Khanna, who worked as head housekeeper at the



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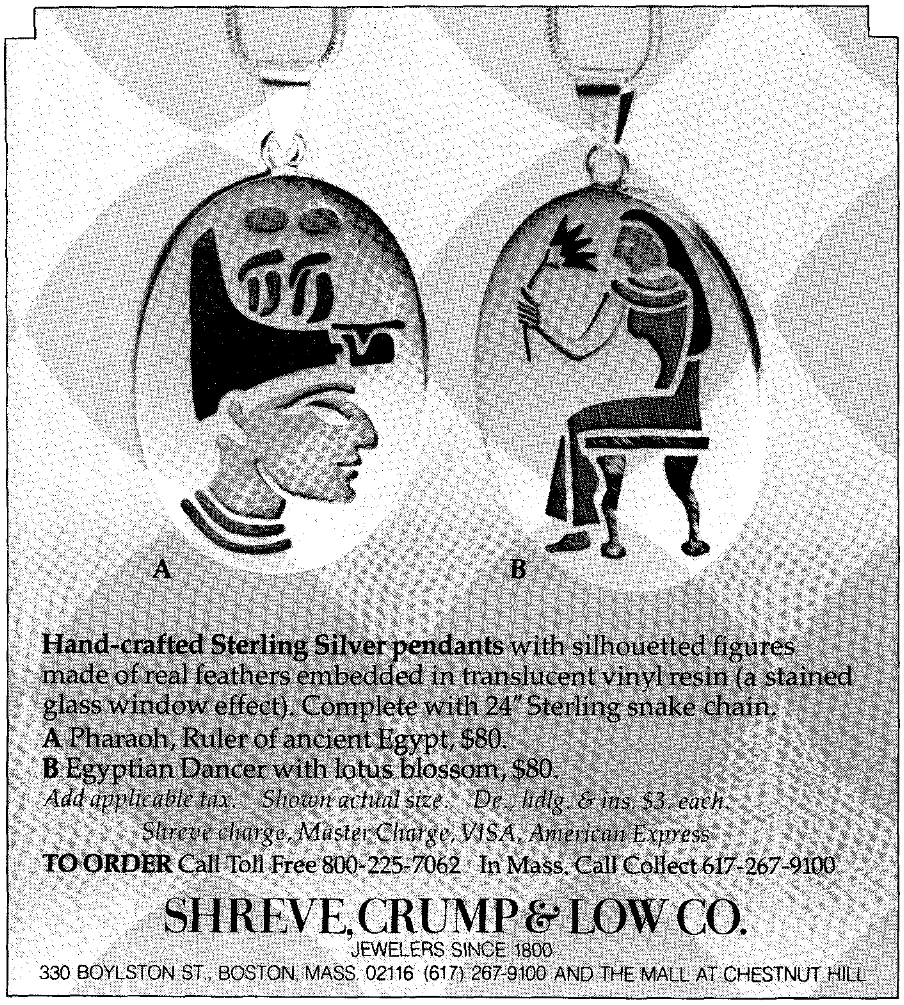

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best hotel here, the Oberoi Intercontinental, and who lived alone in one of the best sections of the city, Defense Colony, was found murdered in her bed, strangled, with many knife wounds. The next day, a conversation in a hotel lobby went: "She used to provide Sanjay and his friends with girls and hotel rooms during the Emergency—they had to get rid of her." "That's why they stabbed her so many times—they had to make sure she was really dead." The *Times of India*, in its story about the murder, noted: "Among the visitors to her house today were Mr. Dinesh Singh, M.P. [at one time, Mrs. Gandhi's Minister of External Affairs], and Mr. Mohammed Yunus, former special envoy to Mrs. Indira Gandhi." In reality, the woman had retired from her job at the hotel in the early months of the Emergency, before Sanjay had attained his enormous power; a former house servant and an accomplice were eventually arrested and charged with Mrs. Khanna's murder, with the motive of robbery.

Another day, a man on a bicycle was coming out of the post office and was run over by a car. The city was lit with more rumors: "Sanjay has had his cook killed." "No, it was Sanjay's cook's son—he knew more than the cook." "No, no, it was Sanjay's driver—he knew the most of all." In reality, the dead man had worked in some capacity in Mrs. Gandhi's house, but no one could find out what he knew, if anything.

Other scandals are even more elusive. Several politicians have produced evidence in Parliament that when Mrs. Gandhi realized in March that she might lose the election, she attempted to coerce the personal physician of Jagjivan Ram—Jagjivan Ram, her Minister of Agriculture, was one of her strongest lieutenants during the Emergency, but he had turned against her in the early days of the campaign—to get the turncoat admitted to a hospital as a heart patient so that he would be immobilized in the crucial last weeks of the campaign. Other politicians have charged that Mrs. Gandhi was responsible for the death, in February, of Fakhruddin Ali Ahmed, the President of India. They give this scenario: Although she knew he was convalescing from a heart attack, she rushed him back from Malaysia, where he had gone on a tour, and then paid him a secret visit in the middle of the night and insisted that he cancel the elections and declare martial law. (According to this scenario, she knew as early as February, soon after she called the elec-

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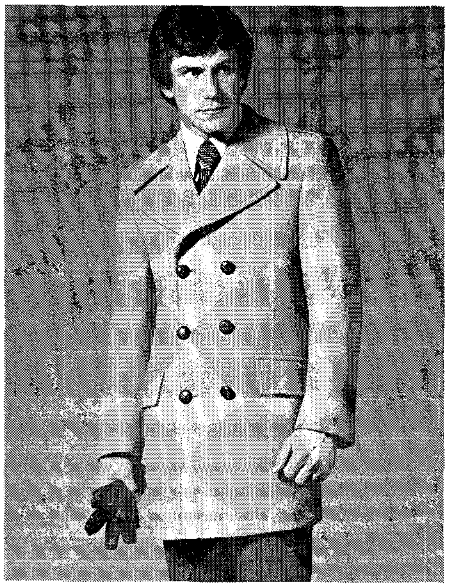

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tions and Jagjivan Ram defected, that she had blundered, that her political life was in peril.) Fakhruddin Ali Ahmed refused. She ranted and raved at him. He became so agitated that he suffered another heart attack and died.

Newspapers regularly publish names and addresses of people who were tortured and killed during the Emergency, sometimes on the personal orders of Sanjay, sometimes by police officers trying to curry favor with the Gandhi family. But these reports, for all their air of authenticity, are hard to check out. Likewise, printing presses regularly publish pamphlets and tracts attacking Sanjay: "VIP Car Thief?" tells about teen-ager Sanjay stealing and smashing a car, and portrays him as an overgrown delinquent; "Maruti to Mafia" tells about Sanjay's establishing a huge factory just outside New Delhi to produce his car, the Maruti, and then also using it as a front for criminal activities, and portrays him as a Mafia figure. But such pamphlets and tracts have only muddied the waters. Again, an investigative report in a local weekly claims that on the night of Mrs. Gandhi's defeat one of Sanjay's emissaries plane-hopped from New Delhi to the Maldives to Sri Lanka, taking a circuitous route and returning within a week, so that his journey could not be traced nor his absence noticed. The report insinuates that the agent was on a secret mission to place Sanjay's Emergency loot out of the reach of the new government. The report, however, was pieced together from doubtful airline-ticket and baggage records, and hence is more conjecture than fact. And again one day the *Statesman* splashed on its front page a photograph of a bank draft that it had obtained from an anonymous reader, purporting to show that Sanjay had transferred money to his wife's account in Switzerland. The photograph was published on the same day as the news of the military coup in Pakistan and all but overshadowed the event. The draft was immediately seized upon as documentary proof that Sanjay had huge sums of money hidden away in secret foreign accounts, and there were cries in Parliament for a full-fledged inquiry. After weeks of uproar, investigation, and representations to the Swiss government, the Janata government reluctantly concluded that the draft was a fake.

Many scandals of Mrs. Gandhi's regime, however, do seem more tangible, perhaps because they are enmeshed in court proceedings. One case concerns the theft and destruction of a film satirizing Sanjay and Mrs. Gandhi and

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entitled "Kissa Kursi Ka" ("Tale of a Chair"). In July, 1975, Mrs. Gandhi's government confiscated the negative and all the prints of the film, whereupon its producer, one Amrit Nahata, petitioned the Supreme Court to get his film back, but the following November, eleven days before the film's scheduled screening in the Court, the confiscated material mysteriously disappeared, leaving the producer without the film—the evidence for his petition. It is now alleged that Sanjay, R. K. Dhawan, private secretary to Mrs. Gandhi, and V. C. Shukla, her Minister for Information and Broadcasting, burned the film in the sanctity of Sanjay's car factory. Another case concerns Maruti, Ltd., which owned the car factory. Sanjay and its other directors stand charged with fraud and embezzlement. (The car factory is now shut down, and the company is in liquidation proceedings.) Still another case links Sanjay to the murder of a dacoit named Sunder, sung and celebrated as a local Robin Hood. The story runs that Sanjay and Sunder were chums but had fallen out over—among other things—a forced-sterilization program promoted by Sanjay, which involved mass vasectomies. Sunder saw the program as an affront to the poor and addressed several threatening letters to Sanjay, swearing that he would avenge the suffering of the poor with Sanjay's blood. Soon after, he was arrested, and the two met in public. Sanjay, a self-styled near-monarch, slapped Sunder, and Sunder, a handcuffed prisoner, spat in Sanjay's face. It is alleged that, not long after, Sanjay had Sunder bound, gagged, and drowned in the night.

Perhaps the most scandalous rumor concerns the death of Sanjay's father-in-law, Lieutenant Colonel T. S. Anand, early in June. Some say that it was murder, others that it was suicide. Proponents of the murder theory maintain that Sanjay had his father-in-law killed because he was the weak link in Sanjay's defense in his sundry court cases, while proponents of the suicide theory maintain that the Colonel was so depressed by his knowledge of Sanjay's crimes that he did himself in. The arguments for either theory remain inconclusive, not least because the murder or suicide weapon has yet to be found. Under the headline "DEAD MEN TELL NO TALES," a story in *India Today*—a local aspirant to the journalism of American news weeklies—cites the few known facts and sets out the arguments favoring each theory:

The fact: The body was lying in the open for two days and yet seemed to have been left untouched by vultures, dogs etc.

In favour of murder: The deduction could be that Col. Anand was shot dead somewhere else and his body brought and carefully placed in the open field.

In favour of suicide: Police say that there have been incidents when the body has lain outside for ten days without being touched by vultures.

The fact: The position of the body was a little too neat, with hands by the side and the legs straight out.

In favour of murder: The possibility that the body was laid out in the position after the murder had been committed.

In favour of suicide: There have been instances when the hand drops to the side. The fact that forensic experts have said that he was shot in a prone position could be interpreted to mean that he had first lain down and then shot himself.

The fact: There were three newspapers and an empty carton usually meant to carry batteries in which some "heavy object" was carried.

In favour of suicide: That Col. Anand carried the revolver in the empty carton and, depressed by reading the newspapers all of which carried stories about Sanjay and his misdeeds, shot himself.

In favour of murder: The three newspapers were old issues and one of them had been given to Col. Anand to fan himself. It is improbable that Col. Anand had not been following the charges against Sanjay in the press every day. Further there is no evidence to show that Col. Anand had carried or carries his firearms with him.

The fact: A small note identified as being written by Col. Anand which said: "Sanjay worry unbearable."

In favour of suicide: That this was a suicide note.

In favour of murder: That with his army background Col. Anand would have written a far fuller note. If he was meticulous enough to spread out newspapers beneath his head, lie down in a rigid position before shooting himself he would definitely have written a full suicide note.

The fact: There were no signs of struggle and the blood trickle showed that it was a clean shot.

In favour of suicide: Forensic reports that the lack of struggle and the nature of the wound would point to suicide.

Conclusion: In the seesaw tussle between the murder and suicide theories what perhaps has been overlooked is that the possibility of murder cannot be overlooked even if all the evidence points to suicide. The police have not given any clue as to the details of the post-mortem but there is a possibility that Col. Anand was drugged and then shot at point-blank range. In the case of drugging, the position of body, the nature of the wound, the apparent absence of any sign of struggle could all be explained.

Whether it is suicide or murder by drugging, the police eagerness to write it off as suicide seems to be a little surprising. What is wanted is a thorough probe—and for once not by the blundering Delhi Police.

Other rumors and charges in the press, Parliament, and the courts implicate Mrs. Gandhi herself in crimes. It is said, for instance, that her cupboards used to "burst open with pack-

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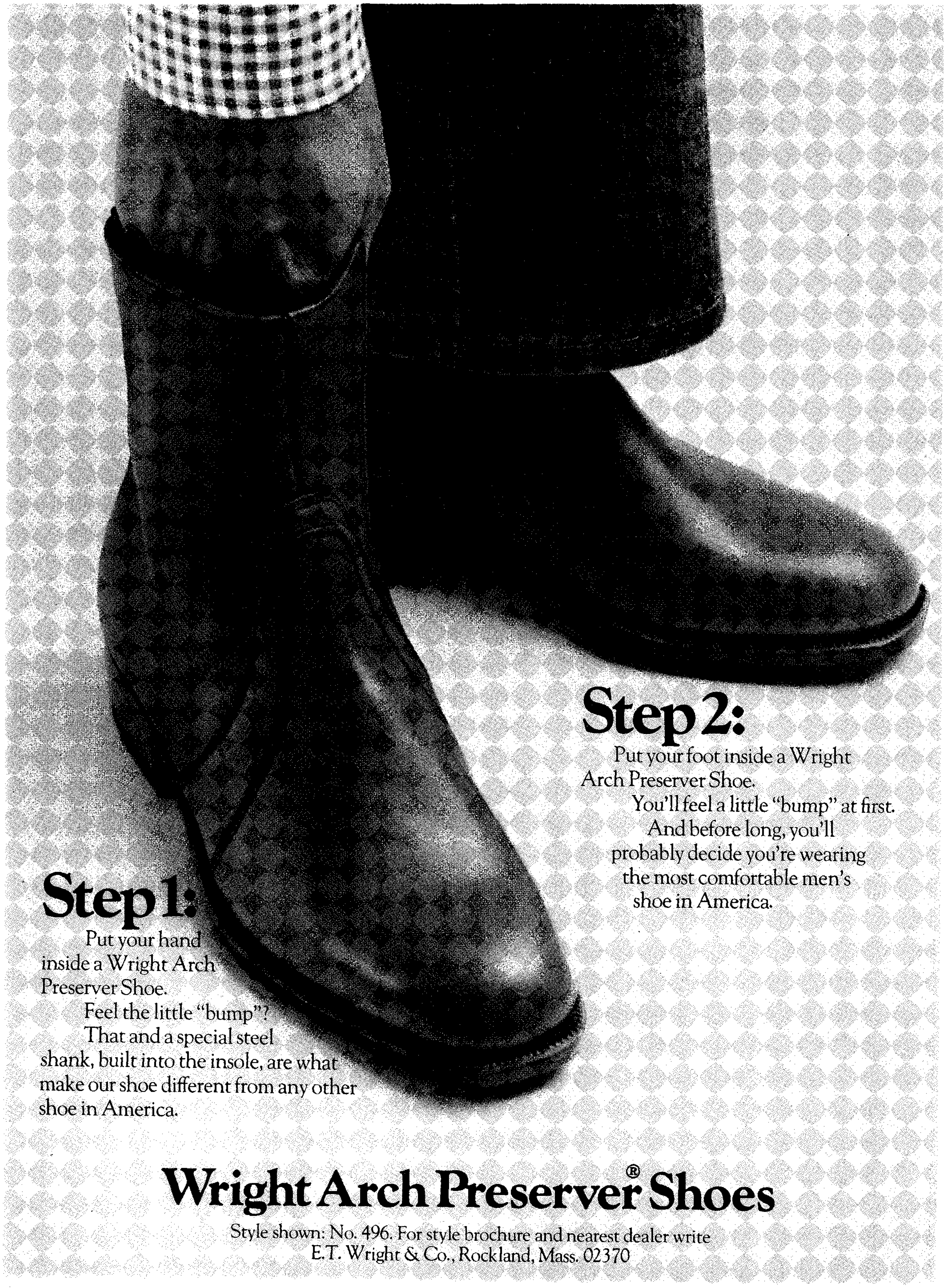

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ets of hundred-rupee notes" and that she smuggled some Congress Party money abroad as a "nest egg." But the most bizarre case concerns what has come to be known here as the Nagarwala affair. On the morning of May 24, 1971, one V. P. Malhotra, chief cashier of the Parliament Street branch of the State Bank of India, in New Delhi, supposedly received a telephone call from Prime Minister Indira Gandhi, who told him that she had an urgent need for money. Malhotra took six million rupees in hundred-rupee notes from the bank vault, put the money into a trunk, loaded the trunk into a staff car, and drove away. At an appointed place, he met one Rustom Sohrab Nagarwala. Malhotra asked him, "*Aap kis desh ka babuji—bharat ka?*" ("You are from what country, sir—from India?") Whereupon, Nagarwala replied, "*Mai Bangla Desh ka, babuji*" ("I am from Bangladesh, sir"). This exchange of previously agreed upon passwords identified Nagarwala as Mrs. Gandhi's emissary, and Malhotra turned the trunk over to him. Following Nagarwala's instructions, Malhotra appeared at Mrs. Gandhi's residence for a receipt, but failed to get it or to see her. He then went to a police station and reported that he had been the victim of a fraud. By nightfall, police had arrested Nagarwala and recovered almost all the money. In due course, Nagarwala confessed that he had duped Malhotra by imitating Mrs. Gandhi's voice on the telephone. The affair became a topic of discussion in Parliament, where some opposition members alleged that Mrs. Gandhi was keeping a secret account in the State Bank for Party and personal use. But at the time, Mrs. Gandhi was almost at the peak of her power; the case was quickly disposed of and the affair silenced. Subsequently, Nagarwala died in jail, and the officer who had been in charge of the investigation was killed in a road accident. Now, six years after the embezzlement, the affair has become a subject of public inquiry, like everything else connected with mother and son and the Emergency.

Jayantilal C. Shah, the former Chief Justice, is heading a commission with a sweeping mandate to examine all aspects of the Emergency: forced sterilization and the relocation of the urban poor; arrests of political prisoners and their maltreatment; abuse of authority and of established government procedures. "There is no parallel to this inquiry in all the previous inquiries held by the Central and State Governments in India," a press note from the Ministry of

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Home Affairs observed, "In fact, there is no parallel to this inquiry even as regards inquiries held by similar Commissions or Tribunals in the United States, U.K., etc. . . . The scope of this inquiry is truly gigantic in nature." Other commissions, fact-finding committees, departmental bodies are inquiring specifically into the riots over Sanjay's sterilization policy in Delhi's Turkman Gate area, in April, 1976; into allegations of corruption against Mrs. Gandhi's Minister of Defense, Bansi Lal; and so on. During the Emergency, Maruti, Ltd., which never really succeeded in producing a single roadworthy car, grew into many affiliated Maruti concerns—Maruti Heavy Vehicles Private, Ltd., Maruti Technical Services, Ltd., and others. The commission empanelled to investigate this group of companies has aroused the most public interest here, possibly because Sanjay's obsession with his Maruti is considered to be one of the underlying causes of Mrs. Gandhi's downfall. The commission is to examine why and how Sanjay received a government monopoly to produce his notorious car: Did the directors of Maruti, Ltd., violate any laws in acquiring land for their car factory; in raising capital; in pressuring car dealers to order Maruti cars; in financial dealings with friends, relatives, and dependents; in obtaining scarce, controlled commodities like steel and cement; in profiting from foreign-exchange transactions with foreign collaborators? The Janata government has filed a series of suits charging Sanjay and other directors of at least three of the Maruti concerns with corruption. The government alleges in one suit that the directors of Maruti, Ltd., conspired with the officials of the Delhi Transport Corporation to receive overpayment, to the tune of a hundred and twenty thousand rupees, for some Maruti buses. The government alleges in another suit that the directors of Maruti Heavy Vehicles Private, Ltd., conspired with officials of the Oil and Natural Gas Commission, and supplied the commission with some defective road rollers, even passing off as new Maruti equipment some old, unserviceable rollers manufactured by another firm. The government alleges in still another suit that the directors of Maruti Technical Services, Ltd., in collusion with the officials of the Municipal Corporation of Delhi, fraudulently obtained a contract worth two million one hundred thousand rupees to sell the municipality a chemical called Quick Floc Polymix for the treatment of the municipal water supply, with full knowl-

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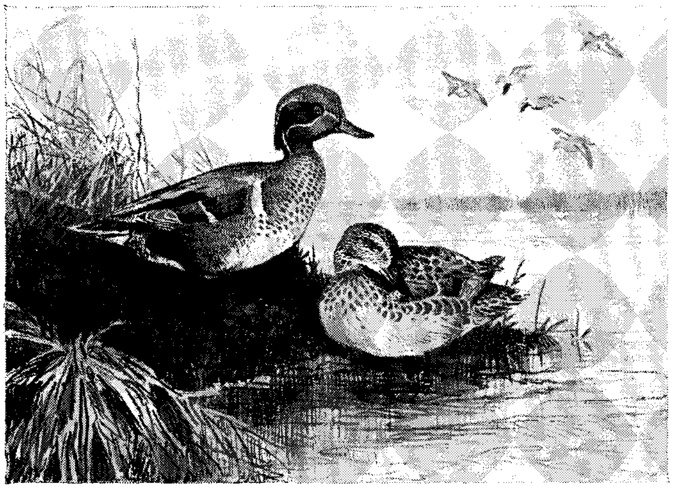

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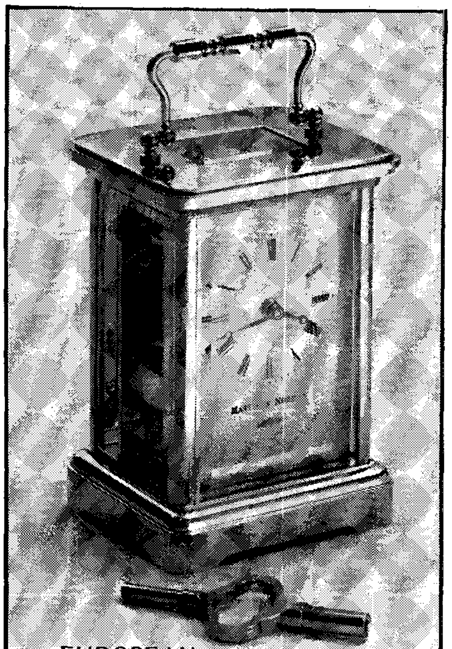
edge that the chemical might be toxic.

The progress of the various inquiries and cases is bogged down, however, because officials say that enough men of stature cannot be found in the country. Some well-known candidates have disqualified themselves because of conflict of interest or because of the appearance of partiality. Others, though eager to serve, have been disqualified by their chameleonlike role during and since the Emergency. Thus, after half a dozen justices and ex-justices had declined the offer to head the commission to investigate the group of Maruti companies, D. S. Mathur, former Chief Justice of the Allahabad High Court, was prevailed upon to accept the task. Mathur was considered to be a good choice because, in 1971, he had been instrumental in the appointment to the Allahabad High Court of Justice Jag Mohan Lal Sinha, who four years later had given the judgment against Mrs. Gandhi in the renowned Allahabad election case, in which she was found guilty of corrupt electoral practices, and which precipitated the Emergency. But Mathur's inquiry had hardly got under way when his old protégé, Justice Sinha, suggested that he was partial to the Gandhi family. Sinha claimed that Mathur had tried to influence Sinha's decision in the Allahabad election case by calling on him after dark with a message from Mrs. Gandhi and saying, "It is settled that today you decide the case in favour of [Mrs.] Gandhi and tomorrow you go to the Supreme Court." Justice Mathur was now engulfed in a scandal of his own, and he immediately stepped down from the commission, declaring in his letter of resignation:

> I retired as Chief Justice of the Allahabad High Court in 1974 with an unblemished 38 years' record as magistrate and judge, happy in the regard and respect of the bench and the bar for whatever I was able to do to uphold the independence, integrity, and dignity of the judiciary. I had not expected this record to be sought to be tarnished when I came out of retirement to try and help a national cause by accepting the inquiry commission.
>
> The entire manner in which insinuations against me have been made deserves thorough investigation. I believe it will be in the public interest to have an investigation made.

So it is that before Emergency inquiries can get very far there must be other inquiries, and no one can say where the process of inquiry will end.

In the meantime, the Janata government arrested, on Independence Day, in August, ten Gandhi associates, among them Dhawan; Dhawan's brother and his father; Yashpal Kapoor,



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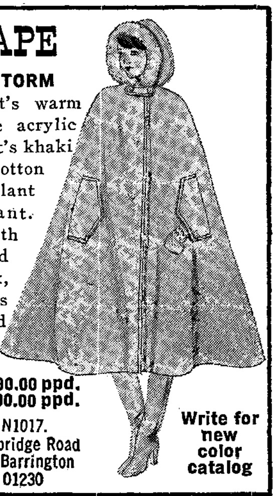

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manager of Mrs. Gandhi's 1971 election campaign, whose political activities had led to Sinha's judgment against Mrs. Gandhi; and P. C. Sethi, treasurer of the Congress Party and Mrs. Gandhi's Minister of Chemicals and Fertilizers. These arrests were followed within a few days by that of Bansi Lal, perhaps Sanjay's closest associate. Dhawan, Kapoor, Sethi, and Lal (together with Shukla, Pranab Mukerjee, and Om Mehta) formed "the Sanjay caucus," which, it is generally accepted now, practically ruled the country during much of the Emergency. They all stand charged with siphoning off Congress Party funds into bogus companies and from there into their own pockets. Among the most recent arrests, in addition to Mrs. Gandhi's, were those of H. R. Gokhale, Mrs. Gandhi's Minister of Law; K. D. Malaviyah, Mrs. Gandhi's Minister of Petroleum; and D. P. Chattopadhyaya, Mrs. Gandhi's Minister of Commerce. Although all the suspects are free pending trial, their arrests were in defiance of the spirit of the government's own inquiries, not to mention its leaders' witness that jail in India confers martyrdom and thereby becomes a route to high public office. George Fernandes, who stood for Parliament from jail and won, and is now Minister of Industry in the Janata government, would have been convicted of criminal charges, such as using violence to overthrow the Emergency government, if, after Mrs. Gandhi's fall, the Janata government had not summarily dismissed all charges against him. Who can say how the wheel of political fortune will turn?

MRS. GANDHI had withdrawn from public life for a time after the fall of her government, but gradually and methodically she came out of her seclusion, increasingly conducting herself as though the Emergency had not happened, or, at least, as though its aberrations—just as some of her apologists charged—had been the fault of her zealous advisers, perpetrated without her knowledge. Despite her own defeat for the Parliamentary seat from Rae Bareli, she began to talk as if she were still the leader of the Congress Party. For instance, in April, scarcely three weeks after that defeat, she sent this open letter to D. K. Borooah, the retiring president, to be circulated among the members of the Congress Working Committee:

> It is a matter of sorrow for all of us that the Congress has lost the battle of the ballot. But it is good that the change

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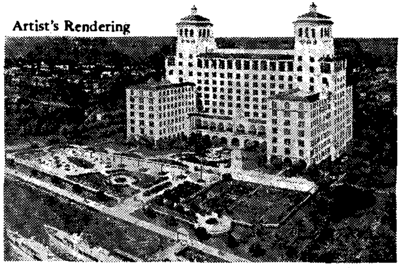

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from one Government to the other has been peaceful and orderly. We respectfully bow to the verdict of the people and we wish the new Government stability and success in the service of the people. We always give first priority to the interests of the country. As we have already indicated we shall extend our coöperation to the Government for programmes for the welfare of the people. . . .

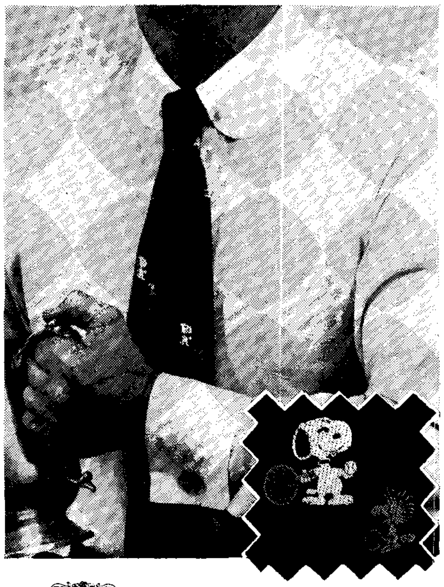
So far as I am concerned I should like to make it clear that as one who led the Government, I unreservedly own full responsibility for this defeat. I am not interested in finding alibis or excuses for myself, nor am I interested in shielding anyone. I have no caucus to defend or group to fight. I have never functioned as a faction leader.

This is a moment for introspection by each one of us. We have shared days of joy and sorrow. The Congress has had trials and tribulations but it has also reached historic heights, both in the pre- and post-independence periods. The Congress has made an impact not only in India, but in one way or the other all over the world. It has striking achievements to its credit in the economic, scientific and international spheres. The economy was put on a sound basis and brought to a point where it was poised for rapid growth. A time may come when a more objective appreciation in this regard will be made even by those who are our critics today.

It is true that we failed to carry conviction with the people in winning a majority. Yet, if I may say so with utmost humility, even now the Congress remains the only organized national party existing in all parts of our country. It has a crucial role to play at this critical moment in Indian history. Those who have voted for it and those who have voted it out have many hopes and expectations from the Congress and the Congress cannot disappoint them. [Hundreds of thousands] of Congress workers all over the country are ready to face the new situation bravely. We must come closer to them and encourage their determination. . . .

The people of India have given me warm, unbounded love and affection over the years. With the assistance of my colleagues, I tried to serve them as best and as honestly as I could. I am aware of the anger with which they have voted us out. I own responsibility for this. During my election meetings and elsewhere, I have expressed my sorrow for any hardship or harassment which they experienced in the implementation of some of our programmes. We must all learn lessons from the past and be prepared to face the future and the consequences of our action. I shall continue to serve the people.

Everyone had expected the Party to repudiate Mrs. Gandhi's leadership, but the letter had its intended mollifying effect. Then, on May 5th, when the All-India Congress Committee met in New Delhi to elect a new president, she paid a surprise visit and spoke to the members penitently, at one point breaking into tears. The assembled had never seen her cry before, and they were overwhelmed. Despite a few dis-



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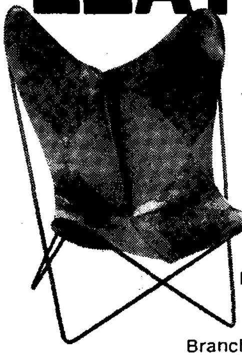

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sidents, they promptly rubber-stamped her choice of K. Brahmananda Reddy as the new Congress president, although he had been the nominal Home Affairs Minister during the Emergency, and so, technically, responsible for its excesses. The columnist S. Nihal Singh commented in the *Statesman:*

> Mrs. Gandhi proffered the merest nod of imperious acceptance of responsibility without repudiating any of her own or her son's actions. The other leaders were faced with the problem of how a party of guilty men should act. Each one of them had aided or abetted Mrs. Gandhi in the Emergency, and lesser Congressmen had at the very least acquiesced. By choosing to blame "aberrations" and "deviations" and the "caucus" for the unspeakable crimes committed and the degradation to which the country was subjected, the dissidents had lost the battle even before challenging Mrs. Gandhi's nominee for the party's presidency. . . .
>
> Having been schooled in double-think during the Emergency, the leaders of the Congress Party have refused to be honest with the people in analyzing the enormity of their individual and collective guilt in promoting what a foreign observer aptly described as vegetarian fascism.

After Mrs. Gandhi's successful visit to the Congress Working Committee, she began making a growing number of carefully planned, well-timed appearances. She would drop by at embassies to help celebrate national days, staying long enough to be seen—without, however, saying anything. But around the middle of July she seized the political initiative, and it so happened that the opportunity to do so was given her by Charan Singh, who is the Minister of Home Affairs, and, in power and influence, second only to the Prime Minister. On July 13th, he made a speech in Parliament in which he levelled the now famous charge that Mrs. Gandhi's government had been "thinking" of liquidating the opposition leaders she had jailed during the Emergency. He said that there could be no question of "forgive and forget." The government was not a body of holy men, and it was irrelevant whether the guilty person was "he" or "she"—an indirect reference, of course, to Mrs. Gandhi. Charan Singh offered only one piece of evidence for his "liquidation" charge: a statement in the Supreme Court by Mrs. Gandhi's Attorney General, Niren De, claiming that, in theory, the Emergency ordinance suspended all rights of a citizen and empowered the government to imprison anyone if it liked, to starve any prisoner if it liked, even to kill him, and there could be no remedy in the courts. (In De's words, "No one could claim the

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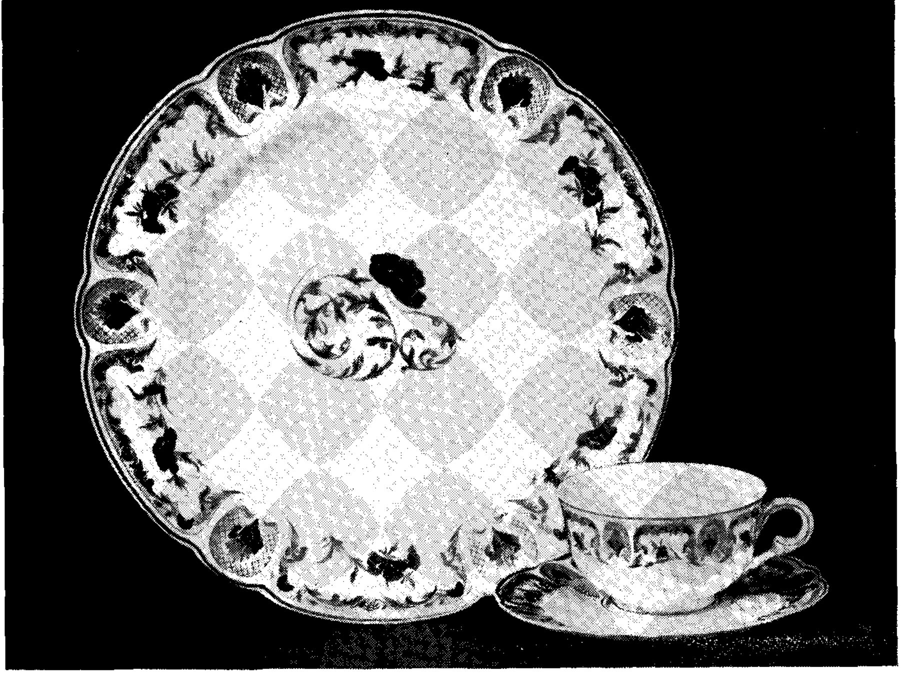

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right to live.") The Congress members on the opposition benches were stung by Charan Singh's charge. The next day, he repeated it, and they asked him to withdraw it immediately unless he could produce evidence. But then they sensed that he had given them a real political issue, and they staged a walkout from Parliament, crying that all the Janata government's apparatus of commissions and legal proceedings was only a smoke screen for the true intention of the government to exact a primitive, peasant revenge from mother and son. The Congress members recalled that Charan Singh, who had been in Mrs. Gandhi's jails during the Emergency, was from peasant stock and was an old Nehru-family foe. Mrs. Gandhi herself was prompted to issue this public statement:

> Since the last [Parliamentary] elections, when in all humility I accepted the full responsibility for the heavy reverses suffered by my party, the Congress, in the northern States, I deliberately decided to keep away from politics and from personal and press publicity.
>
> The institution of various commissions, covering a wide range of activities connected with my period in office, had led to the expectation that the law would be allowed to take its course.
>
> However, I find that some leaders of the Janata Party Government are determined to pursue their smear campaign of character assassination inside and outside Parliament so as to denigrate not only me but the Congress Party as a whole. The Home Minister's recent statement about an alleged plan (or "thinking") in my Government to shoot down leaders of the Opposition in jail is shocking and preposterous and has no basis whatsoever. This is the very limit in malicious propaganda deliberately carried on by some leaders of the Janata Party. *It is difficult to see how* any one could rationally jump to such a wild conclusion on the basis of the theoretical and hypothetical arguments advanced by Mr. Niren De in the Supreme Court... Nothing of this nature was remotely contemplated. The whole idea is outrageous and could occur only to one who himself thinks along these lines. It is one more instance of the type of misrepresentation and insinuation which are current these days. In fact, Mr. Jaya Prakash Narayan, Mr. [Atal Behari] Vajpayee, Mr. Charan Singh himself and other prominent leaders were allowed out on parole on information of ill-health.
>
> That we believe in democracy is borne out by the fact that we took the major decision of holding elections which gave our people the opportunity of expressing their views and having a Government of their choice....
>
> I hope that the leaders of the Janata Party will at least now address themselves to the more serious and mounting problems affecting different sections of the people, especially industrial labour, farmers, the rural and urban poor, the minorities, the weaker sections and the middle classes. Immediate attention has to be given to the atrocities on [Untouchables], increasing lawlessness and spiralling prices.

Mrs. Gandhi's critics saw her public statement as an audacious attempt to appeal over the head of the Janata government to "industrial labour, farmers, the rural and urban poor, the minorities, the weaker sections and the middle classes"—that is, the whole country. They saw the statement as a perfect example of Nixonian rhetoric: she talked about "keeping away" from "press publicity" as if she had a choice in the matter; she talked about "the heavy reverses . . . in the northern States," which in fact were the end of thirty years of Congress rule; she talked about accepting "the full responsibility" but not the blame; she spoke about the commissions as if they were investigating her period in office instead of her abuse of that office.

Mrs. Gandhi followed her July statement with a pilgrimage, in August, to the ashram of the ascetic Vinoba Bhave, in Paunar, in central India. It was a bold step, calculated to draw wide publicity. Bhave was the leading disciple of Mahatma Gandhi—the patron saint of the Janata government—and for years Bhave himself had been patron saint of the Congress governments, so much so that he was nicknamed Government Saint. Bhave had first given his blessing to the Emergency, but later had become wary of it, only to be harassed and pilloried by the authorities. In June, 1976, Mrs. Gandhi's government had actually raided his ashram as a warning against meddling in affairs of state. Now, by going to him, she would be making amends for the raid, and he, by receiving her, would be forgiving her. In any case, her pilgrimage caught the public imagination, and all along the way she was greeted by throngs. She spent several days in private consultation with the ascetic, sitting at his feet, talking and meditating. She thus put the Janata leadership on notice that she was not as helpless and powerless as they had thought. For her part, the pilgrimage seemed to have emboldened her. It was the start of a campaign for personal rehabilitation, for she has been assuming a progressively prominent public role ever since. She came to feel so confident that one day in September she denied that Sanjay had had any responsibility for the excesses of the Emergency, and another day observed that she may well be Prime Minister again. In the new political climate, her friends began to explain away even her defeat in Rae Bareli, saying that her feckless staff took the campaign money, pocketed it,

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and sat on their hands, competing with one another to see who could get richer at her expense; no wonder, they say, she rues the day she ever trusted anyone. Her political emergence, coming as it did within six months of her staggering defeat, made some Janata leaders jittery about their own political prospects.

In private life, Mrs. Gandhi, with her two children—Sanjay and his older brother, Rajiv—their wives, and their children, moved out of the official Prime Minister's residence into a big rented house in a fashionable part of New Delhi, where she now works with a small staff of typists and assistants, most of whom are volunteers. She has seldom accepted invitations to private gatherings, but a few weeks before her arrest, she arrived at a small dinner in a chauffeur-driven Ambassador—an Indian-made car—with a government-provided bodyguard. At dinner, when she wasn't picking at her food, she was nervously folding and unfolding a small handkerchief, cupping and twisting it with her hands. She kept blinking as if she had something in her eye or had developed a twitch. She seemed bored and lonely and quite tense. Conversation was hesitant—discretion did not permit discussion of politics or any other controversial topic. She talked mostly about how difficult it was for her to find a good cook, how problematic it was to grow good avocados in India, and how children these days didn't get enough homework. Listening to her, one might have thought that she was a middle-class housewife who had travelled abroad and tasted foreign avocados, and who didn't feel that servants or schools were what they used to be. The occasion of the dinner was a sort of low-key celebration, for Mrs. Gandhi had just signed an agreement with her host, who was to write her official biography, in order to prepare the way for her eventual "comeback."

For many months now, Mrs. Gandhi's critics had been comparing her to Richard Nixon, pointing to—along with the similarity of their rhetoric—the contrast between their public and private faces, and referring to all the scandals connected with her regime as "India-gate." In fact, there is an India Gate in New Delhi; it is not an apartment complex but a war memorial.

THE Janata government has been in power only six months or so, but already one detects among members of the Establishment here a certain hopelessness and confusion. The old In-

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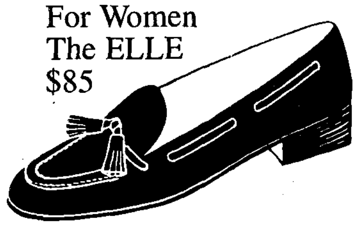

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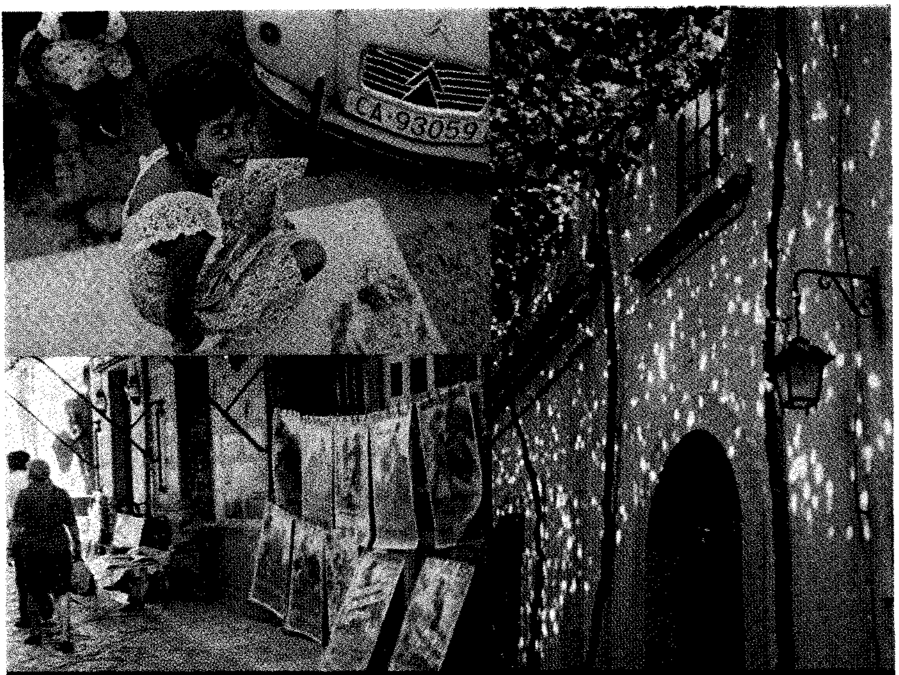
dian arrogance, which often masked a deep sense of inferiority, has been tempered by recent experience. In the past, intellectuals here were ready with glib Marxist or Gandhian, even Stalinist or Hitlerian, solutions to Indian problems, but the taste of Emergency dictatorship and the disappointment in the professedly Gandhian Janata government seem to have sobered them up.

The ministers in Prime Minister Morarji Desai's Cabinet are the most parochial men to rule the country since independence. They are more Indian in their background and outlook than were Nehru, Mrs. Gandhi, or many of their associates. They are preponderantly from the Hindi-speaking North, and few of them are particularly comfortable speaking English. Most of them are Hindus. Most of them have come to New Delhi by the route of local politics, through opposition or agitation. With the exception of H. M. Patel, the Janata Minister of Finance, none of them has distinguished himself in the Indian civil or academic establishments, or gone to an English or an American university, or studied at the Inns of Court. None of them seems to stand out above the rest of his colleagues, and none of them has a particular expertise. Most of them, in the normal course of events, could not have expected to wield national power, but they have adapted to it with remarkable agility, living and working, like their predecessors, out of sight of their constituents, who for the most part exist as shadows at the windows. They have quickly mastered the art of keeping their names in the headlines and on the tip of people's tongues by generating teapot controversies in Parliament. Many of them are now busy shedding their former political skins. The Janata Minister of Defense, Jagjivan Ram, who so recently was ratifying Mrs. Gandhi's Emergency decisions, now portrays himself as her strongest opponent. (Since his defection was one of the most important causes of Mrs. Gandhi's downfall, he is nicknamed J-Bomb.) The Janata Minister of External Affairs, Atal Bihari Vajpayee, a rabble-rousing Hindi orator of the Hindu chauvinist Jana Sangh Party, has now become a secular rationalist. Perhaps the most gifted and the most consistent of the Janata leaders, Chandrashekhar, is not in the Cabinet. He has taken over the thankless task of building up the Janata Party as its president.

The one Janata minister who has tenaciously clung to his old political skin is Raj Narain, the new Minister of Health and Family Welfare. In 1975,



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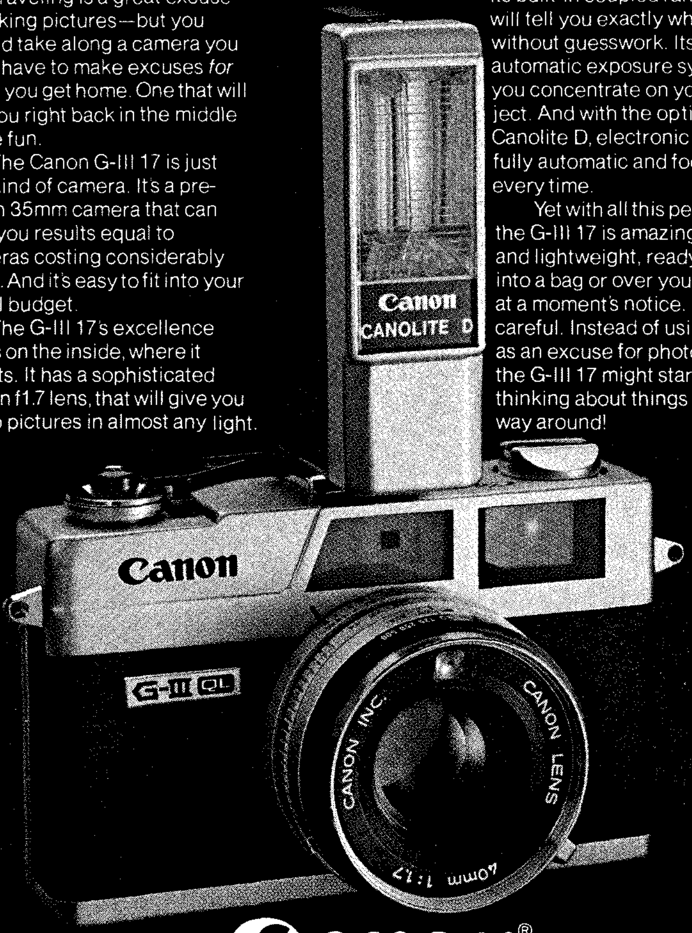

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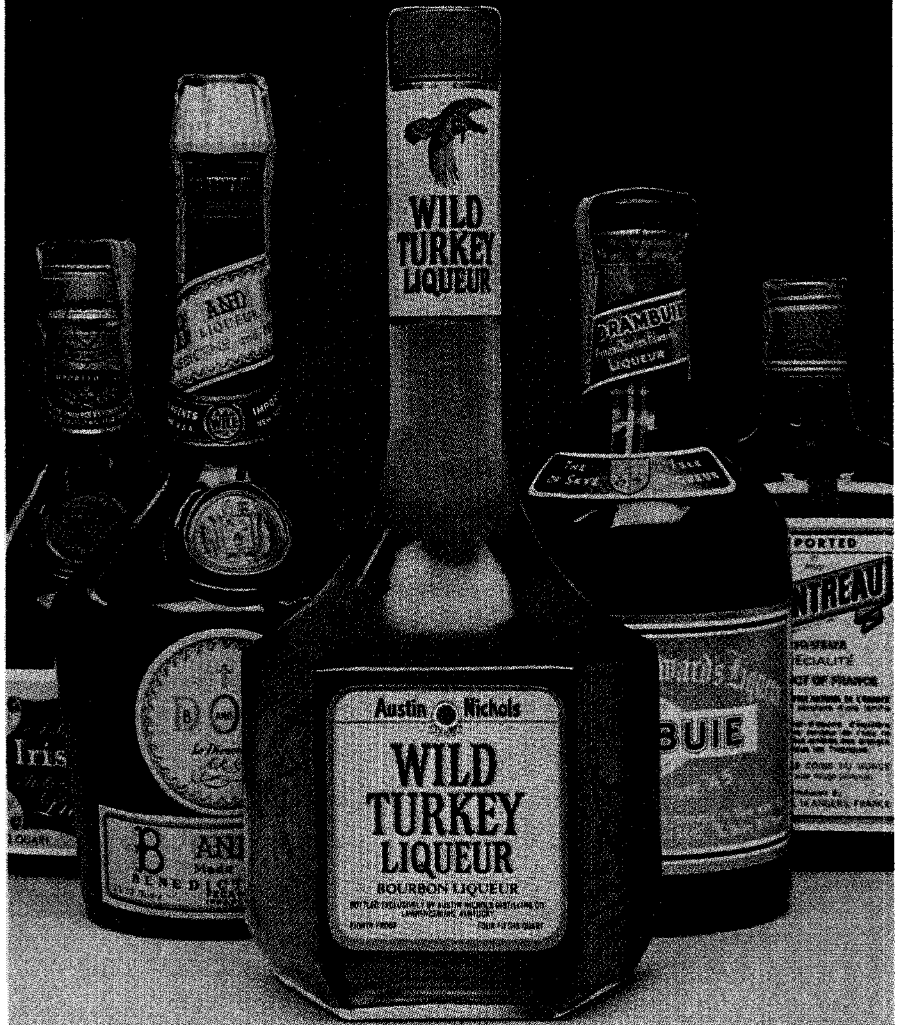

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he was the successful plaintiff in the Allahabad election case, in which Mrs. Gandhi was the defendant, and this year he was the successful candidate in Rae Bareli, where Mrs. Gandhi lost to him by a wide margin. He takes pride in having singlehandedly changed the course of Indian history, and has been nicknamed Giant-killer, Bulldozer of Rae Bareli, and Stormy Petrel. He recently bragged to a children's magazine that his devotion to the Hindu monkey-god, Hanuman, gave him strength to win the election. He has become a folk hero and the subject of countless stories, some true, some apocryphal, though, given his eccentricities, it is not always easy to know which are which.

According to one story, he sometimes campaigned in Rae Bareli sitting in a monkey's cage. He would stick his head out between the bars and say, "Take off your shoes and hit me on the head, hit me on my soul with the filthiest thing you have on you. I am responsible for the Emergency. I am responsible for all her crimes. If you elect her now, you will all be inside the cage, the whole country will be inside the cage."

Another story goes that when he became Health Minister, he summoned department bigwigs and asked them, "On whose authority did you sterilize your brothers?"

"Sir, you know who gave the order."

"Where is the order? Let me see it. Where is the paper with the order?"

"Sir, the order was never written down."

He gave each one of them a stone, made his clerk stand in the middle of the room, and said, "Stone this clerk! I order you!" He shouted, "I order you to throw a stone at him and you don't move, but when she ordered you, you didn't hesitate to take a knife to your brothers."

Raj Narain is in the papers here every day with a new antic or a new controversy. He invites attention wherever he goes, with his bizarre dress and conduct. He always wears a green bandanna tied around his head and carries a shiny aluminum stick. In March, at the swearing-in ceremony of the new Cabinet, at Rashtrapati Bhavan, the residence of the President and so one of the most august places in the country, he embarrassed everyone by bounding around and stuffing huge, sticky balls of sweetmeats into the mouths of ministers as they were trying to look their sedate best on television.

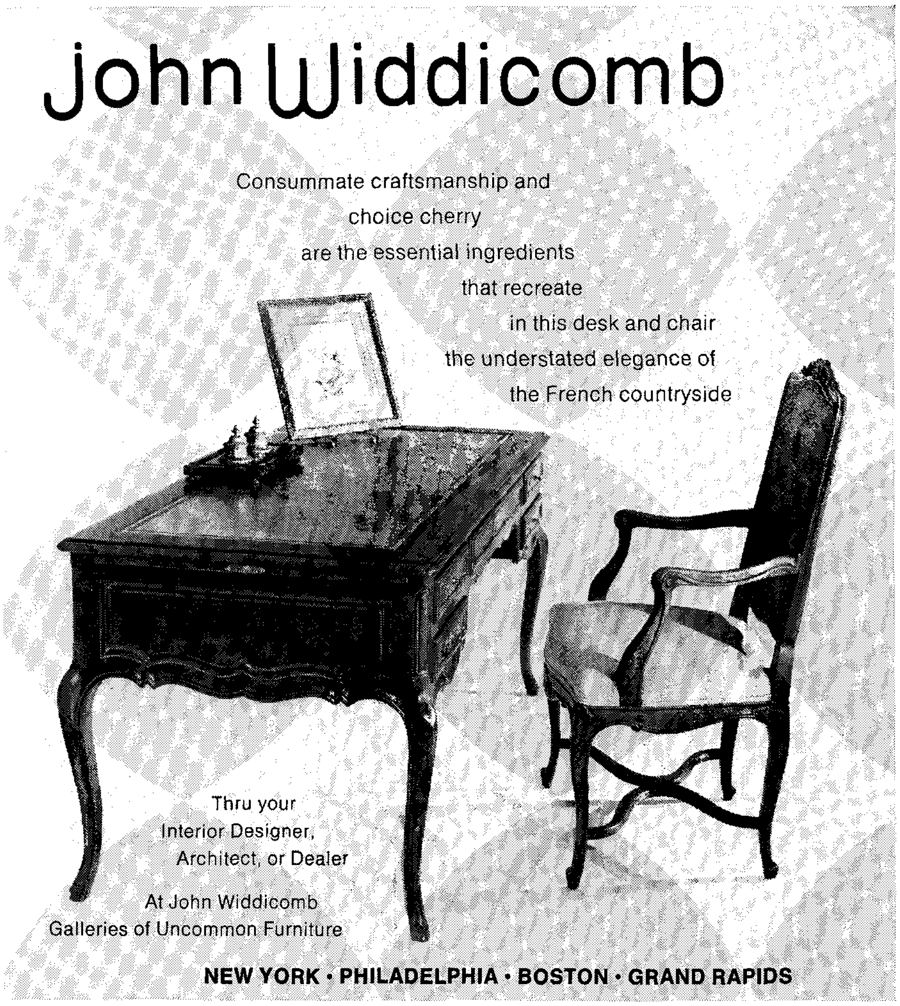
As Health Minister, he has already become notorious for his reception of visitors and officials. It is said that he receives them in the minister's bungalow with hardly a loincloth on him, while he is surrounded by dozens of cronies, and is being massaged or shaved; during an interview, he may crunch through a jar of roasted chickpeas, without so much as making the gesture of offering any to his visitors. If someone speaks to him in English, he points to his mouth and shakes his head like a rustic meeting an Englishman.

It is a Parliamentary courtesy that during the morning question period a minister should answer a question in the language in which it was asked (provided he knows it). As many as fourteen languages are spoken in Parliament, and few subjects here are as politically sensitive as the rights of linguistic minorities. In a recent question period, Raj Narain was asked a question in English; he started answering it in Hindi and created a furor. The members demanded that he start again and answer in English. But Raj Narain shouted in Hindi that he didn't know about their parents, but his mother and father and his grandparents all had only Indian blood. The remark was expunged from the record, but the slur has become part of the political memory of New Delhi.

Raj Narain was born in 1917 in what is now Uttar Pradesh. He has been a political agitator practically since his school days, and has spent most of his political career in the Socialist opposition, first in the legislature in Uttar Pradesh and later in Parliament. In Uttar Pradesh, he became a disciple of the Socialist leader Dr. Ram Manohar Lohia, a firebrand of Indian politics who made his reputation in part by being a Nehru baiter—thundering regularly against the Western, aristocratic attitudes of the Nehrus. Even in the councils of the Socialists, Raj Narain has aroused controversy, and it is said that Dr. Lohia came to regret having harbored him as a disciple. In fact, his old Socialist Party suspended him in 1971.

Raj Narain has been imprisoned for one reason or another practically every year since independence. Now he finds himself in charge of a ministry that is concerned with, among other things, the country's drinking water and sanitation—although in the political hierarchy of the Indian Cabinet the health portfolio has a low priority and has traditionally been given to a weaker member.

I cornered him one day in his office at Parliament House, and was aston-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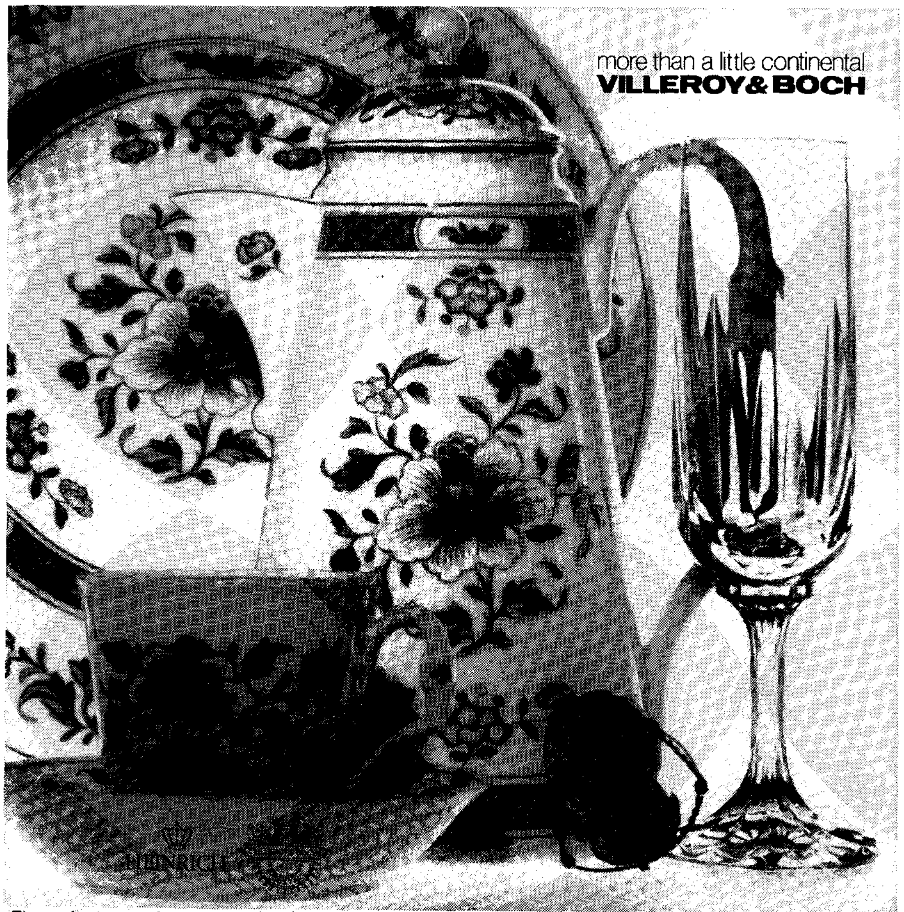
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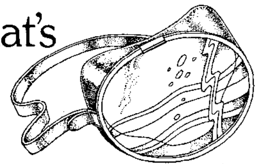

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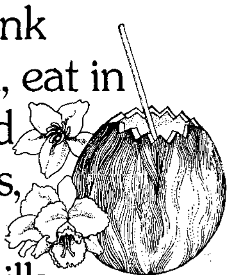

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ished to discover what a prosaic fellow he is after all. He was in an ordinary *kurta*—a long, collarless, loose shirt—and pajamas, but surrounded by his usual claque of talkative cronies, clerks, and hangers-on.

When I mentioned to him that I would like to speak to him alone, he waved his aluminum stick at them, and they scurried like chickens to an anteroom, where they continued to keep up a background hubbub.

I asked him whether some of the colorful stories about him were true. He seemed drowsy and scarcely took in my question; I rephrased it.

"What can I say," he said with a yawn. He picked his teeth. "You should put your question to people who tell such stories. I am a simple man. I only wear this green handkerchief on my head as a green light, a signal to go ahead. It's the only direction for the country and me to go."

"Did you actually campaign sitting in a monkey's cage?" I asked.

"I don't remember, but let people say anything they like."

"Why have you gone to jail so often since independence?"

"Because I felt that the Indian government was carrying on traditions of British imperialism. I began my career of agitation as a student in the nineteen-thirties, when the British government increased our fees by fifty per cent. I opposed the raise and went to jail. Since then, I have taken part in labor agitation, peasant agitation, religious agitation, communal agitation, Untouchable agitation—every kind of agitation—and gone to jail fifty-eight times."

"Were you ever afraid of going to jail?"

"Not at all. Outside the jail, I search for Brahma through yoga, and inside the jail I search for Brahma through yoga."

"What happened to your family when you went to jail?"

"Nothing. I come from a joint family system, and my wife and children are the family's responsibility. I am the middle brother of three brothers, and my elder brother takes care of everything."

"Where are your wife and children now and what are your children doing?"

"I don't know. I have long been a *brahmachari* [celibate]. But I think my wife lives in Benares. I think one of my sons is in agriculture or something like that, one is in government service somewhere, and one is studying somewhere."

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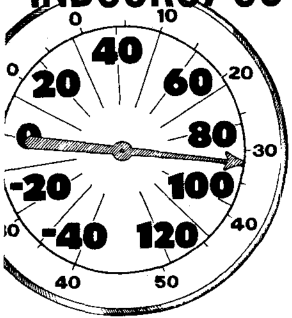

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It was not always easy to make out what he was saying, because he would often worry his teeth. Moreover, between each question and answer he paused for a long time, as if mentally absenting himself from the room to consider the question. Sometimes I had to repeat the question several times before it seemed to register, and even then he would answer with a yawn. Sometimes he would obviously forget the question, at one point observing, "You notice I forget? It's because I am meditating."

"Do you believe in permanent agitation?"

"Agitation is for some time and revolution is for all time," he said wearily. "In revolution, there is a continuous flow—a flow of change."

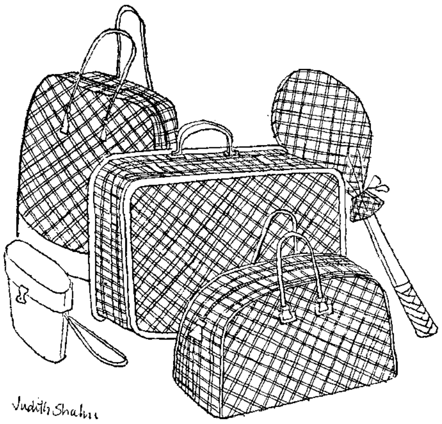
I asked him about his lifelong feud with the Nehrus.

"I neither was nor am a foe of anyone," he said, picking his teeth. He went on to give a complicated history of his struggles with Nehru, with Nehru's sister, Madame Vijaya Lakshmi Pandit, with Mrs. Gandhi, with Sanjay—complete with dates and places, as if these marked battles in a Hindu epic.

I asked him how it felt finally to be a ruler after having been a revolutionary for most of his life.

"Any work that God drafts me to do He has already given me the capacity to do," he said cryptically.

The main scheme Raj Narain has put forward as Health Minister is to have each village select a representative who would be given, at government expense, a three-month crash program in medicine, including nature cures—Ayur-Vedic, Unani, and other ancient systems of medicine—and who would then return to his former occupation in his village but would function on the side as a sort of paraprofessional community-health worker. Raj Narain's critics contend that his scheme would not only misappropriate meagre resources but would also debase medical standards and put legitimate and quack



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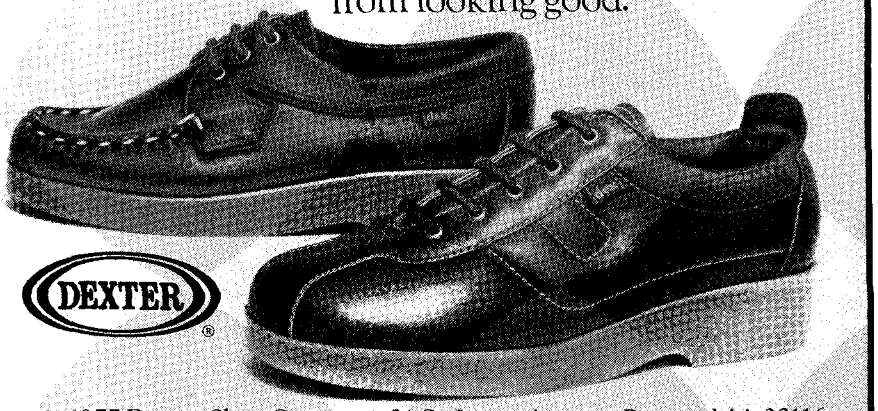

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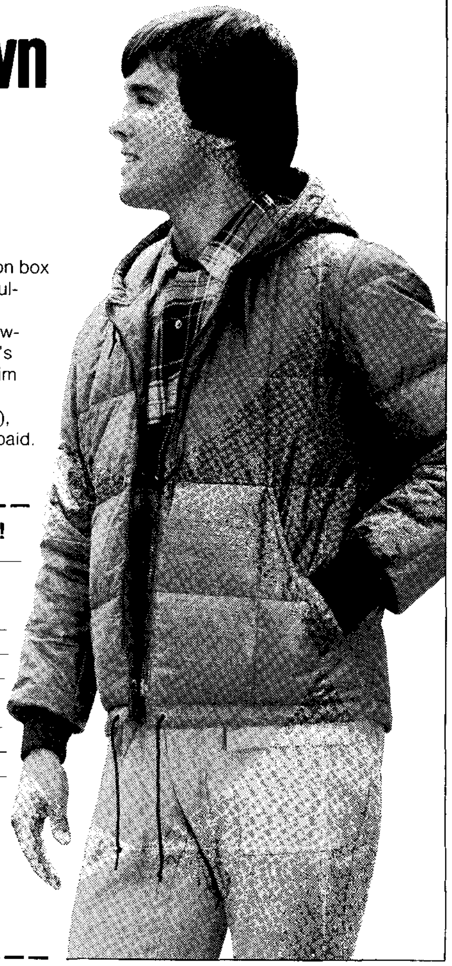

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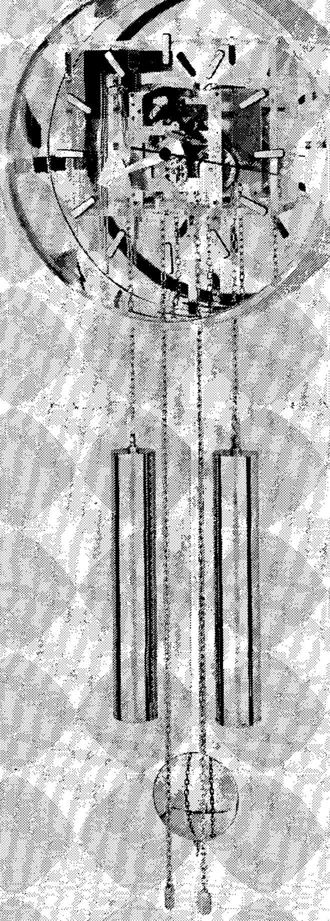

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medicine on the same footing. I asked Raj Narain about his plan.

"I'm not against allopathic medicine," he said. "I simply want our ancient systems to enjoy equal status with it. As Health Minister, I am going to see to it that our systems are given due honor and respect."

"But are they equally valid scientifically?"

"I think they are," he said. "I have always treated myself with Ayur-Vedic medicine."

"But your ministry has limited resources. If they are diverted to nature cures—Ayur-Vedic or whatever—then won't allopathic medicine suffer?"

"I think that the vote for Janata was a vote for our ancient tradition. I don't think standards of allopathic medicine will fall. Standards of our ancient systems will only rise."

I couldn't get him to see that allopathic medicine was scientific and nature cures were not, so I turned to the problem of population. There is no problem in India more serious than that. During the Emergency, Mrs. Gandhi and Sanjay tried to attack it by, among other things, the forced-sterilization program, which, however, created such a severe backlash that it not only led to her downfall but also set back by years what little headway the country had made in controlling population growth. So far, the Janata government had done nothing about the problem. It had even changed the formal name of Raj Narain's ministry from Health and Family Planning to Health and Family Welfare, and this at a time when sociologists were suggesting that the whole population problem had been mishandled by the government from the very beginning and required rethinking. They said that government attention since independence had been directed almost entirely to changing personal preference in order to limit families, while in the Indian context caste, class, and community pressures may have had more to do with the size of families than personal preference. I asked Raj Narain about family planning.

"I am completely against compulsion," he said. "I think we should try the old method of self-control and sexual abstinence. If you properly educate our people, they will follow our old method. After all, God Rama had only two children."

TWO and a half months after Morarji Desai succeeded Mrs. Gandhi as Prime Minister, she vacated the official residence and he moved in with his family: his wife, Gajraben; his younger sister, a childless widow; and his son, Kantilal (the Desais have only one other child living—a daughter, who is married and lives in Bombay). It is said that Desai now has his own "Sanjay problem" in Kantilal. Like Sanjay, Kantilal—who is fifty-one—was a businessman. (He used to manufacture industrial magnets, but some years back he sold the company and started working as his father's private secretary. He has a family of his own, but his wife and children live elsewhere.) Like Sanjay, Kantilal has never held any public office, has no official position, and acts as his parent's confidant. Since Desai became Prime Minister, Kantilal has been seen with his father at public rallies, diplomatic receptions, and press conferences. In June, he travelled with his father to the Commonwealth Prime Ministers' Conference in London, and soon after accompanied his father on a political fence-mending trip to Kashmir. Like Sanjay, Kantilal is one of the main doorkeepers at the Prime Minister's office and home. Again, a little like Sanjay, there is a touch of scandal about Kantilal. (In 1970, he was allegedly caught with smuggled gold, and the case was apparently hushed up.) A reporter for the *Statesman*, the paper that did more than any other Indian paper to expose the relationship between Mrs. Gandhi and Sanjay, recently tackled Desai on the subject of his son. Desai was quoted as saying:

> "You know I am 81 and I do need help. What's wrong with it if my son helps me?... Are you telling me my son is a Sanjay Gandhi?... I know people talk about him, but I also know that he will not do any wrong. If you can cite one instance of wrongdoing on his part since I assumed office, I assure you I shall take action; I shall not even hesitate to resign.... What can I do if, among others, even journalists sometimes approach him... for interviews with me? He, of course, wards them off and he knows, too, that even if he speaks to me I would not do it.... Some people write to me about it sometimes and I show these letters to him to let him know what people think. He understands. And as you would have seen, he is keeping as much in the background as possible."

The Desais are a family of fixed habits, who have always lived parsimoniously. Even when Desai was in jail—as he was throughout the Emergency, for example—every household expense was cleared with him. (Their sole indulgence is that they keep a pair of cows for fresh milk.) The only major change they have made in their new residence is to rip out one of Mrs. Gandhi's bathrooms and install an old-

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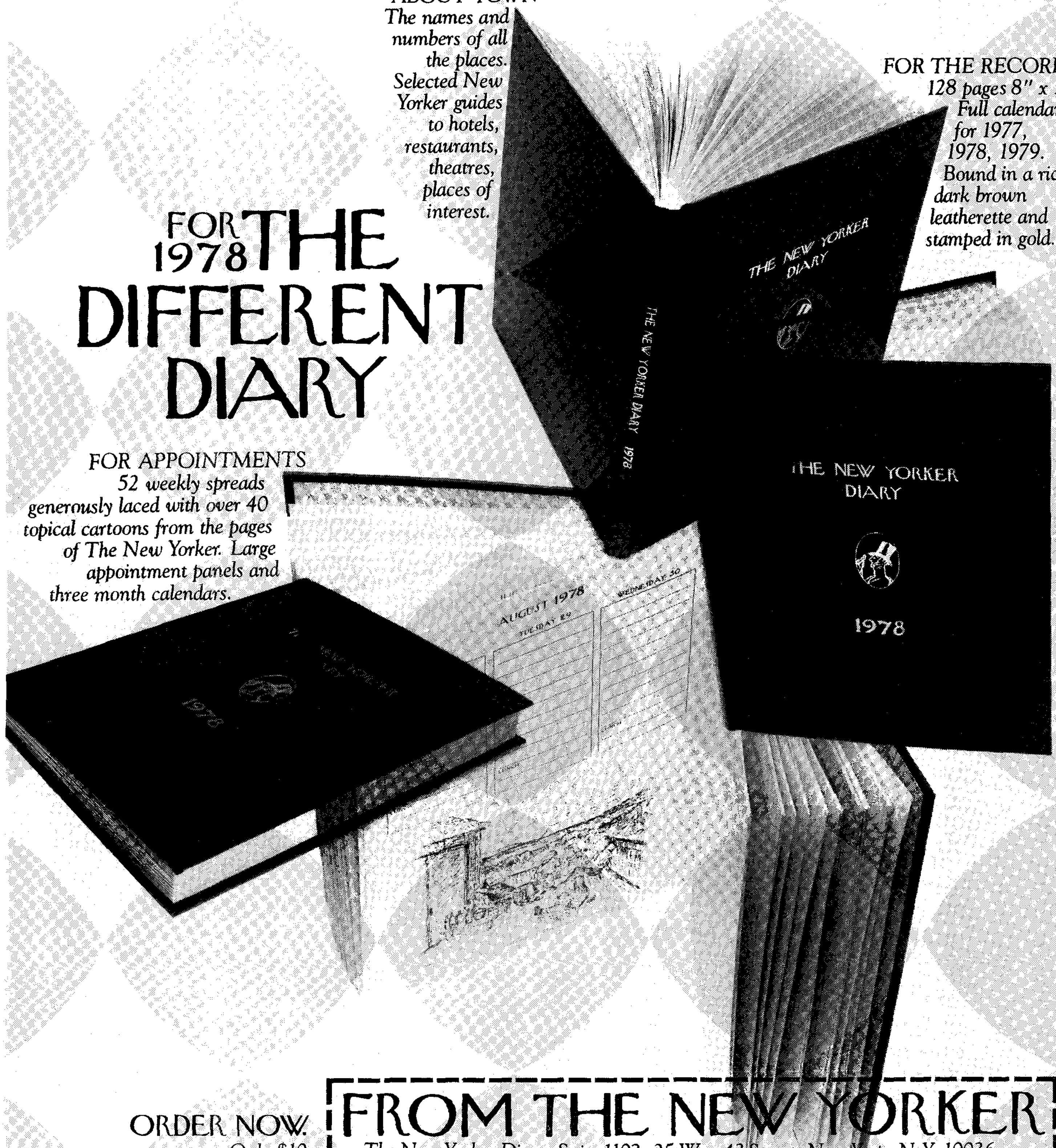
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005

fashioned, Indian-style bathroom—without such modern conveniences as a bathtub—for Mrs. Desai, who prefers to bathe with a dipper and a bucket. Desai has moved into the same two rooms that served as Mrs. Gandhi's study and bedroom, except that he has made Mrs. Gandhi's study into his bedroom and Mrs. Gandhi's bedroom into his study. He sleeps alone in his bedroom—which is bare except for a painting of Swami Ramakrishna Paramahamsa, one of Desai's gurus—on a hard bed with *khadi*, or homespun, sheets and pillowcases. He is awake by four o'clock in the morning, and for three hours says his prayers, does his yoga exercises, and makes his ablutions. He opens his door shortly before seven and takes in the papers. He looks, however, only at the headlines because he feels that he doesn't have the time to read the stories. From seven to ten, he either receives visitors by appointment in the living room or else sees the crowds of people who gather outside his residence. Some simply want his *darshana* (holy audience), and they are quickly disposed of. Others have grievances—whenever he can, he lends an ear to their petitions and tells them whom to see and what to do. At ten o'clock, he goes into his dining hall and has his first meal of the day, with the members of his family, who have already eaten, sitting and watching him. He used to eat a vegetarian diet cooked in pure ghee, but since his last time in jail he has given up vegetables and cereals. He avoids "sour fruits" because they give him gas, and eats only "sweet fruits"—mangoes, litchis, bananas, apples, pears, cherries, apricots, papayas, whichever ones happen to be in season. He also drinks fresh milk—a litre a day. It is served to him lukewarm, with plenty of cream on top, and with a special root powder dissolved in it to settle his stomach; like sour fruit, milk without the powder gives him gas. (He avoids modern medicine and relies on nature cures. He has never taken an injection, and, in 1958, special dispensation had to be made for him to enter the United States without a smallpox vaccination. "My opposition to inoculation and vaccination is on conscientious grounds," he has written. "I would not like my survival or well-being to be purchased at the expense of the suffering or loss of life of another living creature. You know the cruelty involved in the extraction of vaccines from animals. I shun vaccination or inoculation, therefore, just as much as I shun non-vegetarian food.") At eleven, Desai goes to Parliament if it is in session,

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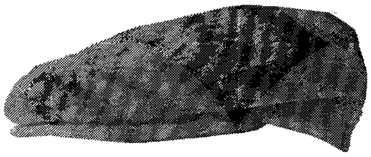

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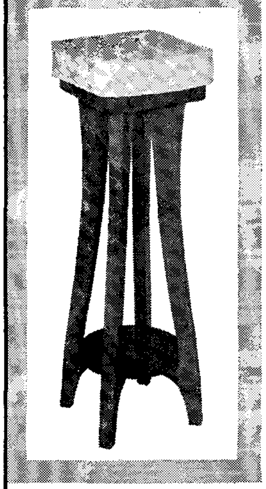

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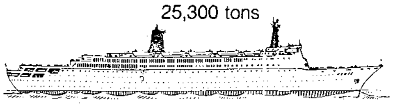

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or to the Prime Minister's office, either in Parliament House or in the Secretariat, where he works until about six-thirty, doing paperwork, seeing officials and colleagues, giving interviews, holding Cabinet meetings in a nearby room. He has his second meal around seven, this time also eating handfuls of cashew nuts, almonds, and dried fruit—dates are his favorite. At nine-thirty, he goes into his rooms and closes the door.

Desai's day and diet do allow some variations, however. When he visited London in June, his staff sent out this circular to, among other places, Buckingham Palace, which was planning some entertainment for the Commonwealth Prime Ministers:

> Breakfast—8 A.M. A glass of boiled water (without ice) at room temperature. Carrot juice—only when deep pink carrots grown in Northern India are available in winter season. Narial Pani [coconut milk], when carrots are not in season. . . .
>
> Lunch—1 P.M. Raw garlic (five pieces) Gujarat type; generally there are two cloves in one piece. These should be peeled and washed properly before serving. Half a litre of cow's milk (lukewarm) with no sugar. Honey (two small creamer full) to be served separately. Or half a litre curd prepared from cow's milk. It should not be sour at all. Fresh panir [cheese] slices—plain (no salt, pepper, etc.) prepared from cow's milk: 50 gms. . . . Dry fruits—cashewnuts (50 gms), badam [almonds] (20 gms), pista [pistachios] (10 gms) and moongphali dana [peanuts], roasted (50 gms). Indian sweets prepared from cow's milk. . . .
>
> At 1530 hours the Prime Minister takes fresh apple juice (not sour) or tender coconut water/watermelon juice (without ice).
>
> Dinner—7 P.M. Raw garlic—(five pieces) Gujarat type. . . . Half a litre of cow's milk (lukewarm). Fresh seasonal fruits (not sour). Dry fruits—dates (100 gms) figs (100 gms) cashewnuts (50 gms); moongphali dana roasted (50 gms) badam (20 gms) and pista (10 gms). . . .

In 1966, Desai published a collection of articles and speeches entitled "In My View." In a characteristic passage, he wrote:

> Once I had discussions with two friends who started accusing me of obstinacy and rigidity. I asked them why they did so. At first they claimed that I had not heard their case. I countered with the question whether I had not listened to them patiently and argued with them for over an hour. To this their rejoinder was that while I had heard them, I had failed to accept their view.
>
> Thus, they had confessed that the first charge was inadmissible. Then was it right to brand me as obstinate just because I had remained unconvinced that their point of view was acceptable? On the contrary, it might be that they themselves were obstinate in that they were

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not prepared to withdraw their accusation against me. This is how a false reputation is sought to be foisted upon me.

Trying to rescue that "false reputation" by turning the tables on his critics has preoccupied Desai for most of his long political life, his most sustained effort being a three-volume autobiography, "The Story of My Life," of which two have been published. In the preface, Desai tells us that he felt he had to write the book because "it was my duty to write about my experiences so that the reader might get some guidance from them when he is confused." This prefatory remark sets the didactic tone of the book, in which "God" and "proper," along with "I," appear with benumbing regularity. A little like Dr. Pangloss, Desai believes that everything that happens in the world is ultimately for the best, because it is God's will. It seems that the "I" is always right and is doing what is "proper":

> Till 1929 I used to scold my children and even punish them physically if they lied or did some mischief causing destruction of something. I had been considering the necessity of controlling my anger from 1921, but as I considered it also necessary to use it for getting work done, I did not succeed in my efforts to control it. I realized in 1929 that I should not try to improve my children or others by physical punishment. They were born with the influences of their past lives and I could not make any improvement in them by punishing them harshly and it was also not proper for me to do so. Moreover, they were not able to retaliate when I punished them. It was, therefore, not proper for me to punish them physically. I, therefore, gave up giving physical punishment to my children from 1929.

Morarji, a Brahmin and one of six children, was born on the intercalary day of February 29, 1896, in Gujarat. His father was a schoolteacher and headmaster of a village school. When the boy was fifteen, his father committed suicide by jumping into a well just three days before Morarji's arranged marriage to the eleven-year-old Gajraben. Morarji went through with the marriage on the appointed day and became the head of the family, which included, in addition to his child bride, his grandmother, his mother, his three brothers, and his two sisters. Soon after his wedding, however, he won a scholarship and went to Wilson College, in Bombay, where he studied physics and developed a lifelong interest in watching cricket. He graduated in 1917, was granted a fellowship at his college for a year, and then joined Bombay's provincial civil service, in which he spent the next twelve years, mostly working as a revenue officer and magistrate.

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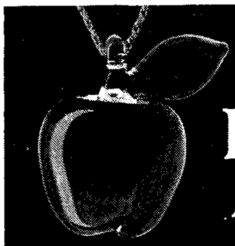

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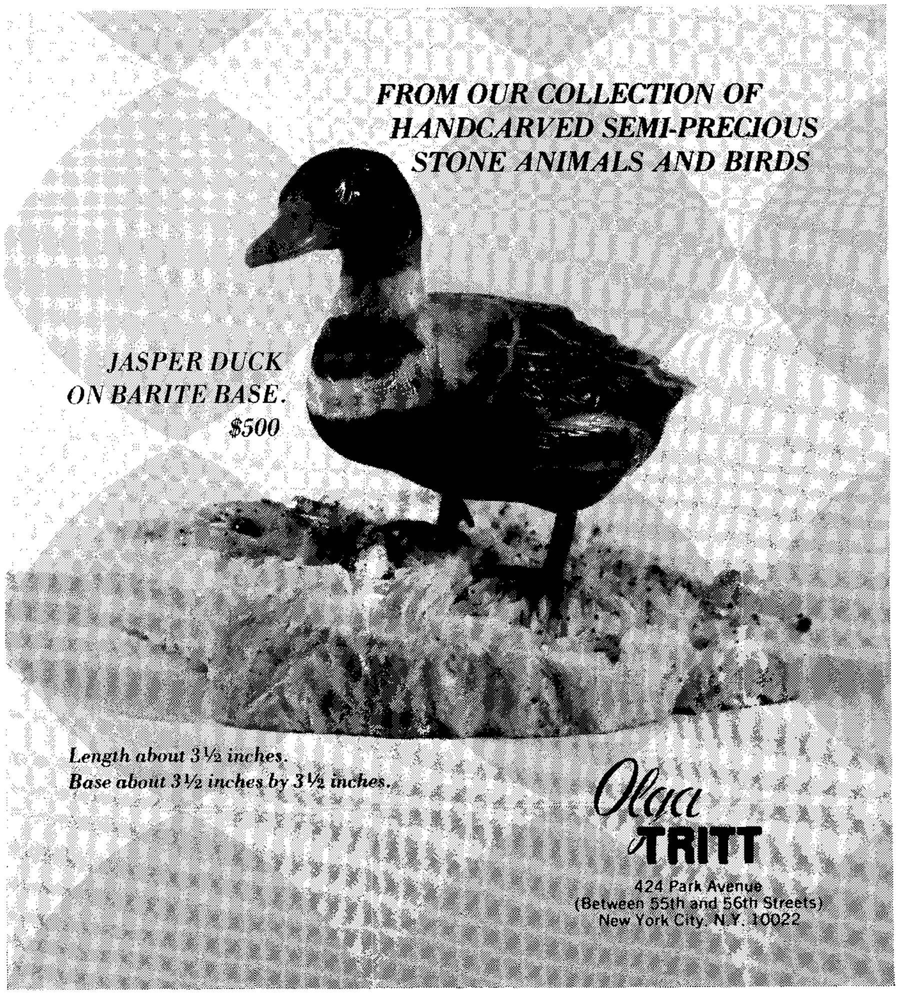
In 1930, Desai left the British service to follow Mahatma Gandhi. Already he had begun wearing *khadi*, had taken the vow of *brahmacharya* (celibacy), after having fathered three sons and two daughters, and had started using his body to experiment with different kinds of simple diets. He became a member of the local Gujarat Congress committee, went to jail, and came to the notice of the president of the committee, Sardar Vallabhbhai Patel. In 1937, when Congress provincial governments were formed under the British scheme of limited autonomy for India, Desai was elected to the provincial assembly from his home district and became Revenue Minister in Bombay's government, which was led by Chief Minister B. B. G. Kher. In 1939, all the Congress ministries resigned to protest the British commitment of India to war without the country's consent, and Congress leaders and workers began a protracted political struggle against the British. Along with many others, Desai spent much of the time during the war in jail. In 1946, Kher formed a new government in Bombay, and for the next six years Desai served as its Home Minister, earning a reputation as a puritan zealot: he decreed that all students must use old-fashioned penholders with nibs and that all restaurants must close by midnight; he banned kissing in films; he campaigned against cosmetics and brothels; above all, he introduced total prohibition, which, like so many of his other measures, was ultimately unsuccessful. In 1952, in part because of his moral crusades, he was not reëlected. But then Kher retired and made Desai his successor, after which Desai did manage to get himself reëlected.

As Chief Minister of Bombay, Desai is remembered mainly for ruthlessly putting down the agitation for division of the province on linguistic lines, between the Gujaratis and the Maharashtrians. He took the view that, in principle, Indians were one people and should no more be divided by their languages than, say, by their religions, and reportedly ordered the police to "shoot at sight" agitators. Many of the agitators were students and workers, and Desai became, in the words of the *Illustrated Weekly*, "the most hated person" in the province. He even had trouble addressing public meetings in his own constituency. Although his moral edicts and police measures earned the undying enmity of the ruling middle class, he acquired a reputation for being a man of high principle, and, with it, a



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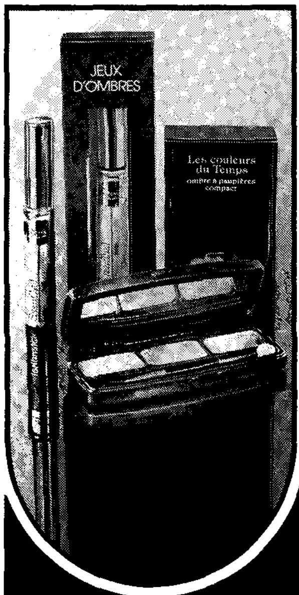

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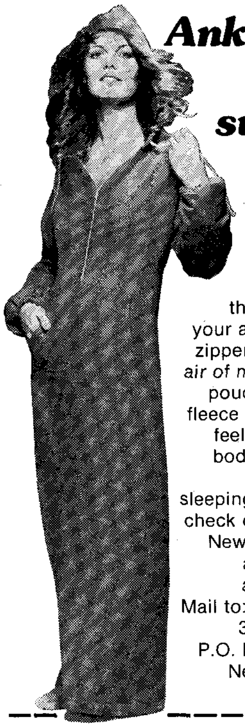
national following among Gandhians and the poor. (In 1960, two separate states—Maharashtra and Gujarat—came into being.)

Desai moved to New Delhi, where, in Nehru's government, he served first as Minister for Commerce and Industries, from 1956 to 1958, and then as Minister of Finance, from 1958 to 1963. (In 1958, when he was sixty-two years old, he went out of the country for the first time, travelling in Europe, the United States, and Canada.) As Finance Minister, he is best remembered for promulgating the Gold Control Order, which prohibited the production of any gold jewelry purer than fourteen carats. He thereby antagonized more people than ever, because of the prominent place gold jewelry has in the dowry of an Indian woman. In 1963, he was forced out of the Nehru Cabinet under the so-called Kamaraj Plan, named after the Chief Minister of Madras, who, after some reverses in the general elections the previous year, and some defeats in by-elections in the spring of 1963, had called on Congress leaders to resign from high office and work for the Party.

Upon Nehru's death in 1964, Desai tried to buck Kamaraj (who had become the Congress Party president in the interval) and become Prime Minister, but Kamaraj outmaneuvered him by putting forward Lal Bahadur Shastri as a consensus Congress candidate. Shastri won easily. In 1965, there was again bitter agitation over language, this time on a national scale. People in the South, who had grown up with English as their lingua franca, wanted to retain English in the courts, Parliament, and the civil service; people in the North, who used Hindi as their lingua franca, wanted to make Hindi the official national language. Desai became a leader of the Hindi movement, this time alienating people in the southern half of the country. When Shastri died suddenly, in 1966, Desai wasted no time in making his second bid for the Prime Ministership. He was probably the most prominent Congress leader, Kamaraj notwithstanding, but he had alienated the students and workers, who looked upon him as a sort of Genghis Khan in *khadi*; Westernized Indians, who derided his moral crusade as a frustrated *brahmachari's* vengeance against the modern world; members of the Congress Party under Kamaraj's thumb, who thought of him as a Party Judas; women who felt his Gold Control Order was an attack on their life security; and many politicians North and South. Chief ministers representing most of



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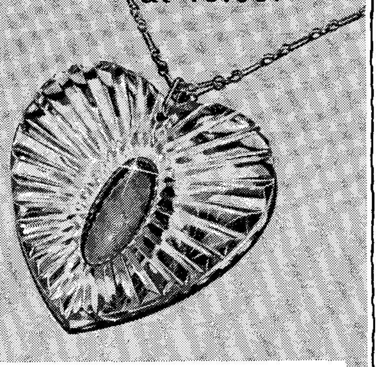

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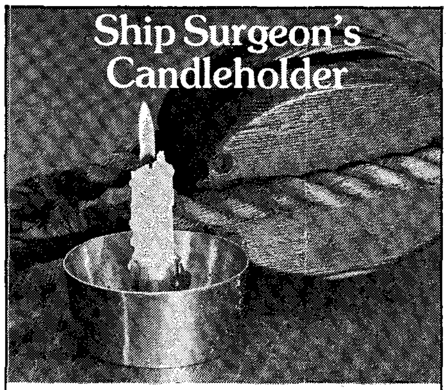

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the important states got together and put forward Mrs. Gandhi as their candidate. Desai all along had had his suspicions that Nehru wanted his daughter to somehow become Prime Minister, and that the Kamaraj Plan and the consensus candidacy of Shastri had been part of a larger scheme to realize Nehru's wishes—or why else would a mere "schoolgirl," as Desai liked to call Mrs. Gandhi, be seriously put forward to run the country? He felt confident that the rank and file would see through the ignoble, dynastic scheme and vote for him, but he overestimated his own popularity and underestimated the power of Kamaraj and the magic of the Nehru name. Mrs. Gandhi defeated him two to one.

Desai originally refused to join Mrs. Gandhi's Cabinet, but after the Congress reverses in the general elections of 1967 he was prevailed upon to become the Deputy Prime Minister and was given the finance portfolio. His performance both in Parliament and in councils of the Party was so skillful and the force of his will and personality so evident that he almost came to exert the decisive influence in the making of policy. He cast himself in the role of conciliator between the right conservative wing of the Party, with which he had been identified, and the left socialist wing, with which Mrs. Gandhi was identified. But Mrs. Gandhi didn't like being upstaged, and she found an opportunity to undermine his position: In 1969, there was an angry debate in the Party about nationalization of the banks. The conservatives wanted the banks to remain in private hands; Mrs. Gandhi and the socialists wanted the government to nationalize them. Desai, though conservative, tried to steer a middle course, and advocated something called "social control." The socialists and Mrs. Gandhi had all the votes, and they resoundingly routed the conservatives and Desai. In the meantime, the Party, with Mrs. Gandhi's support, had put up the conservative Sanjiva Reddy for President of India. But at the last minute Mrs. Gandhi, nerved by her success, put forward an elderly former trade unionist, V. V. Giri, as an anti-conservative, anti-boss candidate, in the name of socialism and democracy. Giri won. As a result of the bank and election controversies, Mrs. Gandhi and the socialists captured the organization of the Party, and the conservatives, with Desai as their chairman, were shunted aside as another Congress splinter group and dubbed the Old Congress. Desai's long political career had seemingly come to an inglorious end (much as Mrs. Gandhi's would seem to have done eight years later, after her March defeat), and his return to power seemed improbable.

From 1969 to the advent of the Emergency, Desai sat with the insignificant opposition in Parliament, as leader of the Old Congress. In April, 1975, he undertook his fifth Mahatma Gandhi-style fast, to force Mrs. Gandhi to hold elections in Gujarat. He succeeded, and the elections, which went against the Congress, became one of the immediate causes of the Emergency. Desai spent the nineteen months of the Emergency in jail, but the Emergency transformed what many had considered to be Desai's faults of character—obstinacy and rigidity—into virtues when, as a political prisoner of Mrs. Gandhi, he pitted his will against hers.

OVER the years, one of Desai's main hobbies has been baiting the press, and time has not diminished his enthusiasm for the sport, as this partial account of one recent press conference in the Indian weekly the *Current* shows:

> "It's a waste of time," quipped one correspondent at the end of [Desai's] last press conference, "his and ours."... He is the prime specimen of evasive repartee....
>
> Q: "When could we expect the full cabinet?"
>
> A: "Why are you so eager about it? None of you is a candidate."
>
> Q: "Your budget has been disappointing for the common man?"
>
> A: "If there is no disappointment for you, there will be no disappointment for the people...."
>
> As a parting shot, a pressman refers to Morarjibhai's [Brother Morarji's] confessional statement that he changed a lot after his [Emergency] jail term. "What is the nature of the change?" he asks, with a touch of irony.
>
> "The change," says the Prime Minister, "is that now I know you better."

It is, however, not easy to know *him* better. I had first met Desai in 1959, when he was Finance Minister and one of Nehru's main lieutenants; at that meeting, he had been full of himself and had scarcely concealed his eagerness to sit in Nehru's chair. Presiding over his office in the Secretariat, he had talked about the great future he envisioned for India. I had last met him in 1974, when he was a political nonentity and was helping to run various Gandhi trusts, committees, and museums—all busy guarding, perpetuating, and overseeing the memory of his mentor, who was venerated but unheeded in the country, much as Desai himself, in a minor way, was at the

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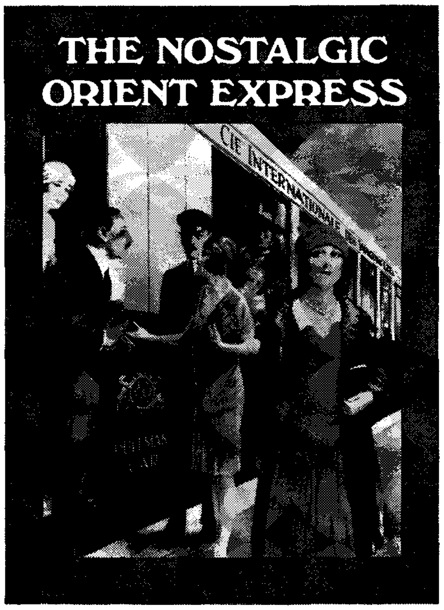

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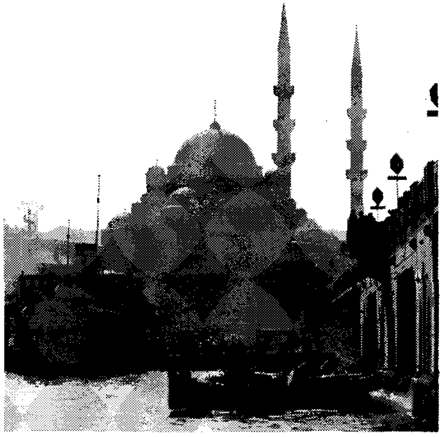

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time. During that meeting, he had inveighed against Mrs. Gandhi as a latter-day Hindu Jezebel as he sat magisterially in the living room of his large pink house, surrounded by a clutter of gods and saints: the Buddha; the Hindu elephant-god, Ganesh; pictures of Mahatma Gandhi; statues of the three "no evil" monkeys; a silver replica of a cathedral; a pink plastic replica of a temple with pictures of Krishna pasted onto the sides. This time I called on him in Parliament House, where he sat solemnly at one end of a boomerang-shaped table in Mrs. Gandhi's old office, which had leather chairs, a sofa, a couple of paintings—one showing a woman on a horse. Except for adding a pen-and-ink drawing of Mahatma Gandhi, Desai had left the office exactly as it was.

Desai got up slowly, and vigorously shook my hand. He is tall and handsome, with strong, cruel features, like a bird of prey. He was wearing heavy brown plastic-framed glasses, a starched Gandhi cap, a Nehru jacket, a white *kurta*, and tight pajamas bunched up around his calves.

I asked him what it felt like to be sitting in Mrs. Gandhi's chair.

"I am doing God's will," he said sternly.

"What does it mean to you to be doing God's will?"

"Understanding that requires faith," he said wearily. "And since you have no faith in God, I can't convince you about what I mean."

"It is not a matter of convincing me but of describing what doing God's will means to you."

"Do you believe in God?" he asked me belligerently.

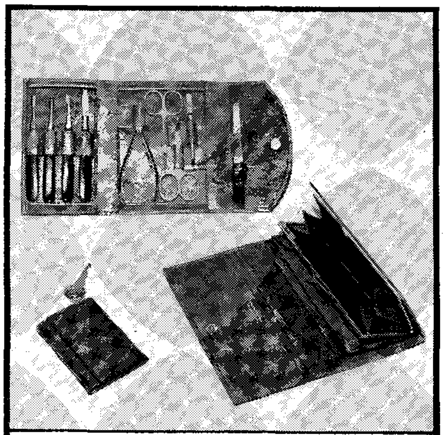
"You seem to be parrying my question."

"No, I am not parrying," he said scoldingly. "If you have faith in God, you believe that you are His instrument, and that God acts in the world through His law, and that His law is responsible for the whole universe. Everything in the universe happens according to that law. You have only to fit in with the law."

I wanted to bring the conversation back to the here and now, but in order to enter into the spirit of his talk I asked him if Mrs. Gandhi had fallen from office because she hadn't fitted in with the law.

"Not quite," he said, getting interested. "It means that people like her don't *try* to fit in with the law. They try to fit in with themselves; they're all egoists."

I saw that there was no easy way to



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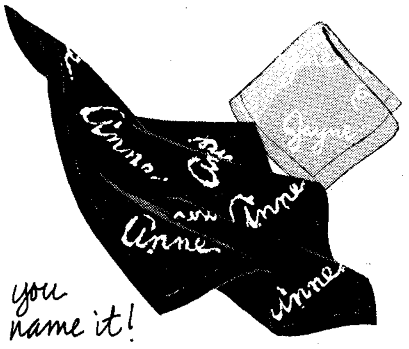

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change the direction of the talk, and so I asked him, "Is not everyone, in a sense, an egoist?"

"I'm not an egoist," he replied, with a disarming lack of self-awareness. "I have eliminated my ego altogether."

"Do you really imagine that you can eliminate your ego?"

"That is what I mean when I say to myself, 'What am I doing here in the Prime Minister's office? I am doing nothing—I am only doing God's law.' "

I asked him to tell me in concrete terms how he planned to put that law into practice as Prime Minister.

"If I had perfectly perceived God's law, I would not be sitting here. I want to perceive God through the service of men because this is all His creation. If you go to some people's homes and please their children, the parents feel very happy. That happiness can snowball—I think if I can please all the children I will be nearer Him, I will be nearer God."

He came across as a man who took everything literally, and who seemed impervious to the person he was speaking to.

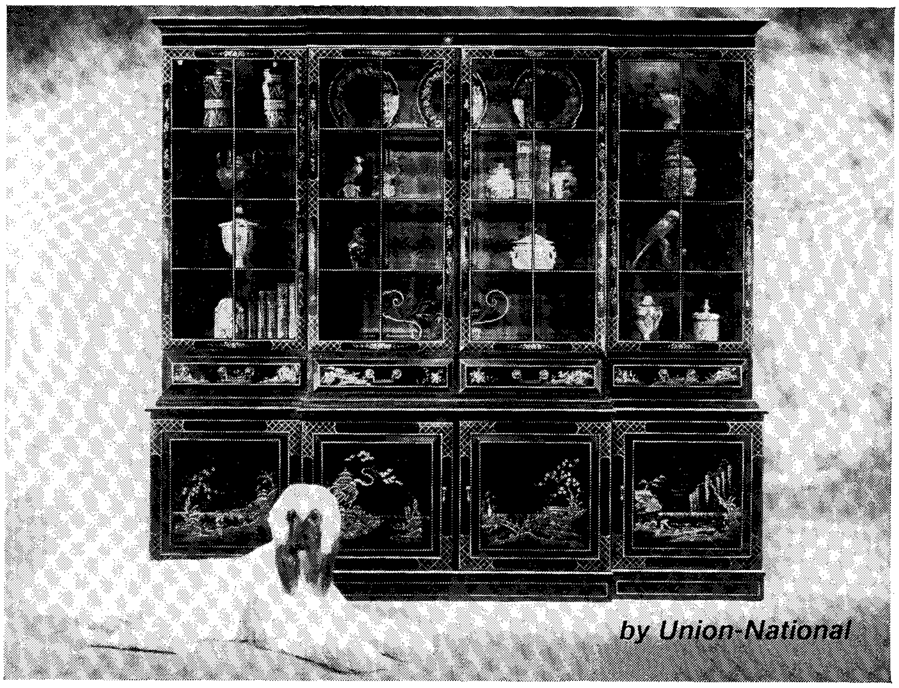
I asked him how his health was standing up under the pressures of his office.

"There's nothing wrong with my health. It's as good as an old man's health can be."

He blew his nose and said that because of the changeable weather his nose had been running and that he had been treating himself with some nature cures, like washing his nose out with salt water and eating garlic.

I asked him about his eccentric diet.

"There's nothing strange about it. It happens to be made up of the healthiest food there is. I think it's the healthiest food for everybody to eat, but everybody's not convinced that I'm right. You see, everybody has his likes and dislikes. But, ultimately, it comes down to this—that taste is more a matter of the mind than the tongue. If it were a matter of the tongue, then everybody would like the same thing, since the tongue is constructed of the same material in everybody. So likes and dislikes are therefore only a matter of self-control—abstinence. If you take tea for several days, you get into the habit of taking tea, and then you like tea. Therefore, it is most important to control your mind before you take the tea. Before you can control your mind, you must control your sexual urges. If you don't control your sexual urges, you won't have the energy to control your mind properly. Sexual



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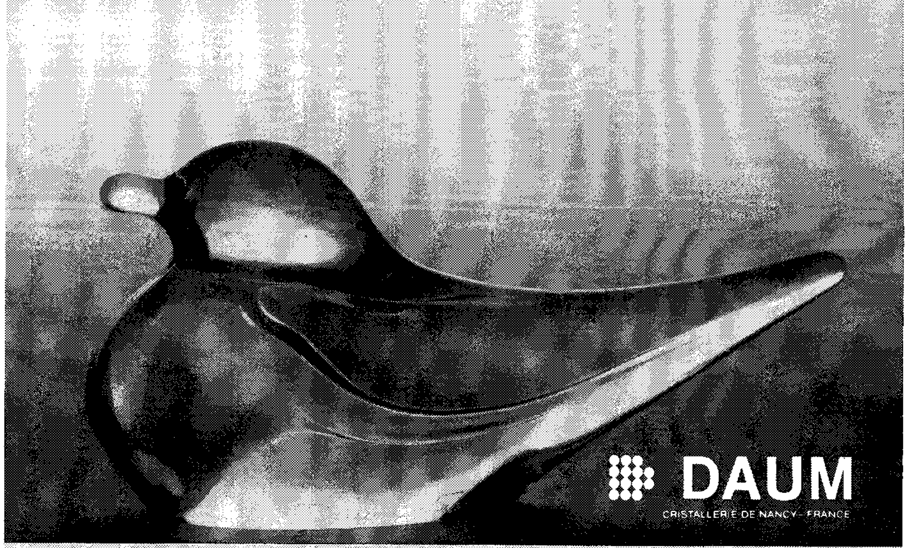

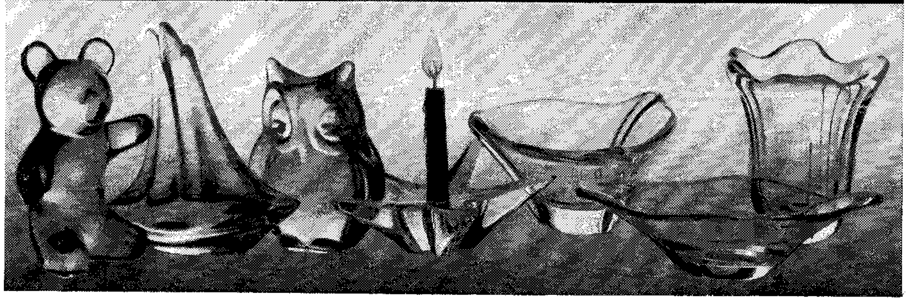

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impulses are the main disturbing impulses in life."

Desai was only voicing the traditional Gandhian rhetoric of celibacy, taking refuge in an all-too-Hindu kind of deductive reasoning. I didn't pursue the subject.

"People say that your last term in jail has mellowed you," I observed, "and that you've become more charitable to other people's failings. Would you say that you have changed?"

"I am changing every day. Every person ought to change every day if he wants to be better than he was the day before. You should also try to change every day. I'm happy that you recognize that I have changed. But it is not a question of my being charitable to other people's failings. The change people speak of is my ability to appreciate other people's points of view better than I could before."

"How does it feel to be Prime Minister finally? You have wanted the office for many years."

"Here, again, people have gotten some wrong notions about me. I've never wanted anything for myself."

"Now that you're Prime Minister, what do you most hope to accomplish?"

"To serve India in the best way I can."

"Do you think your wish to serve may be frustrated by the bureaucracy, for example?"

"I will never be frustrated. Why should I be frustrated? A man with real faith in God can never be frustrated."

"Before the Emergency, you were considered to be the most authoritarian person in Indian politics."

"People say anything they like. I'm just firm when I know I'm right."

I observed that he was a good debater.

"If you debate with me, should I not debate with you?"

I said politely that I would lose any debate with him.

"If you lose the debate, is it my fault? I hear you patiently. If you ask me to argue, I will argue. If you ask me to hear only, I will hear you. If you argue with me, I will argue with you. If I don't argue with you, you will say I am not arguing with you. If I argue with you, and if you don't find a counterargument sufficient to demolish my argument, will that be my fault? Would that be authoritarian? Is that why I'm thought to be authoritarian?"

I had been swept along by the pyrotechnics of his conversation, but now I stood my ground and pressed home

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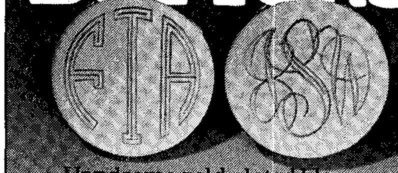

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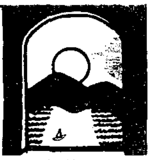

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several of the questions on my mind.

"Do you and the Janata Party have a radical social and economic program for the country?"

"Unlike the previous government, we think planning should be for people, not people for planning. Therefore, our planning will satisfy people's needs and people's aspirations."

"It is said that you took agitators like Raj Narain and George Fernandes into your Cabinet not because they were the most talented men available but because you felt they would be more dangerous outside the Cabinet than they would be in it."

"Who is the right kind of man to be a minister? Will you define it for me? Ideally, no one is fit to be a minister. But you should remember, if people have spent all their lives in opposition they cannot immediately get accustomed to exercising power. But giving them power teaches them how to use it."

I tried to steer him to the subject of the endless finger-pointing, recriminations, and inquiries the government was carrying on. (Desai's apologists say that he would like to set a lofty tone for the government, but his colleagues, like Charan Singh, who have powerful constituencies of their own, won't permit him to be master in his own house.) I observed, "Your government seems to be preoccupied more with Mrs. Gandhi and the Emergency than with the problems of the country, and it is now being said that Charan Singh is so vindictive that he won't rest until he has brought Sanjay and Mrs. Gandhi to trial and put them in jail."

"I don't know about Charan Singh—ask him. Is it right that I should give opinions on my colleagues? If I give good opinions about my colleagues, you will say I am doing so because they are my colleagues. If I don't give good opinions about my colleagues, you will say that I am not standing by them."

"Is your government different from former—Congress—governments in substance or only in style?"

"That's for people to decide. We shall say that we are different in substance."

"How would you characterize the difference?"

"In every way. In the first place, we believe in democracy without any strings. The last government didn't believe in it. That's why they failed. In the second place, we believe in Gandhiji's methods and values and we hope to bring society around to them."

"How exactly will you go about fol-

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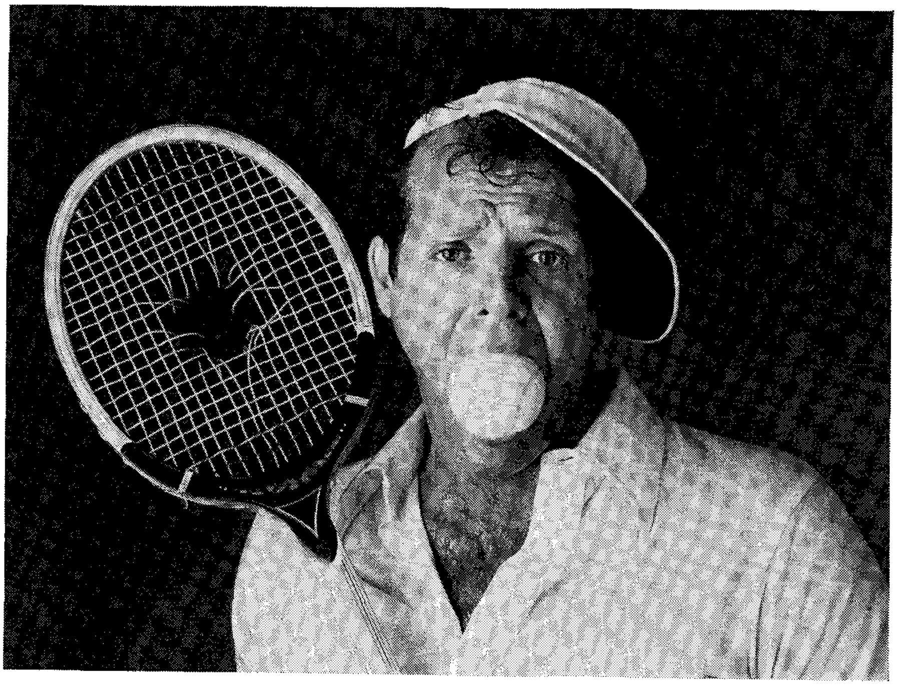

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lowing Mahatma Gandhi's methods?"

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"The sentiment is unexceptionable, but how do you plan to put it into practice? Will you allocate more money in the budget for rural development?"

"We will allocate more money if it's necessary. But what is required first is that everyone should have employment, and no one should be unemployed. This will have to be done by the government and various volunteer agencies. The government role will be mostly in convincing the villager that there is something *he* can do for himself and then seeing to it that he does this with brilliance and enthusiasm, and then the volunteer agency will give him that something to do."

Tens of millions of people are unemployed in India, and his goal seemed visionary, but it was difficult to get him to admit that. Mahatma Gandhi used to say that he was the only Gandhian. But since his death Gandhism has been made into something of an orthodoxy, the Gandhian aficionados forming a sort of clique, who are constantly in touch with one another but out of touch with the modern world. They have reduced the ideas and ideals of Gandhi to rigid strictures of diet, dress, and nature cures. So I asked Desai whether Gandhians have anything to do with the spirit of Gandhi.

"The followers of all prophets are rigid," he said offhandedly. "Rigidity is its own form of truth. The expert is the one who is the most dogmatic, and Gandhiji needs expert interpreters."

"The Janata Party is made up of such disparate elements—do you think they will all be able to work together?"

"They have now all accepted the Gandhian philosophy."

"But Indian politicians have always paid lip service to Gandhian philosophy."

"We don't propose to do that."

"Will you then cut some of the defense expenditure?"

"Cutting defense doesn't mean Gandhism."

I had to remind myself that Desai had won his colors in Indian politics, which, even in the treacherous domain of politics, is notorious for being coarse and rough. To have survived in it at

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all was to have distinguished himself as an armadillo among men. I therefore tried to turn the conversation to his hopes and aspirations. "As you look ahead to the next five or ten years, do you think you will be able to do things Mrs. Gandhi was unable to do?"

"In ten years, India will be the happiest country in the world."

"You really believe that?"

"Yes, I do. This is my intense belief."

"How can you hope to make even an impression on Indian poverty?"

"Why not?" he said impatiently, and then added as an afterthought, "I don't want to be first in the world in gross national product, first in the world in per-capita income. I don't want the affluence of the West for India. Like Gandhiji, I only want a good life for every Indian."

"And you really think that this is possible in the next ten or whatever number of years?"

"It's certainly possible in the next ten years, or why would I be sitting here? We have in India the resources, the intelligence, the capacity for hard work, and, above all, we have faith. I may see God in this life, or in the next life, or in several lives. It's all in the hands of God." —VED MEHTA

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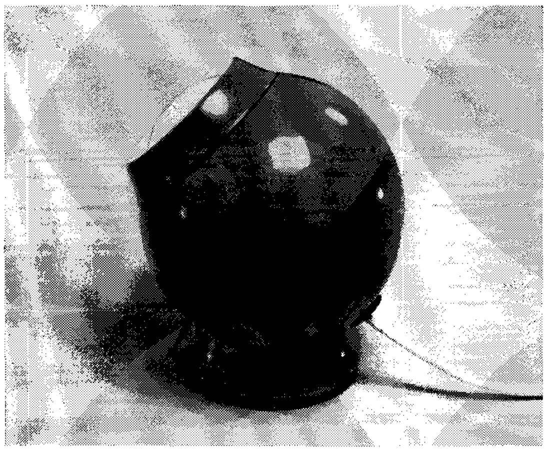

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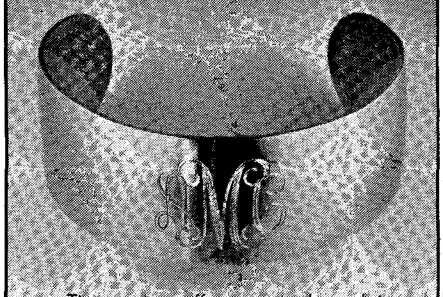

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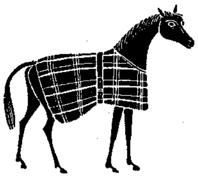
Runners on the Grass



NELSON BUNKER HUNT ran only two of the four horses he intended to run in the Man o' War Stakes at Belmont last Saturday—Exceller and Diode—and Ogden Mills Phipps (the media sometimes call him Dinny) beat them with Majestic Light, who won by four and a half lengths. Exceller, whom Mr. Hunt had been racing with distinction in England and France, was second, saving the place by a nose from Johnny D. There had been a to-do among the officials the day before when the $116,600 mile-and-a-half gallop on the grass closed with eighteen runners—four more than the starting gate can hold—and Tommy Trotter, the racing secretary, would not split the race and run it in two divisions. But the rain came and seven scratches reduced the field, saving the situation. Bemo, winner of the United Nations Handicap, led for the first mile over the wet but firm footing, with Exceller in a good position. It was Exceller's first race since the King George VI and Queen Elizabeth Stakes at Ascot in July, in which he finished third to The Minstrel; before that, he'd won the Grand Prix de Saint-Cloud, one of France's top races, and the Coronation Cup during Derby Week at Epsom. Now, if all is well with him, he goes to Woodbine for the Canadian International Championship on the 23rd. Majestic Light, who took the lead coming into the stretch, is, of course, our top runner on the grass and has won four of his seven starts this year. First money in the Man o' War was $67,860, bringing Majestic Light's earnings to $225,065. The less said the better of the weather at Belmont Park last Saturday. Let's hope for something better for the Gold Cup and the Champagne Stakes this Saturday.

WHEN the entries came out for the $113,800 Governor's Cup Handicap at Bowie, the race promised to be the most interesting meeting of three-year-olds in Maryland since the Preakness Stakes last May, for six of the starters had won stakes this year (Jatski alone had won five, including the Travers at Saratoga). And so it was. Cox's Ridge, a big bay colt by

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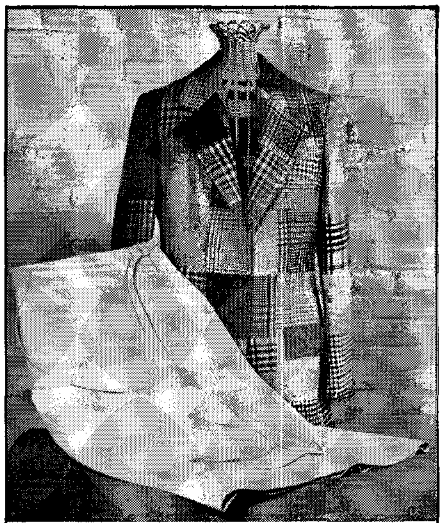

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Best Turn, next to last of the ten out of the starting gate and far back for nearly a mile of the mile and a furlong, seemed to drop out of the clouds and beat To the Quick by a neck on the post. Tacitus was third, a length away, and For the Moment, who showed a flash of his old speed, was fourth. Jatski, top weight and favorite, was last. Sam Maple, who rode him, said he had no bad luck in the race. Eddie Maple, Sam's brother, rode the winner. Cauthen rode Affiliate, who finished eighth. He seldom comments on his mounts after a race. One day at Belmont early last week, he had four winners, bringing his total number of victories for the year to four hundred and one, and his earnings to $4,729,976. Since a jockey gets ten per cent, that's not bad for a seventeen-year-old.

AMERICAN-BRED Alleged—he's by Hoist the Flag out of Princess Pout—won the Prix de l'Arc de Triomphe at Longchamp in Paris the other Sunday. He took it by a length and a half from Balmerino, the top horse in New Zealand and Australia. Crystal Palace, winner of the French Derby, was third, a head in front of Queen Elizabeth of England's Dunfermline. It was another big score for Robert Sangster, Britain's football-pools man, whose The Minstrel won the English and Irish derbies and the King George VI and Queen Elizabeth Stakes, and also for Vincent O'Brien, the Wizard of Tipperary, who trains both Alleged and The Minstrel. Twenty-six ran for the Arc, the richest race in Europe; this year, it had a purse of $510,000, with $240,000 going to the winner. Alleged, who is a three-year-old, was bred by Mrs. June McKnight and sold at the 1975 Keeneland Yearling Sale for $34,000. The following spring, Mr. Sangster, who likes to go to horse sales and buy something that catches his eye, acquired an interest in the colt at the auction of two-year-olds in training at Hollywood Park. Incidentally, he bought The Minstrel that way, too. This year, Alleged has won six of his seven starts, finishing second to Dunfermline in the other, the St. Leger at Doncaster last month. He may run in the Washington, D.C., International at Laurel November 5th.

—AUDAX MINOR

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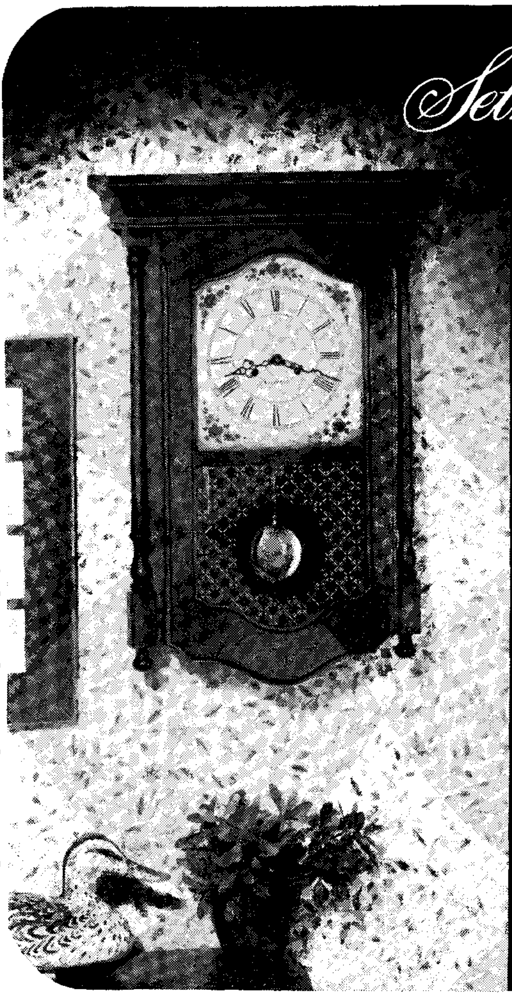

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MUSICAL EVENTS

Promenade

THE eighty-third season of Henry Wood Promenade Concerts—the Proms—ran, in London, from late July to mid-September. There were fifty-five concerts, most of them given in the Royal Albert Hall, some in Westminster Cathedral, in the Church of St. Augustine, Kilburn, and in the Round House, in Chalk Farm. It is easy for Londoners to take the Proms for granted—as an admirable and jolly institution, a hardy annual, a set of informal concerts marked by lighthearted shouting and banter from the audience before the programs proper begin. A visitor to London soon discovers that they also make up what is probably the richest music festival in the world. If all the more important concerts of a full season in Avery Fisher and Carnegie Halls were brought together along with the Philharmonic's Prospective Encounters and the enterprising choral programs in Alice Tully Hall something like a Prom repertory would result. This year, twenty-four orchestras and sixteen choirs took part. The conductors ranged from Sir Adrian Boult, aged eighty-eight, to Simon Rattle, aged twenty-two, and included Claudio Abbado, Pierre Boulez, Bernard Haitink, and Riccardo Muti. The Proms are presented by the BBC. All the concerts are broadcast nationally, on the night, and most of them internationally; on Sundays, when there is no live concert, television steps in with filmed repeats of selected works. Last year, according to the BBC, there were, over the season, some three hundred thousand Prom attendances and about a hundred million radio listeners. Attendances were up this year. So were the ticket prices, but not by much. The best seats cost three pounds (about five dollars)—raised to three-fifty on nights when Colin Davis or Haitink conducted. Seventy pence bought admission to the arena and sixty pence to the gallery, the places of "promenade," though most nights when I attended there was not much room to stroll in the arena; the young enthusiasts stood packed shoulder to shoulder.

This has been a vintage Prom year. Some idea of it, and of the general musical richness of a London summer, may be suggested by an account, with digressions to cognate events, of some of what I heard on ten consecutive days—from Saturday, August 6th, to Monday, August 15th. The BBC regularly commissions new pieces for the Proms, and on August 6th John Buller's "Proença," one of this year's three commissions, had its first performance. "Proença" is a work for mezzo-soprano, electric guitar, and large orchestra, lasting some thirty-five minutes; the BBC Symphony was conducted by Mark Elder and the singer was Sarah Walker, both leading young artists of the English National Opera. (She was the heroine of, and he conducted, "Toussaint," a new grand opera by David Blake, which I hope to write about next week.) Buller, born in 1927, is a name reëmergent in British music. He made his mark with some youthful works but then, dissatisfied with his achievement, renounced composition—until recently, when he discovered that there was music within him demanding to be set down. "Proença" is at once a celebration of the brilliant, animated Provençal culture of the twelfth and thirteenth centuries, which was destroyed by the Albigensian Crusade, and, more generally, a musician's reflection on spectacles of violence and power moving against what is youthful, beautiful, and independent. On the cover of the study-score (which is published by G. Schirmer and was already on sale at the concert) there is a picture of the ruins atop Mont Ségur, where in 1244 many men and women were massacred; however, the setting of the piece is not only medieval Provence but also Lincoln Park, Chicago, at the time of the 1968 Democratic Convention, as described in Norman Mailer's "Miami and the Siege of Chicago." Buller's text is an anthology of beautiful, sharp-imaged Languedoc poetry, starting with joyful springtime song and gradually darkening toward the lament of Guiraud Riquièr, the "last troubadour": "I should refrain from singing, For songs must spring from joy. . . . I was born too late." In a program note, the composer remarked that " 'song' is, in a way, what this piece is 'about'—verbal, instrumental, and vocal; the joy it can represent; and the violence it can meet." In his music, three real troubadour songs are used as a source of melodic and rhythmic motifs. The electric guitar, a voice of youth, also "sings," crying out a melody for Arnaud Daniel's "Song that no song shall surpass/for freeing the heart of sorrow." Buller's style is eclectic—he seems to have learned from Boulez and from Berio—but the result is personal. Although his subject matter here is enough in itself to provoke responses literary, historical, political, and, indeed—to anyone who knows Provence—visual even before a note has been played, "Proença" is not one of those works whose program note proves more communicative than the music itself. After hearing it, the abundance and intensity of musical feeling, the sure control of colors and forms, and the vividness of sonic imagery that has sprung from passion and been shaped by technical mastery are what one remembers. "Proença" is a work both picturesque and affecting.

WHY ISN'T THE END NEARER?
Ed Arno

SUNDAY brought the start of another London festival: South Bank Summer Music and Seminar, three weeks of concerts, master classes, and other events, forty of them in all, held afternoon and evening in the Royal Festival Hall, the Queen Elizabeth Hall, and the Purcell Room—that riverside cluster of modern concert halls which together with the National Film Theatre,

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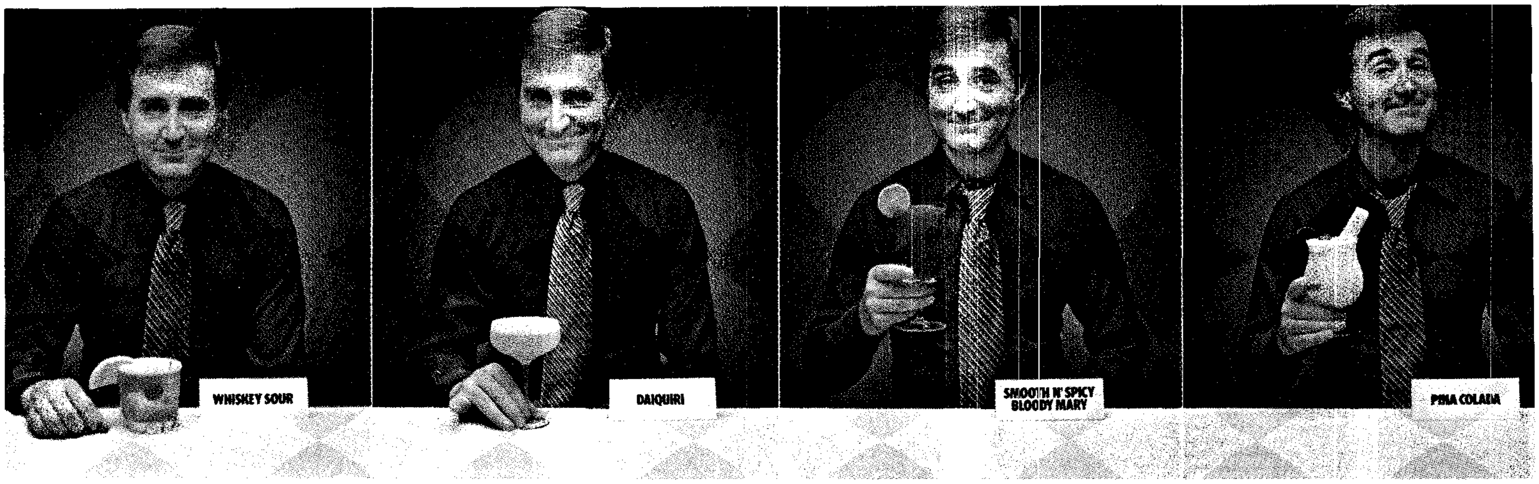
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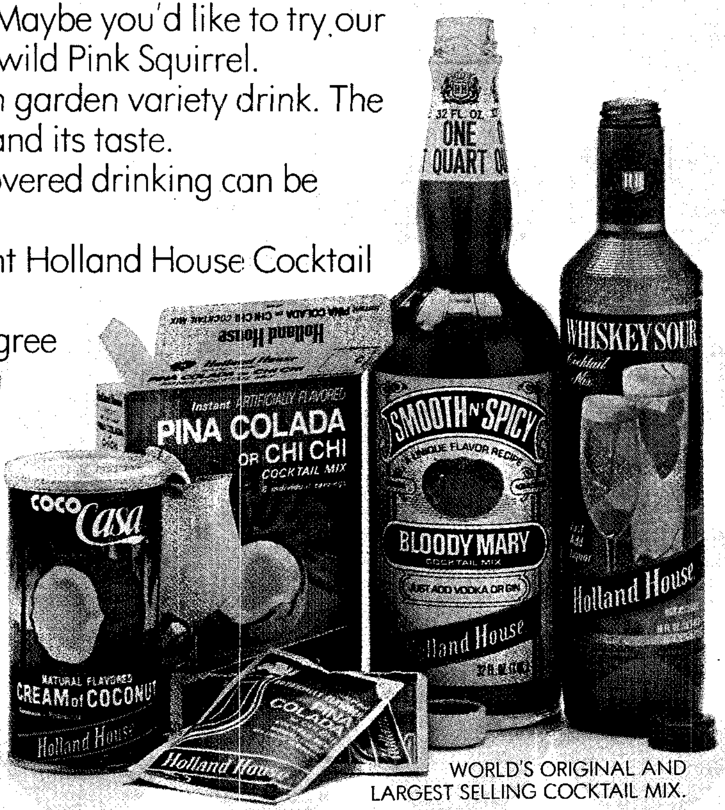
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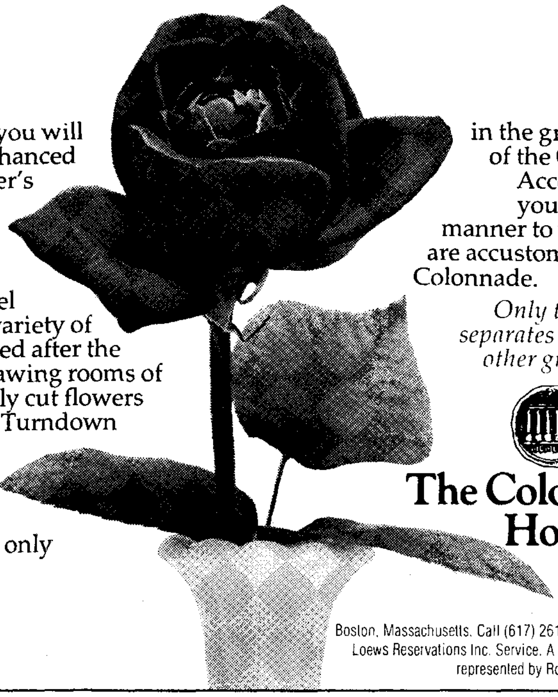
the three auditoriums of the National Theatre, and the Hayward Gallery makes up "London's Lincoln Center." (It differs from Lincoln Center by providing, on the slopes of its open undercrofts, a non-stop skateboard show.) Salvatore Accardo, Lynn Harrell, Christoph Eschenbach, and the Cleveland Quartet were the "artists in residence," and the Academy of St. Martin-in-the-Fields, conducted by Neville Marriner, was the resident orchestra. Much Beethoven—including all the quartets and a good deal of other chamber music—was billed, in this year that marks the hundred-and-fiftieth anniversary of his death. Alfred Brendel filled the Elizabeth Hall for two four-hour master classes on the piano concertos. The three-hundredth anniversary of Matthew Locke's death was observed, too. (Around this time, the BBC put out a fine pair of Locke programs that could be matter for a separate article.) Most of the orchestral programs combined Handel and Beethoven with British music (Michael Tippett, Alexander Goehr, Nicholas Maw), and at the opening concert Janet Baker gave the London première of "Phaedra," the cantata that Benjamin Britten wrote for her in 1975. "Phaedra," inspired by Handel's dramatic cantatas, accompanied by strings, harpsichord, and percussion, consists of a prologue, presto, and adagio divided by recitatives. The text is taken from Robert Lowell's translation of "Phèdre;" the Racinian weight and grandeur lost in the English couplets are restored by Britten's music. Dame Janet may declaim the big speech to Hippolytus with less forceful emphasis than Sarah Bernhardt brought to it (on a famous record), but she is scarcely less moving. The musical style unites the large, direct lyrical gestures of Britten's early Michelangelo settings and the rhythmic refinements of his later works. "Phaedra" is clear, powerful, and grand. A fortnight later, at the opening concert of the Edinburgh Festival, Dame Janet gave an even more impassioned account of it. In July, at "Chichester 902," she ended a noble recital—her voice filling the great cathedral with glorious sound—with the first performance of three new Walter de la Mare settings, small, subtle, and masterly, composed for her by Lennox Berkeley. (In 1075, William the Conqueror gave command for the building of Chichester Cathedral; nine centuries later, the event was commemorated in a series of festival events, "Chichester 900," which proved so popular that it seemed a pity to wait a



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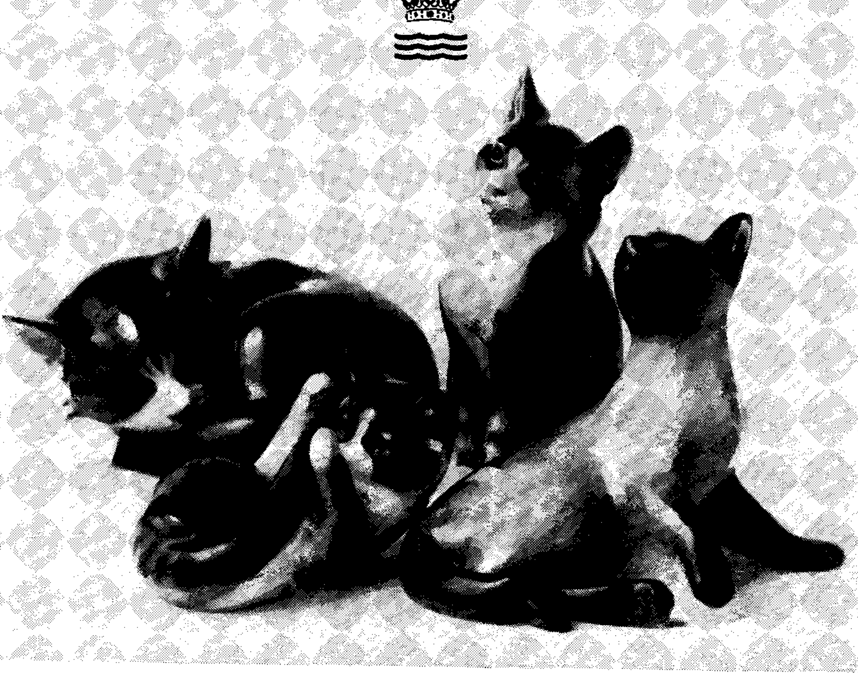

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hundred years for a repeat; hence the progressive title of this attractive annual festival in a beautiful town an easy day excursion from London.) At a later Prom, Kerstin Meyer was the soloist at the London deuxième of "Phaedra."

ON Monday, Glyndebourne visited the Proms with its new production of "Don Giovanni." Presented on a bare raised platform, costumed only in evening dress, it proved scarcely less dramatic than it had in the Sussex theatre. Haitink conducted a skillful, well-matched cast who brought meaning to each turn of the music. Thomas Allen was a brave, confidently seductive Giovanni, Horiana Branisteanu a mettled Anna, Rachel Yakar a vivid Elvira, Richard Van Allan a resourceful Leporello, Adrienne Csengery a rich-toned yet supple Zerlina, Philip Langridge a beautifully weighted Ottavio, and John Rawnsley a substantial Masetto. With the Statue's tremendous "Sì!" in the cemetery and in the inexorable summons of the last scene, Pierre Thau set the spine pricking as he had at Glyndebourne. Peter Hall's production, worthy successor to his famous "Figaro" of 1973, gave the piece the immediacy of a brand-new play, and was securely based on recognition that the details of that play are written by Mozart as well as by Da Ponte. Haitink's reading combined freedom with great strength; the timbres of the London Philharmonic were eloquent. Back in John Bury's strong, sombre, Goyesque décor, the show then went on to the National Theatre and to the five towns of the Glyndebourne tour.

Glyndebourne's other new productions this year were of Poulenc's "La Voix Humaine," directed and sung by Graziella Sciutti and done as a curtain-raiser to a revival of Janáček's "The Cunning Little Vixen," conducted by Mr. Rattle, and of Richard Strauss's "Die Schweigsame Frau," directed by John Cox. Mr. Cox did not repeat the success of his "Intermezzo," "Ariadne," and "Capriccio" for the company; the fault, however, lay not with him but with Strauss and with the libretto, an overelaborated version of "Don Pasquale." The music prattles on *skillfully and agreeably*—and then suddenly catches one up in episodes of ravishing lyricism. Peter Gottlieb was brilliant as the Barber, the Figaro/Malatesta figure. Three Americans—Janet Perry, from the Cologne Opera, in the title part; Jerome Pruett, from the Vienna Volksoper, as Henry; and Richard Cross, from the Frankfurt Opera, in the central part of Sir

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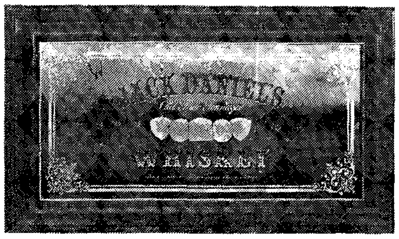

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Morosus—were fairly good in roles that need the utmost charm and accomplishment of voice and manner. Michael Annals' detailed, busy décor was pretty, and Andrew Davis's conducting first-rate. The piece was done in German, not English, but otherwise a good case was made for Strauss's weakest—if still not negligible—comedy. Meanwhile, Covent Garden revived his previous opera, "Arabella," and Kiri Te Kanawa sang the title role for the first time, with great poise and beauty of tone. The Munich Festival opened with a new production of his "Daphne," a generally underrated work. It is short on stage actions. Attending only with my ears, by way of a BBC relay, I found movement and drama enough in the score itself, and admired the free, fresh Apollo of Peter Lindroos, the rock-steady Gaea of Ortrun Wenkel, and, from Lilian Sukis, a Daphne with many gentle, supple phrases. Wolfgang Sawallisch conducted. Glyndebourne's other revivals were of "Falstaff," a horrid production by Jean-Pierre Ponnelle (I skipped it this year), and of "The Rake's Progress," a trim, fresh production by Mr. Cox, with décor by David Hockney. "The Rake" had an ideal new Anne, Felicity Lott, and a new Nick Shadow, Samuel Ramey, who sounded good but left the character—well, shadowy. Superb choral singing; great conducting by Haitink.

AT the Prom "Don Giovanni," an advertisement in the program book told the audience it was missing the first night of the English National Opera season, which began with the first of three "Ring" cycles. As author of the translation used, I must declare an interest in the E.N.O. "Ring," but I hope this need not debar me from declaring, too, that Reginald Goodall's conducting of the cycle reached new heights of lyricism and grandeur. The work he began eight years ago, coaching and inspiring British artists and players new to "The Ring," has come to full flower. On Tuesday, I was at "The Valkyrie," but a Sunday TV repeat enabled me to catch up with the heart of the Tuesday Prom: Brendel's wonderfully precise and poetic account of Beethoven's Fourth Piano Concerto with the BBC Symphony under Sir Charles Groves, and Peter Maxwell Davies' "St. Thomas Wake: Foxtrot for Orchestra" (1969). This presents transformations, by techniques both medieval and modern, of John Bull's "St. Thomas Wake" pavan into foxtrots-plus-commentary for a small jazz

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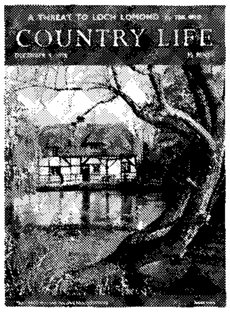

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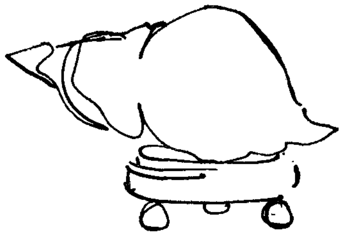

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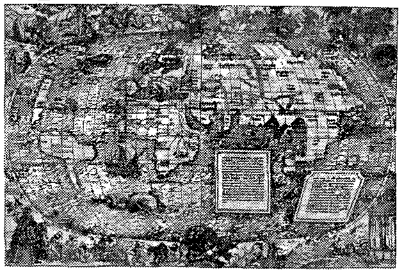

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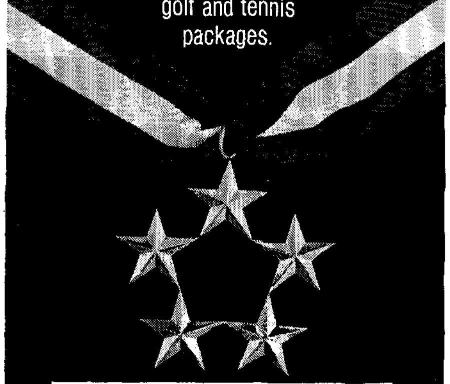
band and a fairly large orchestra. Some of the more outré percussion devices employed derive from the composer's wartime memories of playing foxtrot records on his windup phonograph in an air-raid shelter, while bombs fell outside and houses collapsed. The piece is high-spirited and serious at once; escapism is both enjoyed and judged.

Maxwell Davies (born 1934), Goehr (born 1932), and Harrison Birtwistle (born 1934), students together in Manchester, came forward in the fifties as a "Manchester Group." They have since pursued separate paths—which converged on the Albert Hall in August. The Wednesday Prom began with Goehr's "Pastorals" (1965), played by the Royal Philharmonic under Groves. Like all Goehr's work, it is lucid. Like all his best work, it holds a listener intent on an arresting musical discourse—shapely statement and logical though often unexpected response. Behind the piece lies "Oedipus at Colonus" and Goehr's incidental music for that play: against a "pastoral" background, evoked in a recurrent three-part chord, the actions are often violent, the climaxes fierce.

On Thursday, I was at "Siegfried" while at the Prom Haitink conducted the London Philharmonic in Beethoven, Brahms, and Dvořák. (There were *some* conventional programs.) At the Friday Prom, Richard Rodney Bennett's "Actaeon," for horn and orchestra, had its first performance. Composed for Barry Tuckwell, it fully explores his technical and expressive virtuosity but, like so much of Bennett's recent work, seems merely fluent and deft, slipping agreeably through the ear and leaving little trace on the mind. Across the way from the Albert Hall, in the Royal College of Art, there is set up at Prom time a well-stocked shop selling scores, books about music, the musical magazines, and records. Here, too, an hour before concerts, composers talk informally about works of theirs to be played. Bennett said that "Actaeon" was planned as the first in a "Metamorphoses" series. With Ovid open beside him, he should easily be able to provide a few dozen companion pieces in similar vein.

AT the Saturday Prom, Birtwistle's "Melencolia I" was played by the Scottish National Orchestra under Sir Alexander Gibson. (They gave the first performance, in Glasgow, last year.) The title, spelled thus, is that of a Dürer engraving; like Birtwistle's "The Triumph of Time" (titled after Brueghel), it is a work that moves very



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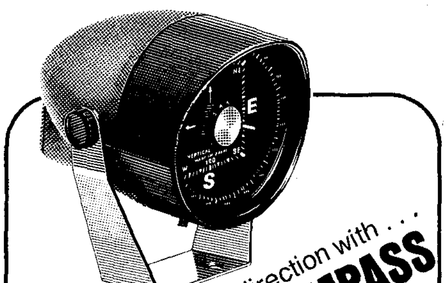

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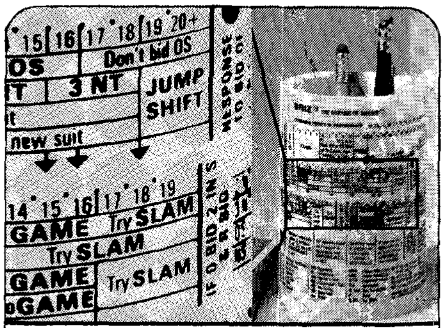

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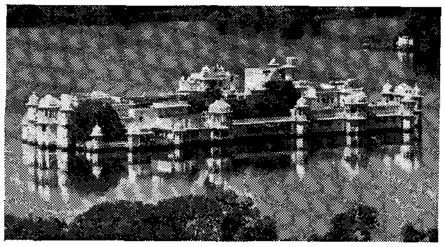

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slowly but rewards a listener's patience. A clarinet, partnered by a harp, sits center stage; two string orchestras provide the background. Detail by detail, with many near-static episodes of reflection, a confrontation is prepared. It may sound tedious in description; it proves enthralling, tremendous, in performance. In London, I heard two other new works by Birtwistle, both of them "written in rehearsals" by the composer and his performers at once. "Bow Down," done at the National Theatre in a music-theatre triple bill, along with pieces by Satie and Mauricio Kagel, was worked out jointly by Birtwistle, the poet Tony Harrison, the director Walter Donohue, and a group of actors and musicians, sitting in a circle. The text is many different versions of the ballad "The Two Sisters" (No. 10 in Child's collection), chanted, declaimed, murmured, or mimed in many different ways. For some fifty minutes, the same cruel tale is told over and over again, but ever with changes of dialect, accent, pace, actors, rhythms, and mode; again, something that may sound tedious in description proved enthralling. "Frames/Pulse & Interruptions," done in the Round House by the Ballet Rambert, was worked out jointly with the choreographer Jaap Flier, the designer Nadine Baylis, nine instrumentalists, and the dancers. I *did* find this tedious, but was told that after I'd seen and heard it eight times or so, what seemed like mere repetition or confusion would be revealed as purposive order. I felt that life was short, and too rich in other things, and did not persevere. (I was also told that Birtwistle's best piece of all in recent years is "Silbury Air," whose American première is due from the Chamber Music Society of Lincoln Center this week.)

ON otherwise Prom-less Sunday, there was, on television, Purcell's "Hail, bright Cecilia," repeated from one of the opening Proms devoted to British music. Else the music-hungry could go to the South Bank to hear Brendel, or stay at home, as I did, to embark on the first installment of the BBC's latest Roberto Gerhard cycle and then catch the third installment of another series, presenting all of Messiaen's piano music. On Monday, the last of the central ten days under review, there were two Proms, one after the other. In St. Augustine's, a noble High Victorian church by J. L. Pearson, the BBC Northern Singers' program included Thea Musgrave's "Rorate Coeli," a large setting for unac-

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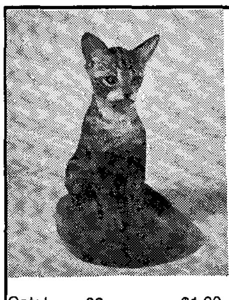

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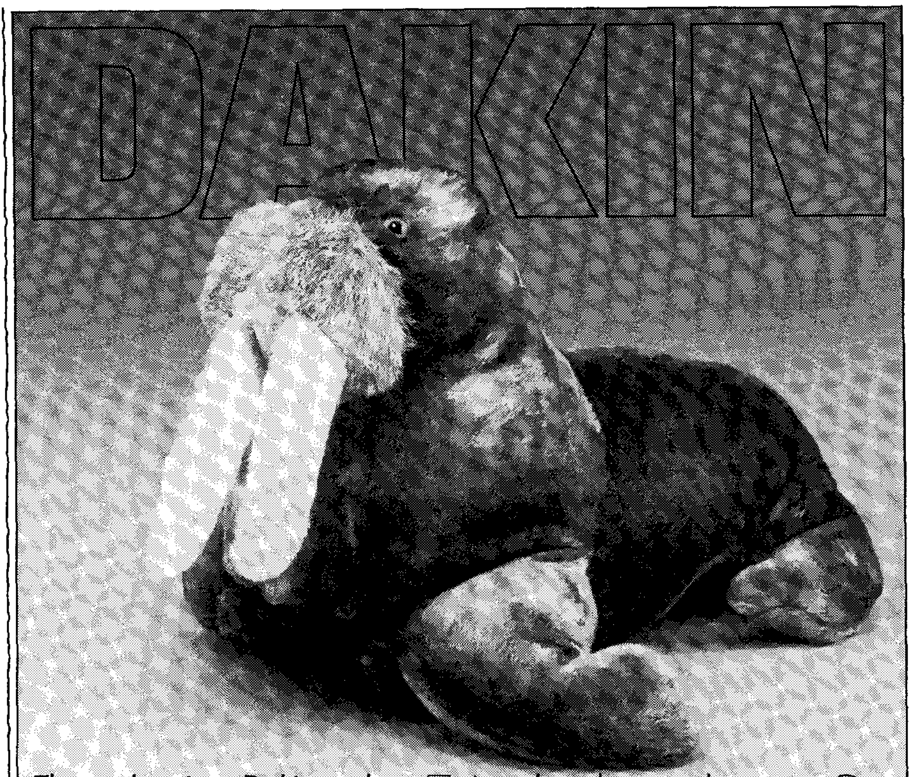
companied chorus of two William Dunbar poems, and one of the richest and most imaginative things she has done. Later, in the Round House, a rotunda built by Robert Stephenson in 1847 as an engine house for locomotives but now a picturesque, informal theatre and concert hall, there was a "three Bs" concert. Bach, Beethoven, and Brahms were all well represented at the Proms. So were Bruckner, Britten, and Boulez (by "Cummings ist der Dichter" and "Rituel"). But the Round House fare was Sándor Balassa's Quartet for Percussion, Jean Barraqué's "Chant après Chant," and Bartók's Sonata for two pianos and percussion, with two young Hungarian prize-winners, Dezsö Ránki and Zoltán Kocsis, who had played a solo concerto each in preceding days, as the pianists.

At an earlier Monday double, I heard in St. Augustine's the Monteverdi Vespers sung by the Taverner Choir, accompanied by an orchestra of baroque instruments (in August there was also a week-long festival of early music, on authentic instruments, in the Wigmore Hall), and then in the Round House the London première of Maxwell Davies' new opera, "The Martyrdom of St. Magnus." The changes of venue, ambience, and acoustics are an attractive feature of the Proms. Twice they moved to Westminster Cathedral, whose numinous Byzantine vastness was set gently sounding by the Monteverdi Choir, in a program that brought together the serene Requiems of André Campra and of Fauré, and was a week later antiphonally explored by the Schütz Choir. When music is heard in a setting both acoustically and spiritually suited to it, the listeners' enjoyment and understanding grow. The Albert Hall, scene of so many stirring rallies, was the right place for Hans Werner Henze's "popular and militant oratorio" "The Raft of the Medusa," a huge concert-hall drama laid out in space, which had its London première at this year's Proms. The intended world première, in Hamburg in 1968, did not take place, because a West Berlin choir refused to sing under the Red Flag and a banner of Che Guevara (to whose memory the piece is dedicated); there was a student scuffle, and steel-helmeted police troopers marched in to make arrests. At the London performance, all was outwardly peaceful. David Atherton conducted the BBC Singers and BBC Symphony with mastery, Phyllis Bryn-Julson sang Death's alluring cantilenas in full, true tones, and the bust of Sir Henry Wood which presides over the



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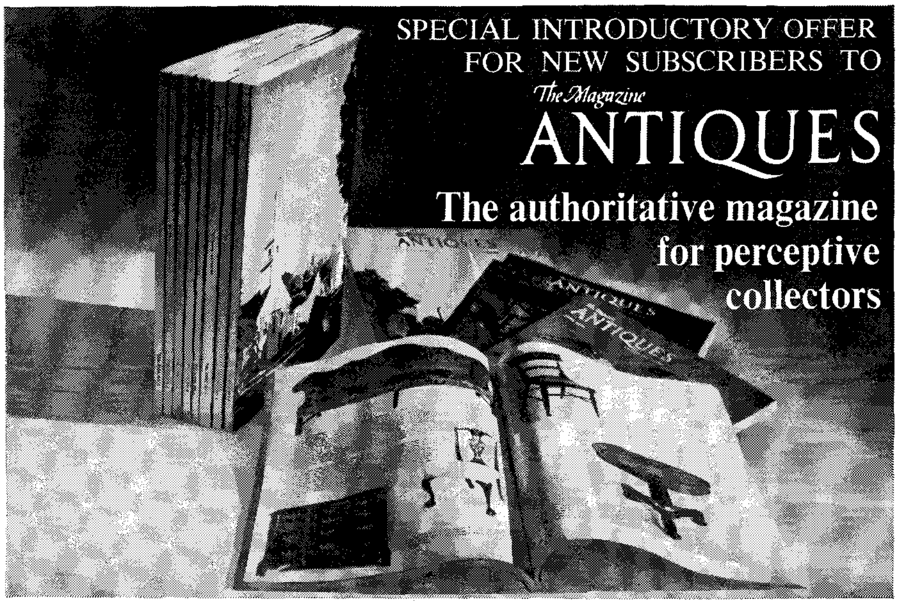
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platform was not replaced by one of Che. The Albert Hall was also the right place for Luciano Berio's "Coro," a spacious, hour-long, complicated setting of folk texts shot through with fragments of Neruda. The Cologne Radio forces for whom it was composed—forty individual singers, forty-four solo players—visited the Proms to give the first performance of "Coro" in a longer version than that of its Donaueschingen première, last year. Berio conducted. "Coro" is a puzzling, complicated work. Berio's vision is huge. He ranges through love songs, nature songs, charms, choral dances from all over the world. Without direct musical quotation, except of one Yugoslav melody, he brings folk techniques—the hocketing of African wood-trumpet bands, for example—to bear on his own kinds of musical material. Each singer sits beside a player. Solos and dialogues emerge. The center of interest shifts about the platform. Language yields to language, style to style, as we roam the world. But lightness, gaiety, and love yield ever to the bitter Neruda refrain "Come and see the blood in the streets," massively stated, at first in fragments and at last in full: "You will ask me why this poem/doesn't speak of dreams, of leaves,/of the great volcanoes of my native land? /Come and see the blood in the streets." The necessity of music's social involvement was a recurrent theme of the Proms. Buller, Maxwell Davies, and Henze treated it; at the penultimate Prom there was Beethoven's Ninth Symphony; the season ended with Parry's setting of Blake's "Jerusalem." Of course, there were also dreams and diversions, songs of faith (Messiaen's "Colors of the Celestial City") and celebrations of love (his "Turangalîla" Symphony), much romantic self-expression, and much absolute, or abstract, music. And in "Coro" all these kinds of music were brought together. I felt unsure whether it was a gallimaufry or a masterpiece.

—ANDREW PORTER

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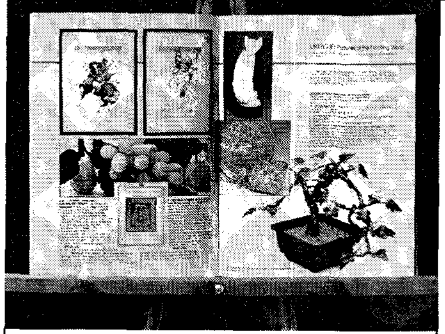

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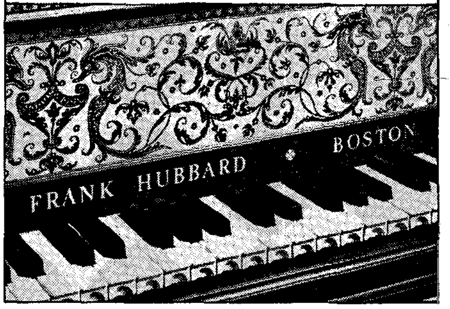

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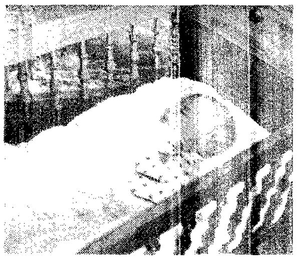

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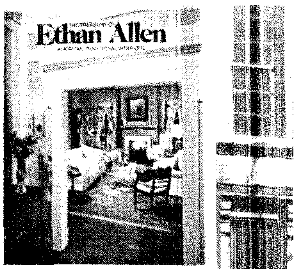

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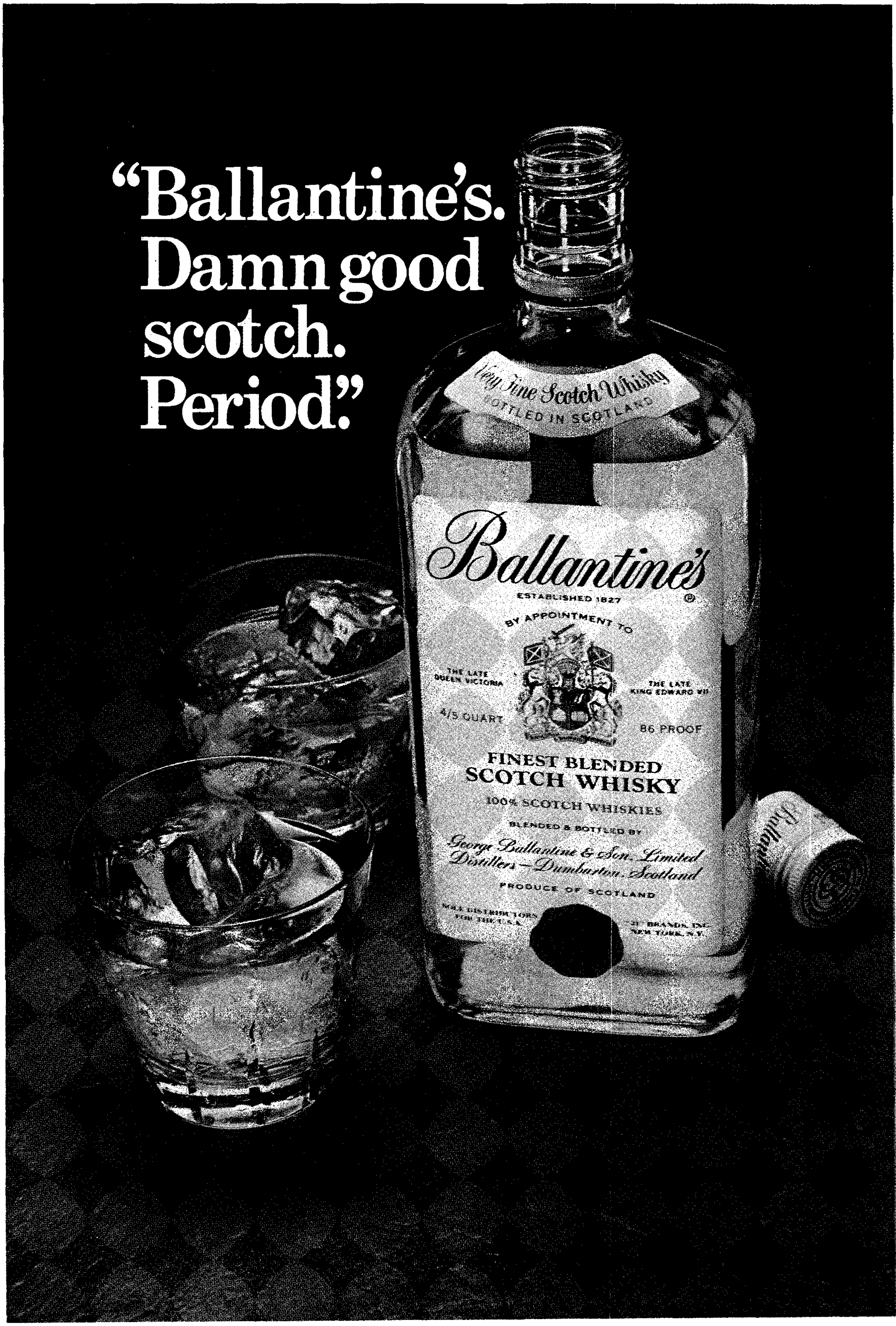
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THE CURRENT CINEMA

Heart/Soul

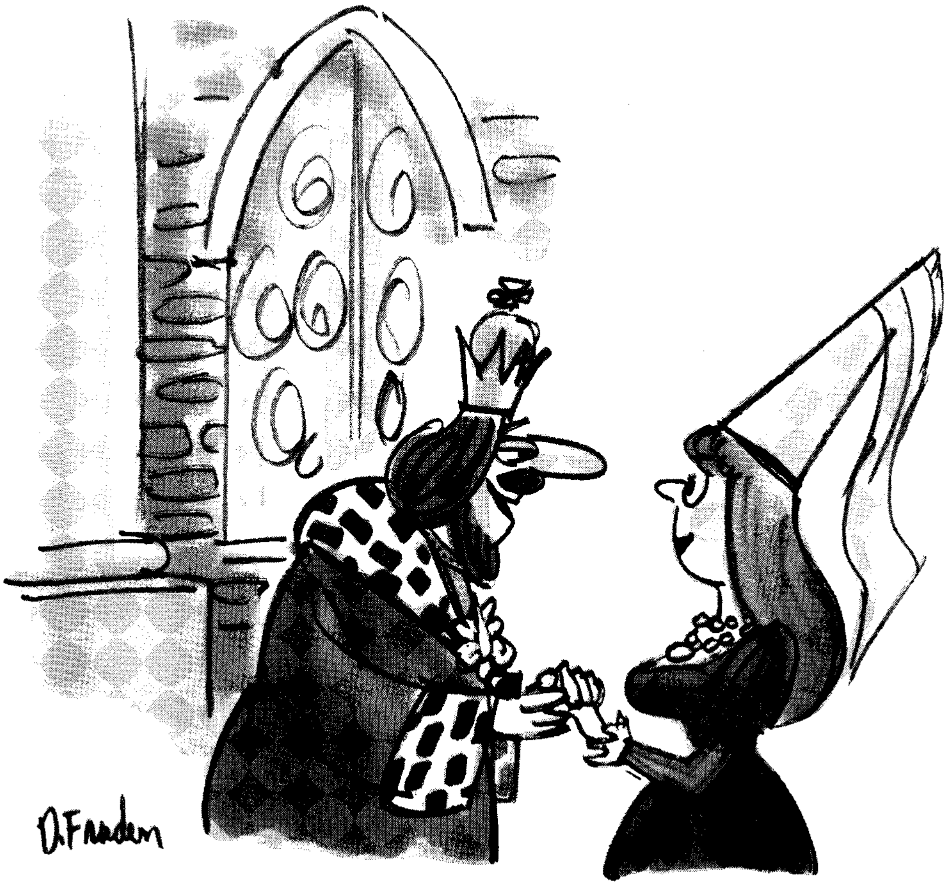
WOMEN'S-LIB sensitivity may be the worst blow to drama since fifties-TV Freud. "A Special Day" is like processed Tennessee Williams: a woman's sexual hunger and a man's sexual deviation are treated as a refined problem play. The two-character confrontation takes place in an apartment block in Rome, on May 8, 1938, during Hitler's visit with Mussolini to reaffirm the glory of the Rome-Berlin Axis—a day of celebration. Sophia Loren is an oppressed working-class housewife, the mother of six children, and Marcello Mastroianni is an announcer for government-controlled radio, a suspected homosexual who has just been dismissed from his job and is about to be interned in Sardinia. She idolizes Mussolini but has so much housework to do that she packs her Fascist husband (John Vernon) and the kids off to the parade, and then, guess what? Her mynah bird flies out of its cage and across the courtyard to the window of Mastroianni, who has also stayed at home—waiting for its arrival? No, preparing to commit suicide, because in addition to his other miseries he's lost his lover (which we learn in a telephone monologue that deftly miniaturizes Cocteau's "The Human Voice").

The slavey mother of six is not used to the courtesies of the well-bred announcer and falls madly, urgently in love. She learns that he is homosexual, and softly, meekly, almost ritually seduces him. She experiences sexual joy for the first time, and thinks she's proving him heterosexual; she doesn't realize that there's more than simple physical capability involved in one's choice of love objects. That is all that happens. She has learned something about passion, however, and has had a moment's doubt about the grandeur of Mussolini's policies. And the announcer, though still forlorn when he's hustled away by the police, is at least alive. It's so neat, so wimpy neat. The colors are desaturated—brown tones and gray tones—and then, suddenly, after Loren's awakening there's a splash of red roses in the courtyard as she looks out and sees him for the last time. Passion commemorated. Gratitude forever.

Loren wears a drab housedress that is meant to remind you of her unglamorous dishevelment in "Two Women," for which she won an Academy Award, and you're supposed to applaud her for not being made up. With your husband as the producer and Pasqualino De Santis as the lighting cameraman, who needs makeup? Loren has never looked more richly beautiful or given such a completely controlled great-lady performance. This movie is perfectly calibrated for its teeny bit of courage: the big stars playing uncharacteristic roles—two social inferiors in this totalitarian-minded society having their brief encounter. Born in 1931, the director, Ettore Scola ("The Pizza Triangle," "We All Loved Each Other So Much"), was a screenwriter for the great clown Totò and worked on the scripts of some seventy movies altogether (including many famous ones) before he turned director, in 1964; he and a couple of colleagues shaped this script with Loren and Mastroianni in mind. The early scenes of Loren getting her children up and into their uniforms have a little vaudeville bounce, but the further Scola goes from farce the more he's forced back on "sensitivity." This movie gets to be a strenuous exercise in sensitivity. He handles the schematic romance with all the grace he can muster, in a style that might be called genteel shamelessness—the turf so well tended by Noël Coward when he was being "real."

In the latest fashion in sympathy, when two unhappy people meet, one of them is an outcast because she's a woman, the other because he's a homosexual. Their humiliation draws them together for a few hours, and we see that society has wronged them, cruelly. There's fifties-TV irony and contrast here: the noise of the radio carrying the strident exultation outside is the counterpoint to the loneliness of the two left behind in the emptied building—the wallflowers left out of the party. Essentially, Loren and Mastroianni are both playing "Marty"—she's Marty as a passive, despised woman, he's Marty as a passive, despised homosexual. "When you're ignorant, there's no respect," she says, echoing Chayefsky's "little people," who have already dulled our sensibilities past compassion. The poetry of banality is a great big fraud: no matter how gracefully you pour it on, it's still condescension.

When the housewife tenderly begins to make love to the homosexual and puts his hand on her magnificent melon breast, it's embarrassingly tasteful. Your first thought may be "Pizza and Sympathy," but it's your next that's fatal. The man lies there politely, joylessly; his face is drawn, tense, utterly still. How can you have any feeling for a man who doesn't enjoy being in bed with Sophia Loren? You lose any interest in the radio announcer afterward. He just fades away, and you barely remember the fine, subtle work Mastroi-



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anni did earlier in the film—a closely observed portrait of a diffident, cultivated, self-aware man, a little loose in the seat when he rumbas. If this man is a shade too wistful, too repressed even at the start to make us care very much about him, that may be in the writing. This kind of movie doesn't mean to get us angry or worked up; any big emotional response would destroy it. We're supposed to see the small hurts, the lilts of feeling, the fine-tuning of despair. It's neo-realism in a gold frame.

Loren is a star because of her beauty combined with the teasing good humor in her vitality—her great gift for seeming to be having the best time in the world up there on the screen. Here she shows that spontaneity in only one scene: when she describes her excitement the time she quite by chance got close to Mussolini and felt his sexual magnetism. There's nothing the matter with her careworn-Italian-woman-finds-love number (a reprise of Florinda Bolkan's role in De Sica's "A Brief Vacation"), except that this "mature," "eloquent" acting is self-conscious acting. If Loren would just get out of that dumb dress and stop bucking for prizes, she could drop her soulful, resigned expression and get some spirit back. The deprived-woman role starves her personality. Her self-consciousness—and Mastroianni's, too—is integral to the big-stars-playing-little-people conception. This movie is all heart. Calculatedly all heart. And so, although it's about sex, both stars become as sexless as possible. They try to purify themselves so they'll be properly little.

ANGST-DARK primary colors—reds and blues so intense they're near-psychedelic, yet grimy, rotting in the thick, muggy atmosphere. Cities that blur into each other. Characters as figures in cityscapes or as exiles in rooms that are insistently not home. And, under it all, morbid, premonitory music. This is the festering mood of the young German writer-director Wim Wenders' "The American Friend," adapted from Patricia Highsmith's crime thriller "Ripley's Game."

An American demi-crook, Tom Ripley (Dennis Hopper), operating out of Hamburg, suffers a small discourtesy: a Swiss picture restorer and framer, Jonathan (Bruno Ganz), who suspects Ripley of being involved in art forgery, declines to shake his hand. Minot (Gérard Blain), a gangster associate of Ripley's, needs the services of an assassin, and out of pique—it's no more than a perverse whim—Ripley suggests that Jonathan might be his

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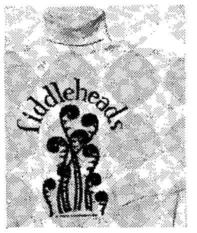

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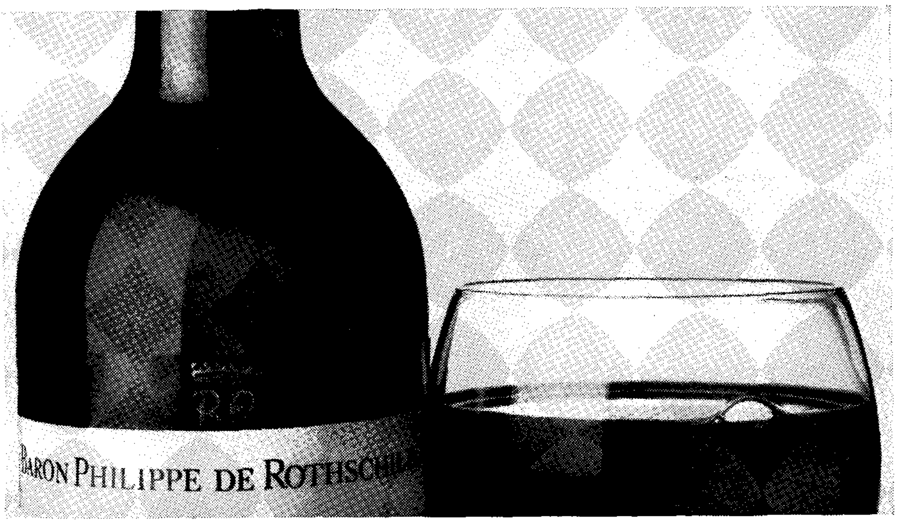
man. Minot tricks Jonathan, who has a blood disease, into believing that his death is imminent, and proposes that he kill for hire—the target is someone he's never met—so that he'll have money to leave to his wife and child. Jonathan's moral values collapse once he thinks he's dying; suddenly something in him gives way—as (we fear) it might in any of us. He yields to the momentary temptation, and the trap closes; he's a criminal. There's a true thriller moment when this honorable, decent craftsman-shopkeeper carries out his mission. Feverishly, only half consciously, he shoots the victim on an escalator in the Paris Métro and then comes up into the daylight, and it's like waking from a nightmare—except that we know that now his whole life will be a nightmare.

Highsmith's thrillers—the sources of Hitchcock's "Strangers on a Train" and René Clément's "Purple Noon"—aren't concerned with bringing criminals to justice, and there's no moral principle or any other standard to separate the normal and the criminal. The symmetrical twist in the plot here is that Ripley develops an affection for Jonathan and tries to extricate him from Minot's clutches. (Does the title mean that an American friend is one who tries to help you after he's destroyed you?) Jonathan, who wanted to protect his family's future, is so changed that he leads a new, dislocated life in which he feels himself a stranger—a tourist who hasn't got his bearings. His wife barely knows him anymore; Ripley, who understands what is happening to him, replaces his wife as his mate.

Bruno Ganz's performance as Jonathan is one of the rare ordinary-decent-fellow portrayals that actually succeed (for a while, at least) in involving the viewer. Quiet, a man of inner strength, with watchful, anxious eyes and swansdown diction, Jonathan gives the film its only depth (except for the poignancy of the settings). Ganz doesn't talk, he croons—and you almost catch yourself leaning toward the screen. You feel you're reading Jonathan's soul each time you look at him; you soak into his face the way you soak into the rooms, the streets. If Wenders had written the role so that this patsy had some aggressive impulses that came out in the killing, or if he lost his inner dignity—if he were unpredictable—you could go on soaking into him. But there's not a lot of variety in Jonathan's soul. Ganz's character modulations are in too narrow a range; he's so inward that you begin to feel he's looking soul-



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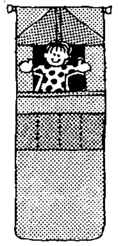

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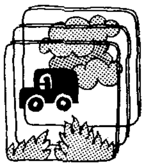

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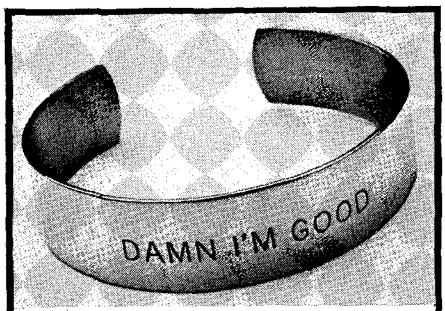

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by Dionne Cole

fully out of his deep brown eyes right down at his saintly tradesman's limp mustache. Jonathan is such a humble, anxious man that the picture needs a counter-force. A stronger Ripley might provide it. But as Dennis Hopper plays him Ripley is nothing but a cowboy hat and a fatigued face and aberrant buoyant flings into the air: Hopper bounds up, arms raised high—the arms that are generally held close in to his slightly rigid body, as if he were chilled.

The psychological union that develops between Ripley and Jonathan—which should be the heart of the movie—is indicated by nothing more than Ripley's picking up a little kinetic novelty item in Jonathan's picture-framing shop and Jonathan's telling him to keep it (a gesture that could signify contempt as easily as generosity). Ripley gives Jonathan a kinetic gadget in return and fastens glassy, sweet-Jesus stares on him, which, by extrapolation, can be interpreted to mean that Ripley is moved by Jonathan's dedication to his craft. These scenes are particularly awkward because the film's sound is hollow. The performers speak German or English or French, whichever is appropriate to their characters and the moment, but the sound is poorly recorded and some scenes are inexpertly looped. This technical defect underlines the eccentricity of Hopper's decaying-juvenile blandness. It takes him an eternity of concentration to perform a minor action, such as pouring coffee into a thermos, and you could drive a truck between the syllables each time he speaks a line of dialogue. Ganz's accented English is far more fluent than his American friend's: it's as if Hopper had just mastered the beginnings of human speech and expected us to share his joy that words come out of his mouth, slowly, but . . . yes . . . they . . . do . . . come . . . out. Even an existential epigram comes out: "I know . . . less and less . . . about who . . . I . . . am . . . and . . . about . . . who . . . anybody . . . else . . . is." He mutters that into a tape recorder. For posterity. You can't risk losing thoughts like that. Has the tape been stored in a safe place?

Though Wenders overdoses on mood, he creates the right apprehensiveness for a Highsmith story. But he's trying to do eighteen other things, too; he "enriches" the plot with incidental speculative themes relating to the oppressiveness of modern society—losing more in clarity than he gains in depth. (It could be argued that he loses more in depth, too.) Jonathan is rootless—an expatriate from Zurich—and

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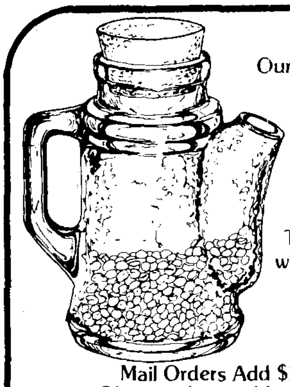

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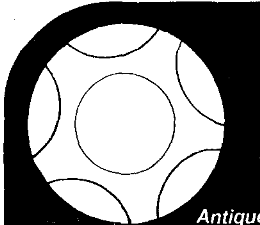

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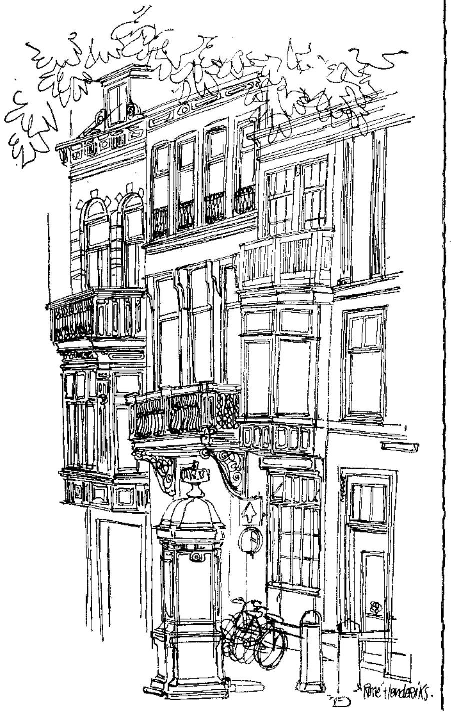
the American Ripley, the infant philosopher who talks like the computer in "Alphaville," doesn't really live anywhere; he hops continents (via jump cuts) and camps out in his big house in Hamburg. It features a jukebox and looks like an American Colonial museum of Pop Art, so at first you don't even realize he lives on the same continent as Jonathan. The internationalization of modern cities is another theme: Wenders moves the action from New York to Hamburg, Paris, and Munich, and in each city he shoots the high-rise anonymity that could be anywhere. He finds new New Yorks all over Europe, and this certainly makes a point, but in order to make it he deliberately confuses the viewer about where the action is taking place.

All we know about most of the characters in the movie is that they are played by directors. Ripley and Minot are represented by actor-directors (Hopper and Blain), and Nicholas Ray, who directed the young Hopper in "Rebel Without a Cause," is cast as a famous painter who has pretended to be dead. He and Hopper have scenes together which, when they become penetrable, seem to relate to the painter's "forging" new paintings in his old style so they can be sold—a plot embellishment that has nothing whatever to do with Minot and the gangsters Jonathan has got involved with, who belong to porno-filmmaking rings. Other directors who turn up are Samuel Fuller as a Mafia chieftain, Jean Eustache, in a restaurant scene, Daniel Schmid as the man on the escalator, Peter Lilienthal as a hood, and Wenders himself, in an ambulance. This sly-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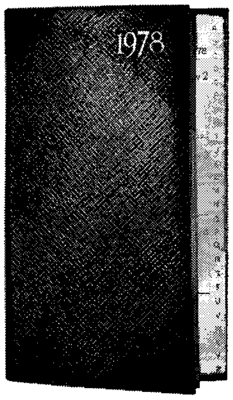

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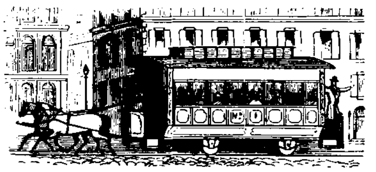
boots casting of directors as crooks has a deadening effect; except for Fuller, their acting is perfunctory (and, in the case of Ray, worse, since he tries for a mythic effect). In addition, Jonathan's shop and flat contain a magic lantern showing a speeding train, a zoetrope, a stereopticon, a praxinoscope; Jonathan's dedicated craftsmanship is thus linked to moviemaking. Yet none of this film-toy paraphernalia helps to create suspense or to move the action forward; rather, it suggests that though Wenders is attracted to the idea of telling a story he can't quite keep his mind on it. What about his own pride in craft? The simplest plot points are bobbled, and when there's mayhem, it isn't clear who the participants are or what the outcome is. We're never informed about Ripley's connection with Minot, which got the whole thing started. There's a gaping difference between moral ambiguity and this obscurity—which actually impedes the perception of moral ambiguities.

It's possible for a director to combine suspense narrative and essay, as Godard demonstrated in 1959 in "Breathless" and in several films in the sixties, doing it quickly, dartingly, in a visual style that could be read at a glance. But Wenders uses densely detailed imagery, his pacing is weighted, and there are no insights that relate to the characters—the film drags along on secondhand alienation. "The American Friend" doesn't have the nasty, pleasurable cleverness of a good thriller. Wenders has a moviemaker's visual imagination, and his unsettling compositions are neurotically beautiful visions of a disordered yet functioning world. Dramatically, though, the entire film is stagnant—inverted Wagnerianism. The unease of the generalized moral degradation overpowers Jonathan's individual story. Wenders has the style of someone who's aware of what he's doing, but that's not enough—look at Joseph Losey. Wenders is like a more garish, grainier Losey—Losey under mud. Is that why the film is being called a masterpiece? A great many new German films are being called masterpieces. After Vietnam and Watergate, it's understandable that Americans should begin to wonder if morally we are any different from the Germans, and experience a psychological rapprochement—a new closeness to directors who dredge around in guilt. With nihilism in the air here, the extreme moralism of the Germans may be appealingly exotic. (Moralism could be part of the new attraction of science fiction, too.) American directors may



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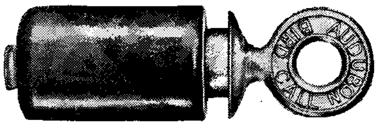

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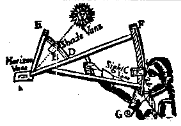

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have lost the primitive-visionary qualities that make the new German films so mysterious, but they have an understanding of narrative that the young Germans don't have. "The American Friend" is a masterpiece for people who think a movie can't be worthwhile unless it makes you suffer. Emotionally, the drip drip of Wenders' poetic urban masochism—which is intended to be anti-bourgeois filmmaking—is indistinguishable from the heavy-going German films of the Emil Jannings period. Actually, Jannings was a more robust masochist than Bruno Ganz. And Wenders isn't satisfied by Ganz's anguish; he also gives Hopper a crackup and a lonely finish. Wenders is not only turgid, he's exhibitionistically turgid. There's too much imprecise, darkly lighted desperation in "The American Friend." By the time it grinds to a halt, you feel your mind is clouded.

—PAULINE KAEL

• •

ON TIME

1

Up here, I love light, travel
light. Sun runs
its slick liquid down
every arm and wrist and fingerspread of dent, and on.
Flying, I am pack rat
of scrap shine: pick up
filaments of foil in green-brown tweed,
the bits of tin, the scattered
glass, pin money, sheet
metal (scissored and shivery)
of lakes, precisely
wild. People must go

unsung, who do not burn,
but inch and pound
out lives and yell
to low heaven. I
am above it all.

2

Wool over eyes, soft
over shine, the clouds occur
to take the edge off thought.
Their froth is walkable
and near, their gray
a density admitting
no exception. Now the ship
of specialists begins to sink, and my

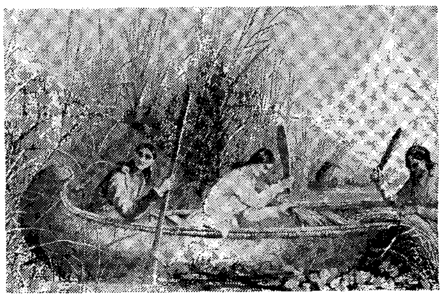
high hopes go under,
feet, lap, neck, and head
in the clouds, in the feeling, in the blind
white folded deep.

3

We come through the ceiling
on dimmer wings.
Streets widen, paved with rain,
the brown pull's
inescapable, we touch
down, I give up. I belong
in a house, in your arms, in my own
right mind. You'll fill me
with children, make me grave. I say yes,

let's get down to it, let
the dull be saved.

—HEATHER McHUGH



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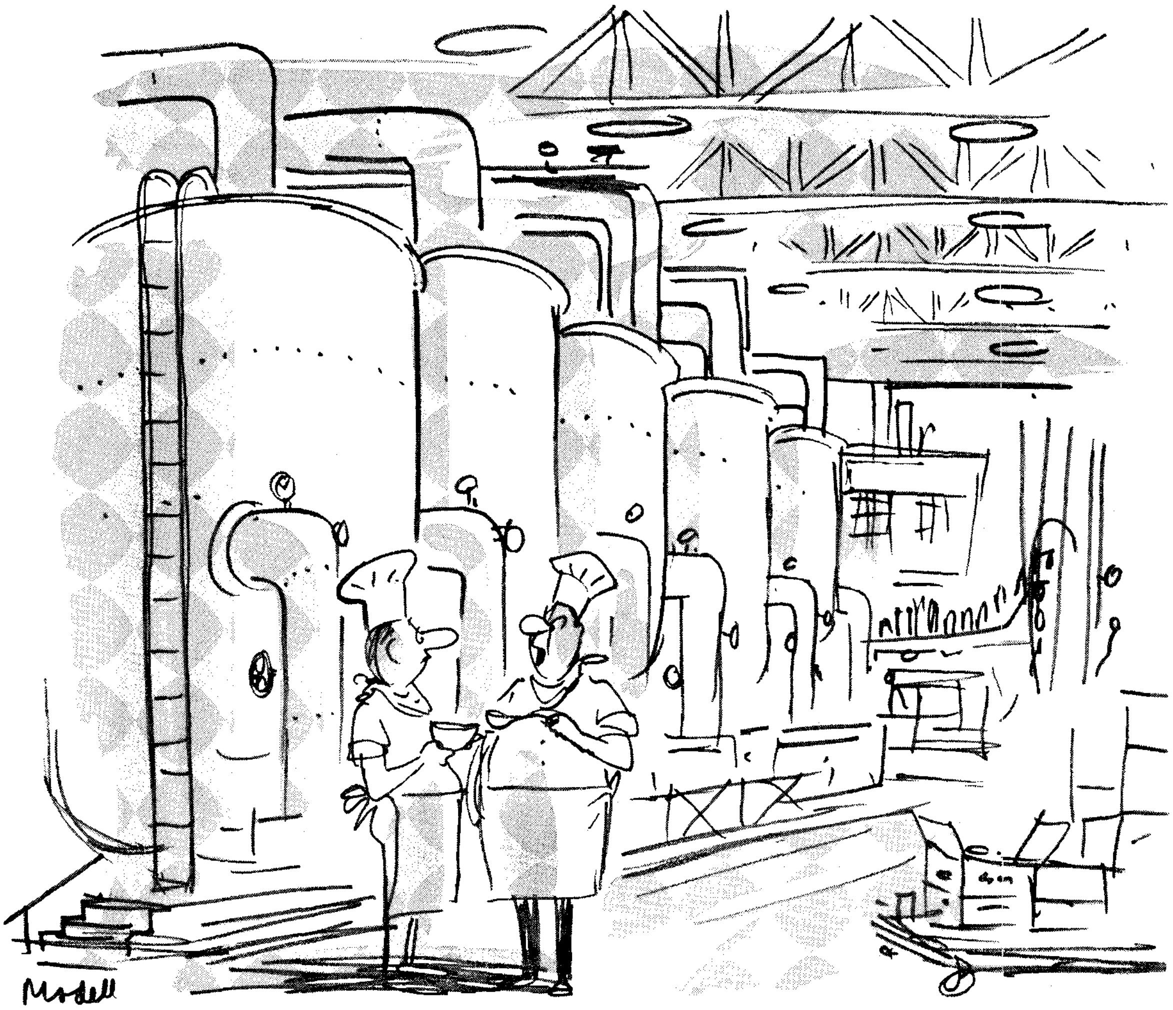
LETTER FROM WASHINGTON

OCTOBER 8

WHEN, just two days after Bert Lance's resignation, it was made known that, beginning late in November, Jimmy Carter will visit eight countries on four continents, the White House was quick to say that neither the President's travel plans nor the announcement of them had anything to do with the Lance affair or with any other development here. Work on the itinerary, it was explained, had been going on for weeks and had only recently been completed. No doubt this is so; planning a Presidential overseas tour is a complex and time-consuming exercise in diplomacy as well as in logistics and security arrangements. But the Lance affair had also been in the works, and in the headlines, for weeks, and the White House press office must have considered it a stroke of luck to have on hand a piece of news less productive of controversy and criticism. When politicians leave their turf, there is always a connection—in current jargon, a "linkage"—between the decision to do so and what is happening, or not happening, at home. For Presidents, travel, besides being broadening, is often a means of escape from a bad scene or a boring one—and at the same time an almost foolproof way of setting up a series of media events, sometimes quite colorful ones, to generate favorable publicity. When Dwight Eisenhower developed a powerful wanderlust late in his second term, it was evident that he was finding life in the White House something of a drag; in those days he was doing little except playing golf and routinely vetoing spending bills sent him by Lyndon Johnson's and Sam Rayburn's Democrats on Capitol Hill. Nothing was accomplished by his journeys, but then nothing would have been accomplished if he had stayed put. In 1961, when John Kennedy went to Paris and Vienna, it seemed to many here and abroad that our President, suspect in Europe because of his youth and shaken by the Bay of Pigs disaster, was right in seeking to meet and deal with two experienced and formidable adversaries, Charles de Gaulle and Nikita Khrushchev. For his visits two years later to Ireland, Germany, and Italy no such rationale could be advanced. Those excursions were undertaken partly for pleasure—Ireland was a lark from start to finish—and partly because, it seemed at the time, he sensed an opportunity to score in foreign policy, at least in the eyes of the media, the successes that kept eluding him in domestic policy. Richard Nixon, of course, was bored by every aspect of domestic policy except those that could make life disagreeable for his detractors; at home he was not much of a political showman, but abroad he was a superior one.

Carter, like Eisenhower and Kennedy, will be taking off at a time when things are not going at all well for him here. Indeed, the problems he will be distancing himself from are larger and more numerous than those that have faced any recent President so early in his tenure. This is in part because he has ventured more than most. Government reorganization, tax reform, restructuring the welfare system, the energy program—these are enormous legislative undertakings, and would be even for a master strategist like Lyndon Johnson, with the country solidly behind him and Congress eager to serve him. But the country is very far from being solidly behind Carter. He no longer enjoys the confidence of half the electorate; an NBC poll released this week showed that he has the general approval of only forty-six per cent. And Carter, anything but a master strategist, is dealing with a Congress that, though firmly in the control of his party, has grown suspicious of Presidential authority and determined to assert its own. His response to the uproar over Lance gave as much offense as anything Lance did or was said to have done. It called into question not only old doubts about Carter's capacities for leadership but new ones about his judgment of people and what appeared to many to be a double ethical standard. While the Senate was mangling his energy program, he attributed his difficulties not to differences of opinion but to the influence of greedy interests on supine legislators. That there were such interests, and powerful



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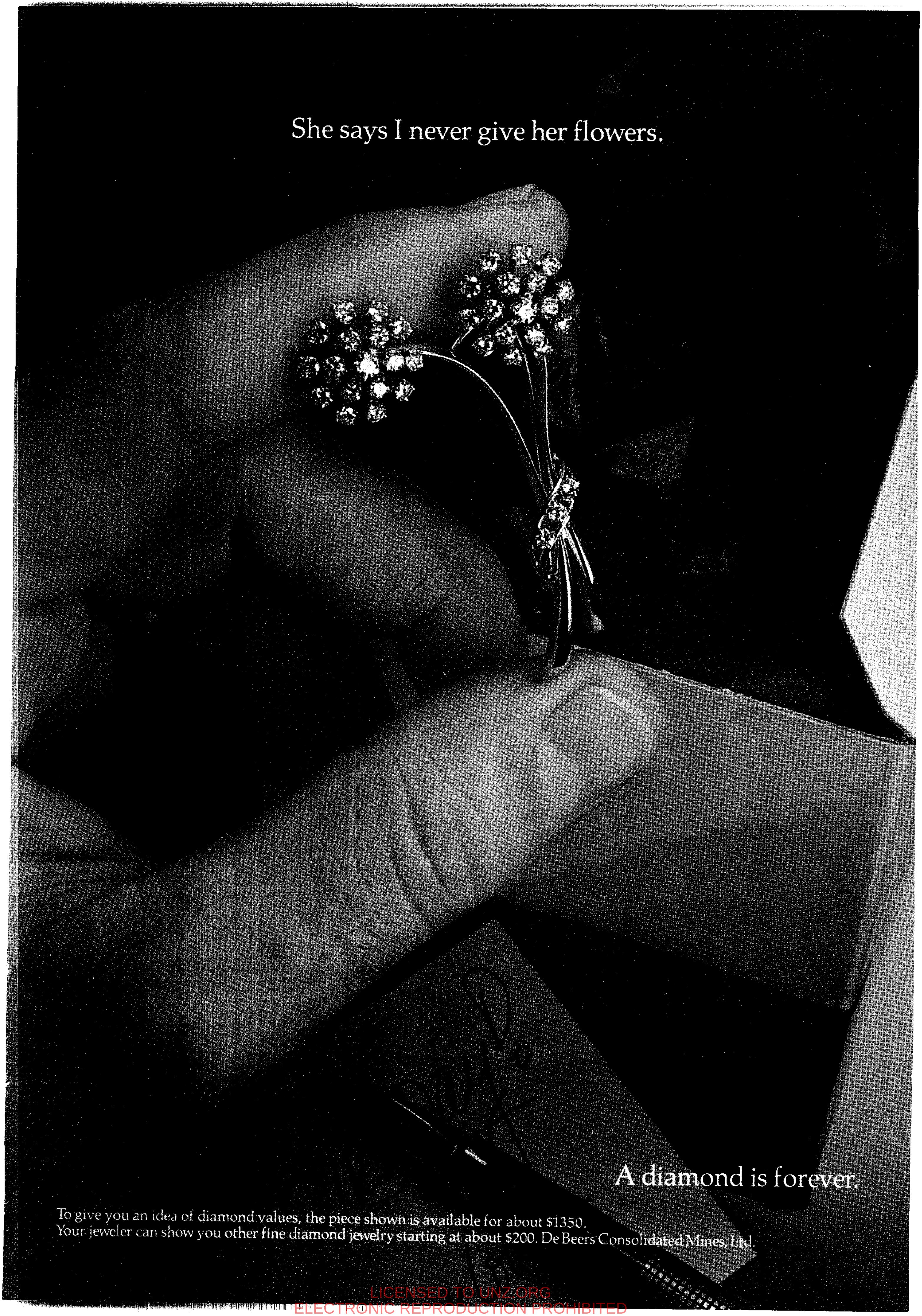
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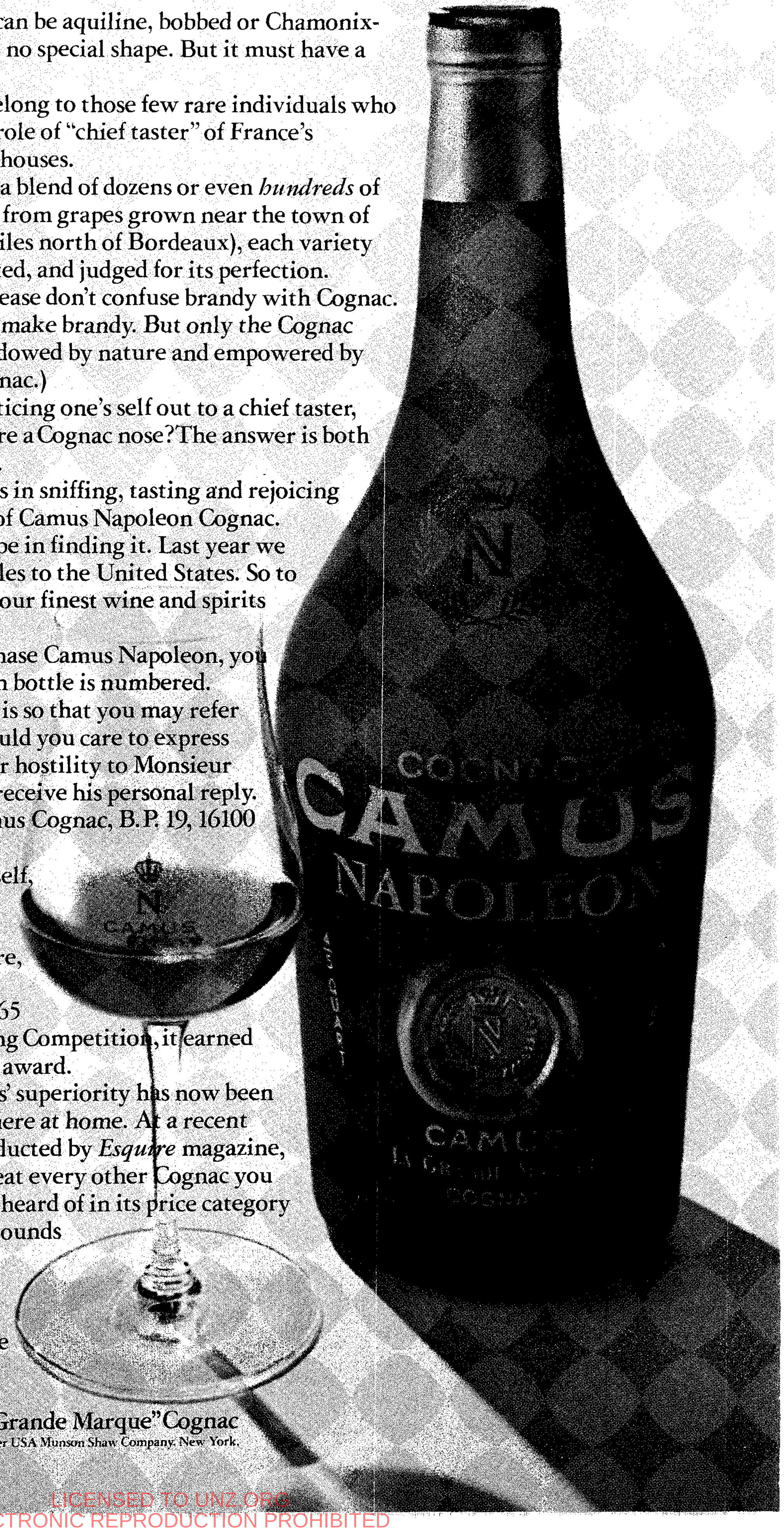

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ones, at work was obvious, but the difference between the action of the House, which accepted most of the program, and that of the Senate, where most of it has been rejected, cannot be explained merely by the pressure of lobbyists. The House is, if anything, more susceptible to them than the Senate, where much of the opposition developed as a result of closer study, in the course of which serious misgivings arose about the efficacy and fairness of the program. In any case, a President who is asking so much of Congress and has so little in the way of public opinion to back him does not advance his cause by suggesting that its leading members are too weak to resist corporate power when, as he keeps insisting, the national interest is at stake. And he weakens himself still further when, as he did last week, he conspires with the Vice-President and the Democratic leadership against a pair of filibusterers—misguided, perhaps, but highly principled—who believed that they were serving him well.

Not all of Carter's problems come from the independence of Congress or his ineptitude in dealing with it. The economy was sluggish when Kennedy was sworn in, but it improved quite rapidly (partly in response to his leadership), and the economies of our major allies and trading partners were in far better shape then than they are now. Although unemployment eased slightly last month, the stagnating economy Carter inherited shows no real signs of recovery, and some of further decline. And even if he could get what he wanted from Congress, he would have no certainty that things would improve, for the unprecedented combination of joblessness, inflation, and rising energy costs, all on a worldwide basis, is as baffling to the theorists as it is to the politicians. Neither the classic conservative remedies nor the traditional liberal ones seem applicable now. As a consequence, Carter is under pressure from most of the interest groups that supported him last year. Labor would have him stop worrying about inflation and create jobs, and parts of the labor movement seem to be coalescing with industry for import quotas and other protectionist measures. The farmers are suffering from declining prices for agricultural products, the cities from loss of industry. Carter's inspection of the South Bronx this week seemed as irrelevant as the guided tours of factories and fields he will no doubt be making next month in Brazil, Nigeria, and points east and north; the devastated areas led him to speak not of the need for jobs but of the possibilities of turn-

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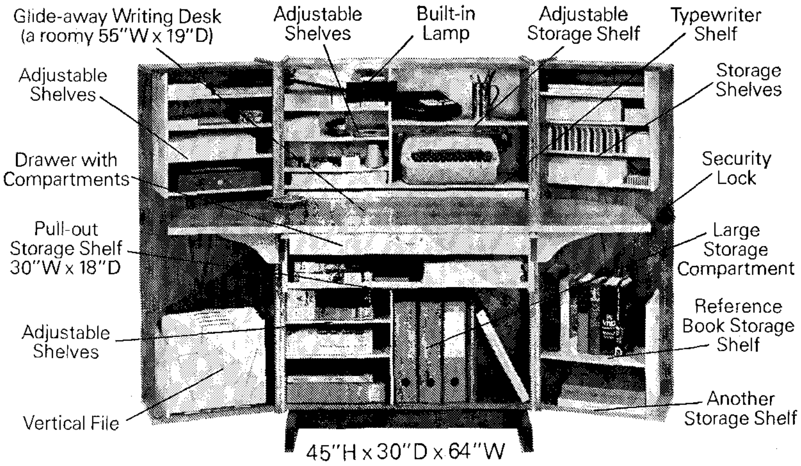

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ing the wasteland into recreational areas. But even if he put aside all thought of balancing the budget and reducing federal expenditures, he would be likely to find that most of these problems would defy the solutions being proposed. The making of jobs requires the remaking of much of the educational system. The troubles of the economy are largely the result of the technology it has created, and of the social disorders and dislocations that have accompanied that technology. Some American industries suffer because their equipment and methods are obsolete, and in others modernization has led to fewer opportunities for employment, particularly in the cities.

GIVEN the prospects that President Carter faces at home, it is hardly surprising that he should turn more to foreign policy, and even be planning overseas travel, for several of his recent diplomatic ventures have been adroit and in some cases successful. It was his initiative and that of the Secretary of State that two weeks ago led, through pressure on the Palestine Liberation Organization and on Israel, to the ceasefire in southern Lebanon. (The good offices of the Saudi Arabians and the Syrians were called upon to get the P.L.O. to disengage; the pressure on Jerusalem was exerted directly from here.) Soviet-American relations, badly strained since Cyrus Vance's attempt to mend them in Moscow last March, are much improved, and it now seems possible that there will be agreements on strategic arms and perhaps nuclear testing by the end of this year; this would include an extension of the agreement reached at Vladivostok in 1974 and a lowering of some of the ceilings set there. Despite Carter's talk about being ready to scrap as much as fifty per cent of our nuclear arsenal if the Russians reciprocate, this would not end or much slow down the arms race—the goal that was sought in Moscow. Such a reduction would be arms control rather than disarmament, but at this stage of the game it is no small achievement to get a mutually acceptable agreement not only on the resumption of talks but on the ends to be sought. Washington and Moscow are also in rough accord on the conditions for a resumption of the Geneva conference—suspended since a two-day session in 1973—on peace in the Middle East. The Israelis and their American supporters were distressed by the Soviet-American statement released last weekend—distressed not only by its references to the "legitimate rights"

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of the Palestinians but by the fact that President Carter had involved the Russians at all after they had been so nearly isolated by Henry Kissinger. The Soviet Union was just about finished as a Middle East power, the Israelis argued, and now it will be trying to throw its weight around again. But Carter and Vance had more than the Middle East on their minds—specifically, the arms negotiations—and it was implicit in the statement that the Russians now accept the legitimate rights of the Israelis as they do those of the Palestinian Arabs. The President defended what had been done in his Tuesday speech before the United Nations General Assembly. It was a moving speech and was generally well received; after delivering it, Carter met with Moshe Dayan, the Israeli Foreign Minister, and gave public assurances that he would be party to no settlement that did not embrace the U.N. resolutions affirming Israel's right to exist. In any event, as recently as August it would have seemed absurd for anyone to think that there was any chance of a Geneva conference this year. (Last winter, there was speculation about convening it this month, but when Menahem Begin became Prime Minister of Israel, in May, there was no more talk about October or any other month, or even any other year.) Now, thanks largely to Carter and Vance, it seems possible that the interested parties—including some Palestinians—will meet within a matter of weeks. And the President has enjoyed some other, more modest successes. By his forceful advocacy of the Panama Canal treaties, he has increased respect for the American position in Latin America, and Andrew Young's energetic diplomacy has achieved the same thing in Southern Africa. To be sure, anything that has lately been done can soon be undone. The ceasefire in Lebanon is one of several dozen over the last few years. The P.L.O. or the Israelis could upset the hopes for Geneva. The President's support for the treaties with Panama will count for nothing unless he can win that of the Senate as well. But if the agreements he has made and the understanding he has reached hold for the next few weeks, he will be travelling abroad next month in an atmosphere far more salubrious than that of his early days in the Oval Office.

Whether that atmosphere can be further improved by his eleven-day trip is quite another matter. Serious negotiations seem out of the question in a series of one-night stands, mostly in

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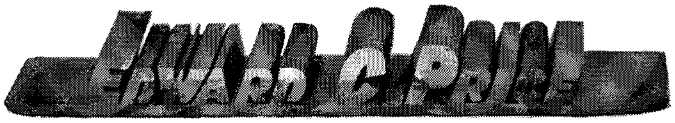

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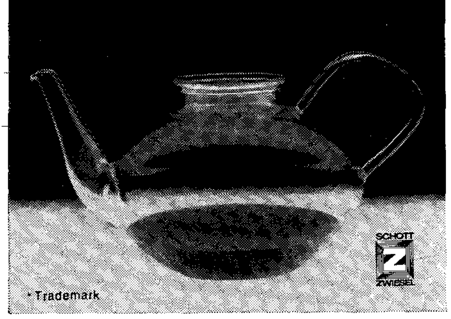

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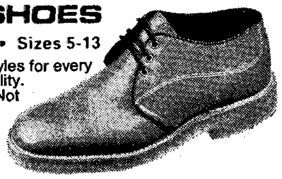

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capitals where there is little to negotiate. Carter will be visiting three oil-exporting countries—Venezuela, Nigeria, and Iran—but of the three only Iran is much of a power in OPEC politics, and he cannot expect his brief courtesy calls to have any influence on their leaders. He may hope to ingratiate himself with their people, to build a constituency among them, as Kennedy sought to do in Germany, by bringing great numbers into the streets, but only one of the three countries, Venezuela, can lay any claim to being a democracy. And, in any case, those who cheer him or are ordered to cheer him are likely to identify whatever well-being they enjoy with the tribute their oil ministries have been able to exact from us. There was perhaps a time when the Shah of Iran would have been vulnerable to threats of being cut off from our technology, but it seems a bit late for that; most of what he wants is on hand or in the pipeline, and our military-industrial complex feels that our need for his oil and his patronage is at least as great as his asserted need for a hundred and forty F-16 fighter planes. Besides, when one head of state threatens another, he does not do so while a house guest. Four of Carter's hosts have deplorable records on human rights. He may feel that his presence will be helpful to the oppressed—if not by persuading the oppressors to be more humane in dealing with their people, then by giving heart to the victims of their tyranny. Opinion on this possibility is somewhat divided. As regards Brazil, for example, Laurence Birns, the director of the Council on Hemispheric Affairs, thinks that Carter's meeting with the military dictator, General Ernesto Geisel, will be a "grotesque event" and evidence that "human rights is a dead star, still shining but not operationally effective." However, Brady Tyson, a Protestant missionary expelled from Brazil in 1966 and now on Ambassador Young's staff at the U.N., thinks that the visit will do no harm and that the people will take it as a "message of solidarity" from the human-rights evangel. But no Nigerians, Iranians, or Poles have welcomed the news that Carter will be in Lagos, Teheran, and Warsaw. India may have been put on the schedule as a salute to a people who got rid of a dictator, and Poland to symbolize the Administration's determination to put the Cold War behind it. Belgium, NATO headquarters, is an almost obligatory stop for a touring Commander-in-Chief, and it is held that the time spent in Paris will be of help to President Giscard d'Estaing and

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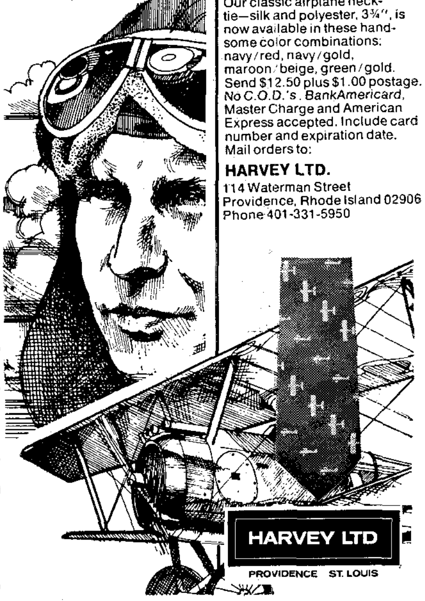

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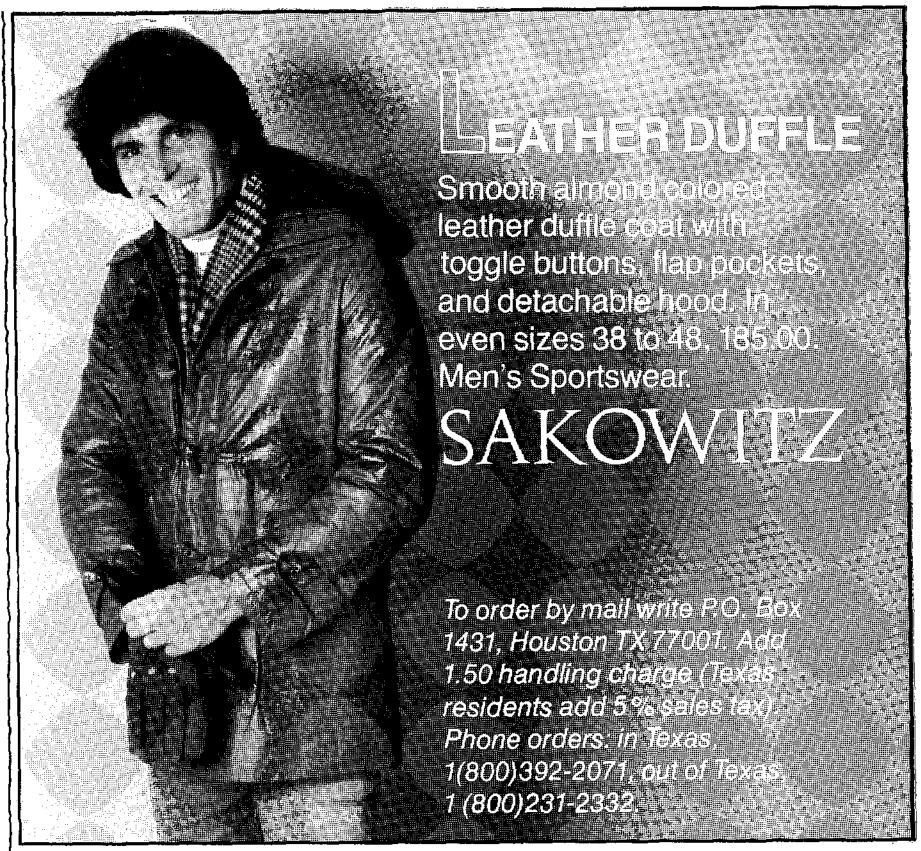
his supporters in the elections next spring. This last seems a dubious proposition, there being no evidence that the feelings of the French about carpetbaggers differ from those of Georgians.

As a diplomatic enterprise, the trip as planned seems footless—the kind that might be arranged for a traveller with little more on his mind than sightseeing or quickly sampling varied cultures and forms of social organization. The selection of ports of call seems almost to have been made at random, as if by a blindfolded man putting pins on a map of the world. In domestic terms, it appears almost irresponsible. Carter yesterday appeared before the Democratic National Committee and told its members that on a number of matters now or soon to be under consideration in Congress he will need their "open, aggressive, and courageous support." A reasonable response to that unusual plea—Carter has thus far had little to do with the committee, counting less for help from it than on his own appeals to the electorate—might have been that they would need a President leading them in Washington rather than in New Delhi or Paris if they were to coördinate their efforts behind his programs. (As it turned out, the committee conspicuously refrained from approving Carter's stand on the treaties with Panama; it did not oppose them, as the Republican National Committee did, but it went no further than to give its approval to the "ratification process.")

It may be, though, that going abroad will turn out to be a shrewd political move. The experience with travel of the kind Carter plans is that it gives a boost to the President's standing at home. He will be temporarily beyond the reach of his critics, conducting himself in ways bound to get him a good press. The people like to see and hear about their leader being fêted and honored in distant places, playing the role of a world leader, stating the American case in places where it is seldom heard. And while none of the places he will visit seem to have much potential for high political drama, it may be that negotiations on strategic arms or on the Middle East will reach some kind of climax while he is abroad and give him an opportunity to go to Moscow or Geneva—perhaps both—and put his seal on completed agreements. Even without such side trips, motorcading through Brasília and Brussels may do more for him than turning up in places like Yazoo City, Mississippi, or Clinton, Massachusetts—or delivering any number of speeches and holding more press conferences. —RICHARD ROVERE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BOOKS

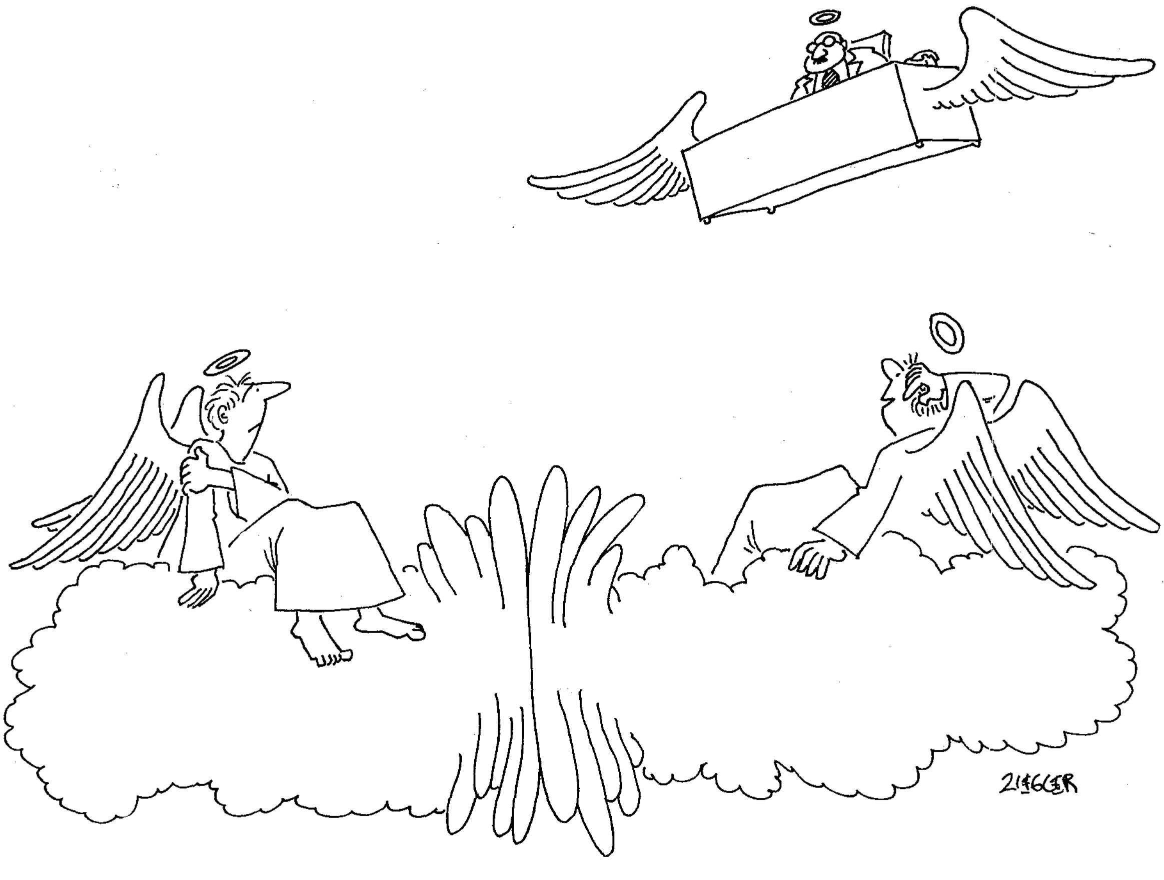
Police Story

FOR most of us, political authority comes down, concretely and personally, to the policeman on his beat—walking or driving or directing traffic. State and local legislators tend to be voted in by a small percentage of eligible voters. We are rather more remote from our congressmen, never mind senators, than the Founding Fathers of the Republic intended. Many Americans don't even know the names of those who represent them in Washington. Even Presidential elections meet with indifference to the point of inactivity in nearly half of those who might take part. The Supreme Court is, for a substantial number of us, an abstraction—an aloof part of government which has a way of momentarily coming alive and a bit closer when particular decisions are handed down. But the police are usually *there*, sometimes—when we speed, for instance—to our regret, sometimes to our reassurance (when they keep a neighborhood a bit safer or take a friend, neighbor, or relative to the hospital in an emergency).

William Ker Muir, Jr., a professor of political science at the University of California at Berkeley, has done well to attach the subtitle "Streetcorner Politicians" to his instructive and readable book "Police" (University of Chicago). He keeps reminding us that it is the police who wield power over us all the time—occasionally the ultimate coercive power of arrest at gunpoint. Our laws are only as good as their enforcement. What other politicians advocate and establish as legal principle, and what judges sanction or forbid, the police must work to make a daily reality—sometimes at the risk of their lives. As do other politicians, the police calculate, negotiate, exhort, or sit and wait with clever apathy until a consensus of sorts emerges. And, as is the case with other politicians, the police are subject to all kinds of corruption. Those who have power over others have something to offer a host of crooks, cheats, and misfits—small-time pimps and hustlers or all too respectable members of various professions or businesses.

Professor Muir did his study in a city of half a million, which he endows with the fictional name Laconia. He was interested mainly in "how policemen developed in the first few years of their careers." He began his work in 1971, and he eventually interviewed twenty-eight young newcomers to the city's police force. He points out, right off, that he will have no truck with the tendency of some social scientists to stretch limited evidence into sweeping, relatively unqualified conclusions—the kind that dazzle the gullible but shed little light on obviously complex matters. For one thing, as he tells us, "the peculiar characteristic of police departments in the United States is that they are local and very different one from the other. An observer of a single police department must constantly check against a tendency to overgeneralize." Police departments vary because of a number of certain quite specific factors, the author says: the nature of the population they serve; the political structure of the community; the degree of crookedness present in the government; the history of the particular city and of its law-enforcement programs; the kind of training offered recruits and the kind of continuing education offered old-timers; and the attitudes, values, and personality of the chief, who sets the tone of a given department and chooses what will be emphasized and what will go largely ignored. Our perception of the police is also clouded by our tendency to remember instances of police corruption and police brutality, and to forget that, as Professor Muir says, "there are many graft-free and professional police departments in this country." And we tend to think that *all* police do what the police we happen to know do. Finally, there is an important relationship between the way police act—or are believed to act—and a person's class, race, place of residence, occupation, sex, age, marital status, and so on.

Professor Muir spent about four more or less formal hours with each of the twenty-eight young policemen, during which he asked them various "open-ended" questions. Later, he accompanied them on their various missions. No fewer than eight hours were given over to direct observation of each man at work and to an exchange of ideas about

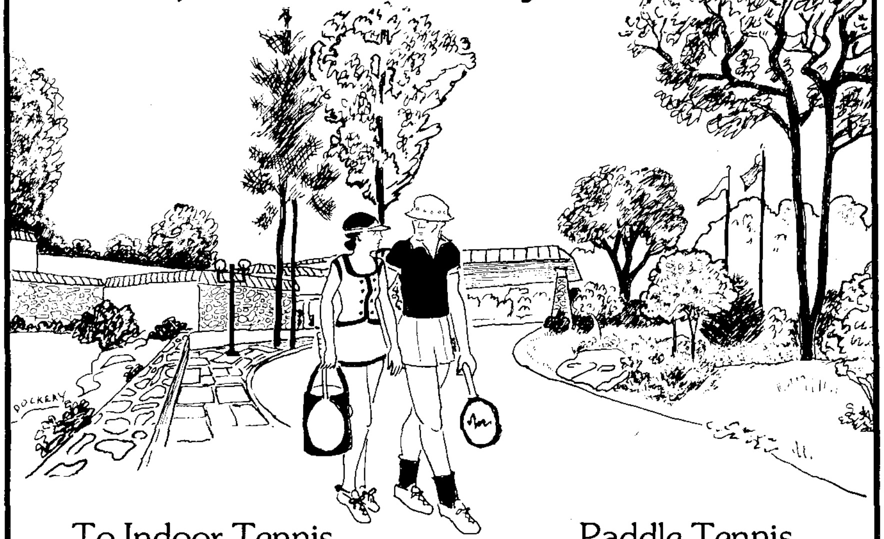


"Ah! Here comes my insurance man now."

the nature of that work—its opportunities, its responsibilities, and, of course, its considerable risks. The point was to learn how different men sized up their daily obligations and performed them, and to see whether, over time, those men held true to a certain point of view, or gradually modified their ideas and inclinations as a result of on-the-job experiences or personal ones. We are presented with complete information about only four of the young officers interviewed, but they are each representative, the author believes, of a not uncommon approach to police work. The men were similar in certain respects. Each was in his twenties. None had been in the police force longer than three years. All were married, white, and described themselves as "average middle class" in background. And all had gone through a fairly rigorous departmental training program set up by a strong-minded and somewhat autocratic chief who was determined to curb brutality and dishonesty in the organization he headed.

The author's considerable narrative skill derives perhaps from his conviction that one person's experiences, properly recounted, lead to a special depth of understanding. Despite his aversion to generalizations, the author did notice certain consistencies of outlook among the four men. Each, without making a big deal out of it, had developed a philosophical viewpoint of sorts—a particular manner of comprehending people, issues, and situations, and of weighing values and choosing moral positions. The author reminds us that policemen, like doctors and nurses, live close to the rhythms of life. He refers to the unique circumstances that attend the everyday job of a "real cop"—one who avidly and responsibly immerses himself in the problems of a certain area of a city. Anyone put into the situation of representing the law day after day and of possessing and wielding a gun by permission of the society is inevitably stirred to ethical reflection: as Professor Muir puts it, "had they not become policemen, they would not have responded so feelingly to the big moral questions of guilt and courage, honesty and loyalty." The author was after that side of their mental life; he wanted to know how they viewed their work, and how their beliefs influenced it.

After we get to know in some detail each of these four young American policemen, we are in a position to follow the author's psychological and philosophical analysis of their statements. Two of the men tended to put people into tight categories—the "good" and the "bad," the congenial and the thor-



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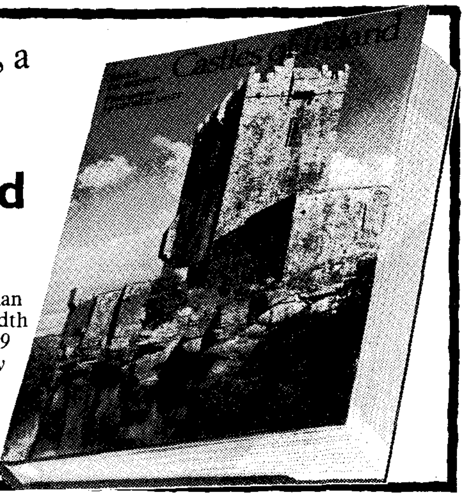

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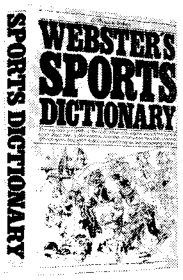

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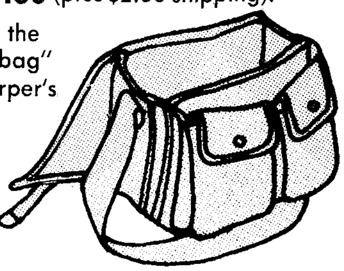

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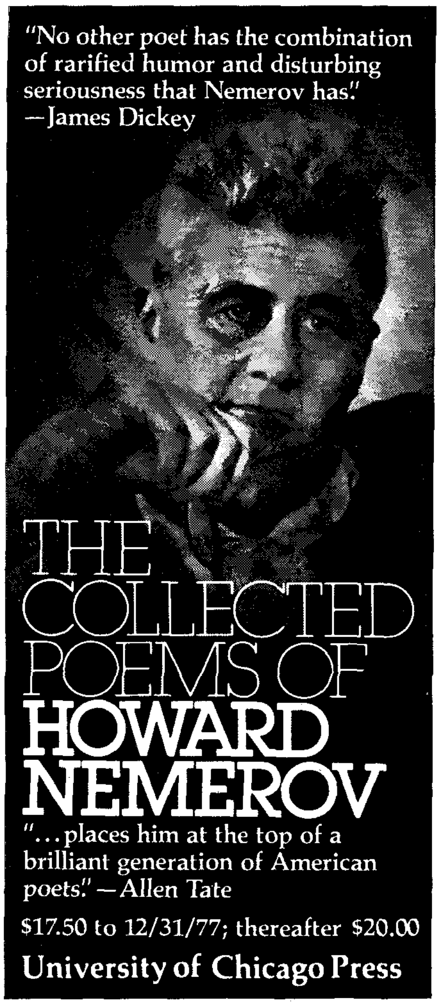

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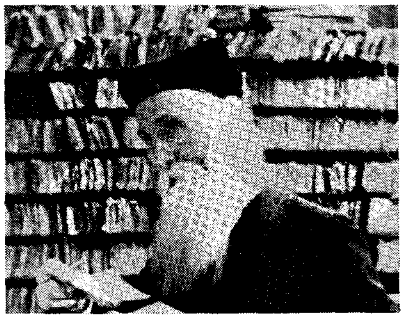

James A. H. Murray, the first editor of the *OED*.

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oughly unattractive. The other two were inclined to emphasize the things all of us have in common as men and women who share a certain time in history as citizens of this country. Likewise, the men could be distinguished by their "opposed conceptions about the means of coercion." Two of the men felt quite comfortable using coercion in connection with the job they had to do. The other two men tried not to assume an authoritative posture. They tended to coax, bargain, and placate, or they avoided altogether scenes that would obviously require a strong and visible demonstration of force.

As he went about his research and wrote it up, the author asked some questions of himself—among them what made for a "good cop." He concluded that a good cop was able to mix compassion with forcefulness of character, and had a determination to resist potential or actual criminals, even at the cost of his life. Professor Muir is strong on what he calls "being a professional." He is less interested in what a given man has experienced in his earlier life or worries about in his present life than in how he manages to behave, day in and day out. A policeman can be cynical but quite competent on the job; compassionate but bumbling; troubled by various problems but able, on that account, to see others more clearly and more sensitively; or solidly "adjusted" but smug and provocative—the cause of as much trouble as he prevents. For Professor Muir, the best policemen are those who somehow obtain an essentially "tragic" view of life—that is, those who recognize the limits we all have, the problems and difficulties no one escapes from. He contrasts the policemen who hold such a philosophical position with others—the optimists, sometimes messianic, who believe that anything is possible, given a little more effort, and the cynical pessimists, who denounce almost everyone.

There are a few basic confrontations that are common to police work in urban areas: family arguments that escalate to the point of violence; the endemic unrest of skid-row or ghetto life; the crowd scenes that develop out of distrust or frustration; and the special problems of wayward or seriously delinquent young people. No matter what the policeman's personality or ethical principles may be, the lawbreakers have in their hands certain powerful psychological and social weapons—weapons that, paradoxically, are derived from weakness, failure, and irrationality. Professor Muir has a keen sense of

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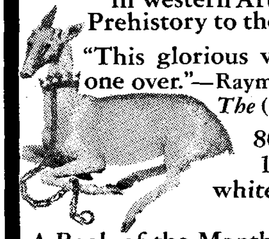

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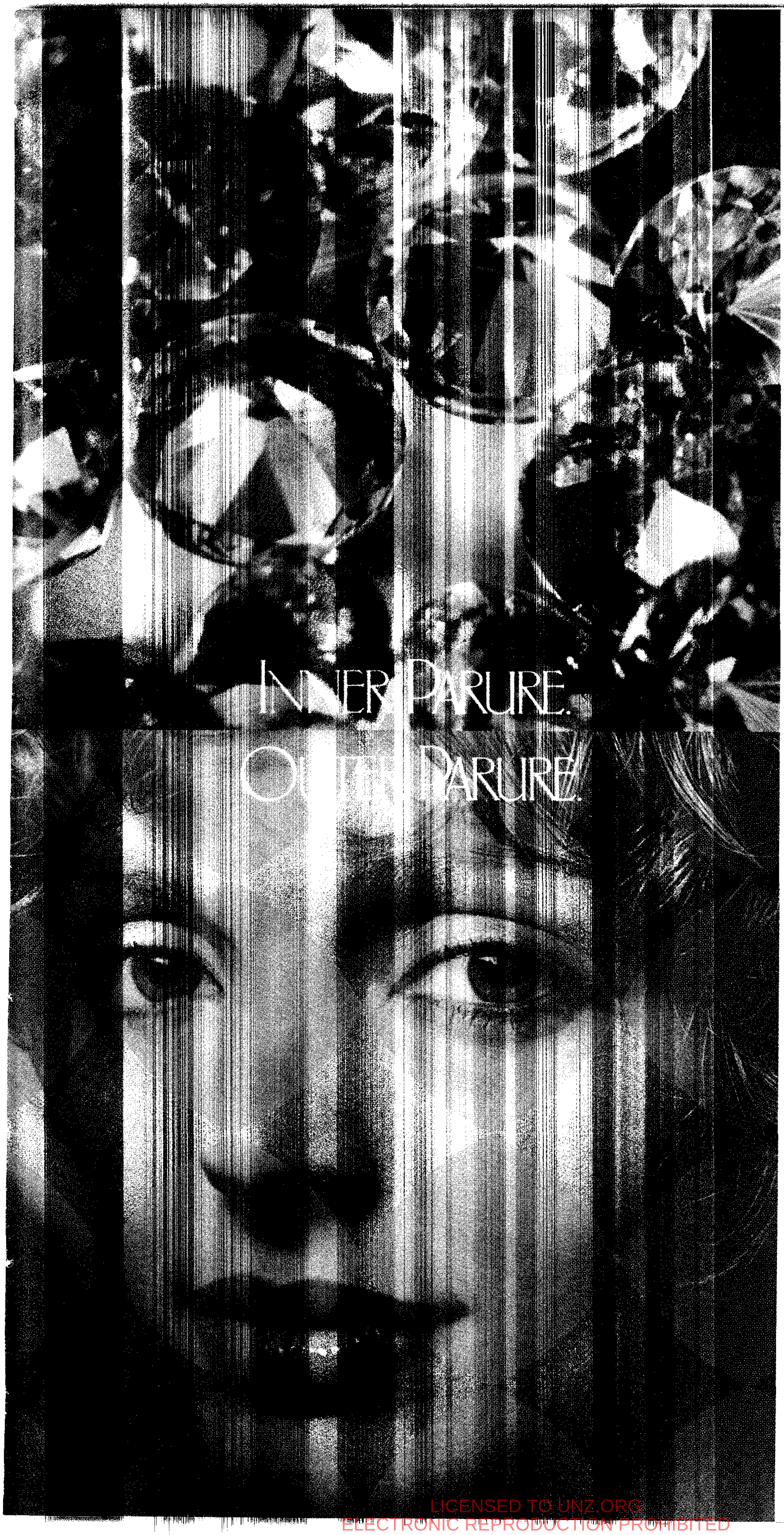
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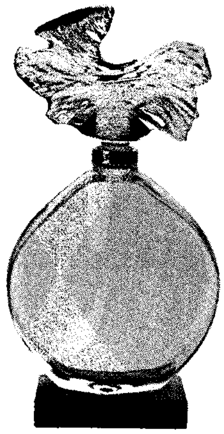

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irony, and he devotes a substantial part of his book to an examination of the power wielded by the apparently powerless and the challenge it poses to a policeman. A derelict has nothing to lose and therefore can mercilessly goad an officious, moralistic cop. A person intent on saving face would sooner die than be humiliated by an angry policeman. A youth out of his mind on drugs is scarcely inclined to weigh judiciously the advantages and disadvantages of compliance with an officer's command. In all of these situations, there is, obviously, enormous leeway for individual policemen; they must decide how to do their work in such a way that illegality and violence will be reduced and not increased. As one goes through the pages of this book, one is reminded of how dangerous a policeman or an entire police force can become—as large a threat, sometimes, as the assorted crooks and lawbreaking crazies who have to be kept in line.

Professor Muir is also interested in how policemen use their past experiences while at work, but he has extremely good critical judgment in this matter; he is not about to be taken in by an excessively psychological mode of analysis:

> If hindsight permits us to trace present attitudes back to their roots, it does not help us account for the directions not taken, the equally plausible but different attitudes which could have developed from the same origins but did not. Foreseeing how feelings and beliefs will grow is much more complicated than looking back on how they did develop.

It is important, the author knows, to distinguish between personality and character, and, with regard to the police, he is more interested in the latter, because it has to do with the ethical standards that a person has managed to make his own and live up to every day, whatever his dreams, worries, or fears may be.

Thousands of crimes are committed every year, maybe every day, in the name of zealous law enforcement. A naïvely or hysterically self-righteous and legalistic cop who is determined to clean up the world once and for all can be as dangerous as a crooked one who is on the take at every possible opportunity, Professor Muir tells us. Policemen need to be reminded—by their leaders, by those who teach them in the various courses they take—that one of the great burdens they carry is their tremendous coercive power. It is a power granted them in good faith by a civil and political order for quite circumscribed purposes. It is not theirs to use wantonly, selfishly, or arrogantly, or in the service of personal reformist enthusiasms. This book also examines the problem of police corruption—which is the opposite of overzealousness—in such a way that the stereotype of the crude, greedy cop who is basically a grown-up delinquent, if not an out-and-out robber, yields to portraits of particular men, often of earnest good will and even more than ordinary compassion, contending with an enormously demanding and challenging job.

Professor Muir suggests that a city gets the kind of police that its elected representatives, and, through them, its people, prove themselves eager to have. Dishonesty, bribery, and brutality are ever-present temptations to policemen, as to many in other walks of life, and the author takes great care to show us how exemplary some policemen are—how honest and decent and effective an entire police force can be. The crucial psychological characteristics of a "good" officer are his sense of proportion and restraint, his inclination to self-scrutiny, and his ability to develop a degree of knowing resignation that permits detachment but doesn't lead to despair. The crucial force at work in a given department is its leadership—a chief's policies, as transmitted by his sergeants. More often than not, those top officials, like our Supreme Court judges, read the election returns and have ample opportunity to learn what is wanted by those in higher realms of power—realms that are, ultimately, protected by the all too lonely and vulnerable cop on the beat, whose brave or brazen words, whose badge and club and gun count for nothing against the various larger injustices that a society does not think of as crimes.

—Robert Coles

BRIEFLY NOTED

FICTION

Refiner's Fire, by Mark Helprin (Knopf; $10). An uneven but sometimes beautiful first novel that has enough matter in it for three or four novels and far too much for one. The first and best part of the book is about the childhood and early youth of Marshall Pearl, who was born at sea in the midst of a pitched battle between an illegal-immigrant ship and a British warship several miles off the Palestine coast in 1947. The boy's mother, a poor Russian girl, dies during the battle, but through the good offices of an American naval captain he is sent to America, where he is adopted by a

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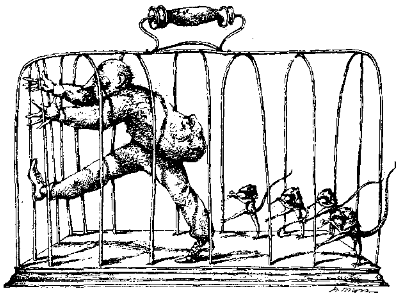

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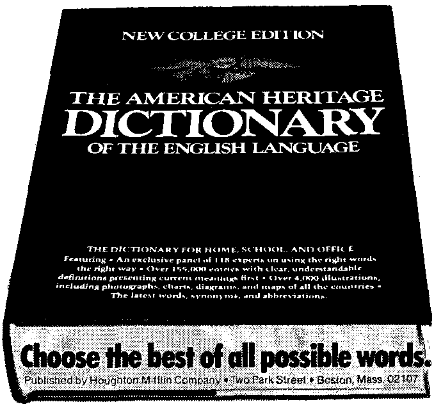
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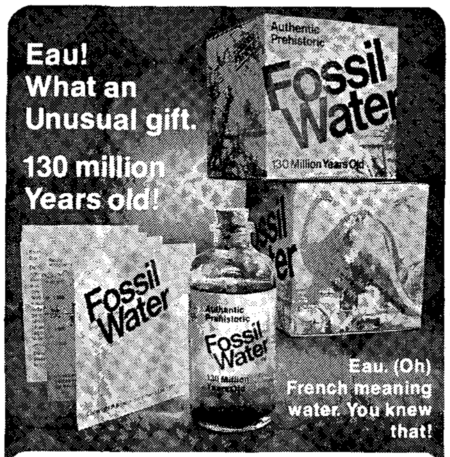
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rich couple who live in the Hudson Valley. The immigrant ship, the boy's school days and his meanderings along the Hudson, and almost everything about his boyhood are described lyrically and gracefully, and show Mr. Helprin to be a writer of depth and subtle humor. Unfortunately, the transition from this part of the book to the next, which takes place in Jamaica during a Rastafarian rebellion, or from that section to one about the boy's Harvard days (or from any section to any other) is so offhanded and unlikely that few readers will be tempted to follow Marshall's impossibly convoluted journey to its final destination—a hospital bed in Israel.

THE STEPDAUGHTER, by Caroline Blackwood (Scribners; $6.95). An interesting, if somewhat skimpy, first novel about the bitter thoughts and feelings of a thirtyish New York woman whose husband, a lawyer, has just left her for a comely young Parisian. Left alone with her fat, charmless adolescent stepdaughter, her own four-year-old daughter, and a homesick Parisian *au-pair* girl, the woman has become a kind of resentment machine. Most of all she resents her stepdaughter, who rarely speaks and spends most of her day baking and consuming ready-mix cakes, but she also resents the demands of her own daughter and the loneliness of the *au pair*. Mood is all in this hermetic little tale, and Miss Blackwood succeeds in creating one that is unrelievedly bleak but utterly believable. The book is written in the form of letters to an imaginary friend (the woman has lost all interest in her real friends), which is mildly but not fatally off-putting, but its worst flaw is that it ends just when it starts to get going—leaving the reader with a handful of unanswered questions.

GENERAL

JACK: A BIOGRAPHY OF JACK LONDON, by Andrew Sinclair (Harper & Row; $12.95). The youth of Jack London (1876-1916) reads like a welfare-worker's report. He was born illegitimate, was raised in poverty, and alternated petty crime and menial labor between sporadic appearances at school. This pitiable start produced a popular writer who believed in socialism because he had been downtrodden and in the supremacy of Anglo-Saxons because he had come out on top. Mr. Sinclair, an English scholar, is especially good

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at depicting London's time and the place—the San Francisco area—where he spent most of his life. London, in his day, was a national super-celebrity who cultivated his legend and lived out a whole catalogue of myths—not only about race but also about relations between the sexes, and the cults of the wild, the sea, and the farm. Like other critics, Mr. Sinclair thinks that London did his best work when the myths were embedded in the narrative, and his worst when he wrote a story to illustrate a thesis.

WHAT IS ROMANTICISM? by Henri Peyre, translated from the French by Roda P. Roberts (Alabama; $12). This elegant work by a distinguished critic is woven of fine discriminations. Professor Peyre's primary concern is French poetry, but he also considers other arts and other countries. He points out that writers in their own time do not think of themselves as forerunners of literary movements that do not yet exist, and his examination of poems that are regarded as precursors of Romanticism highlights their Romantic elements while suggesting ways that they can be appreciated on their own terms. Professor Peyre sees continuities ("*ennui*" in the eighteenth century becomes "*le mal du siècle*" in the nineteenth) and also contrasts (the role of dreams is very different in classical and Romantic literature). He believes that the dominant mood of contemporary literature is Romantic, and his last chapter explains why he thinks so.

INFANTS OF THE SPRING, by Anthony Powell (Holt, Rinehart & Winston; $10.95). This first volume of the novelist's memoirs takes us through his college years and demonstrates, as do his novels, how ably he can convey the immediate presence of every subject he touches on—places, persons, moods. And since he is not constrained by the demands of fiction, he also wanders into criticism, showing acute judgment. (As a youngster, Powell made friends with a number of schoolmates who, like himself, later distinguished themselves in British letters.) The book is fascinating—sensible as well as sensitive.

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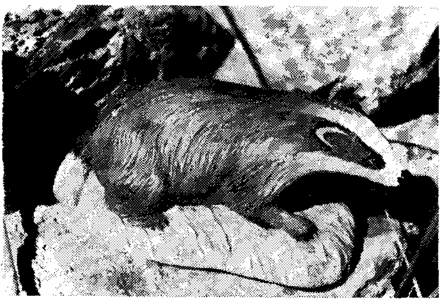

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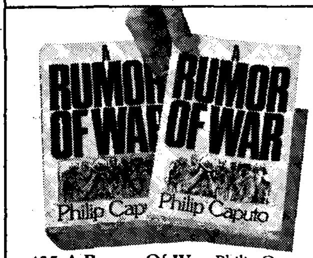

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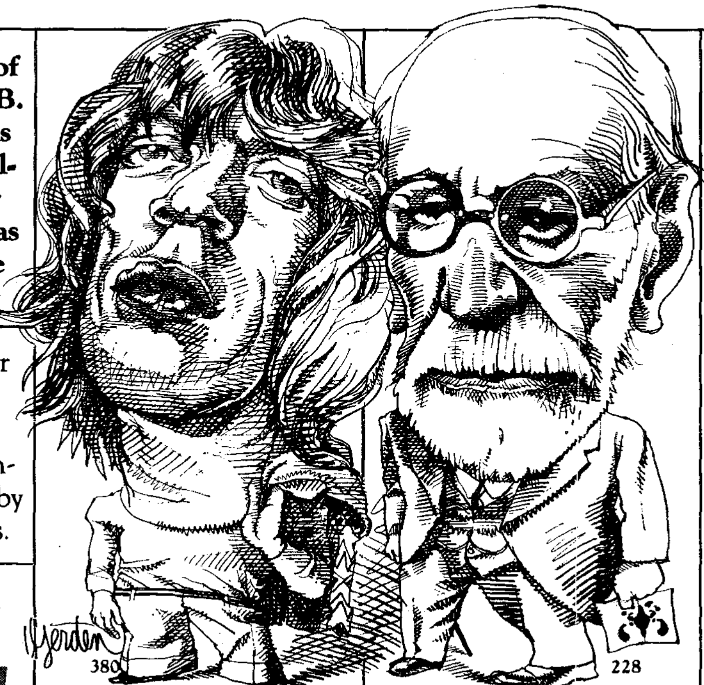

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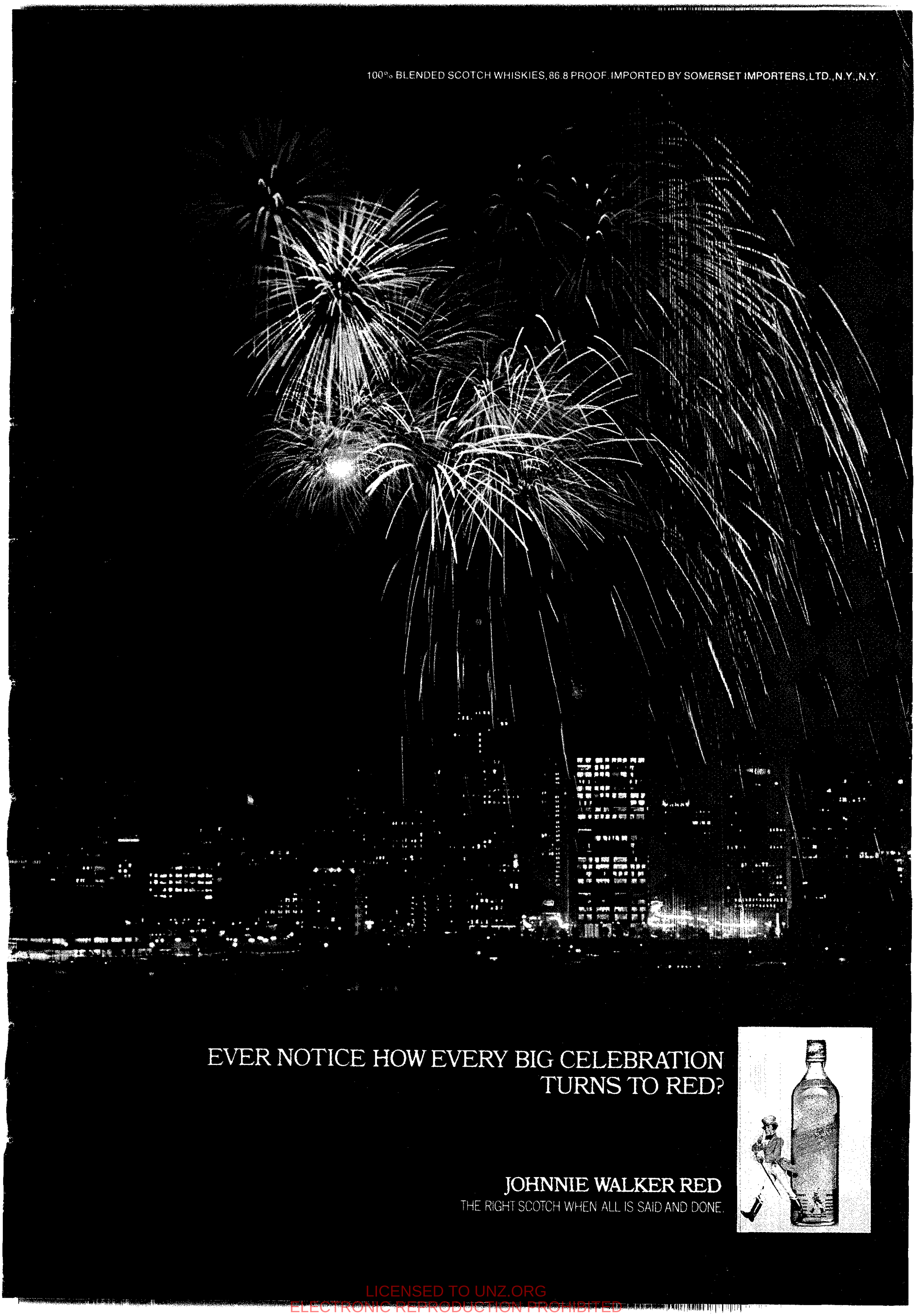
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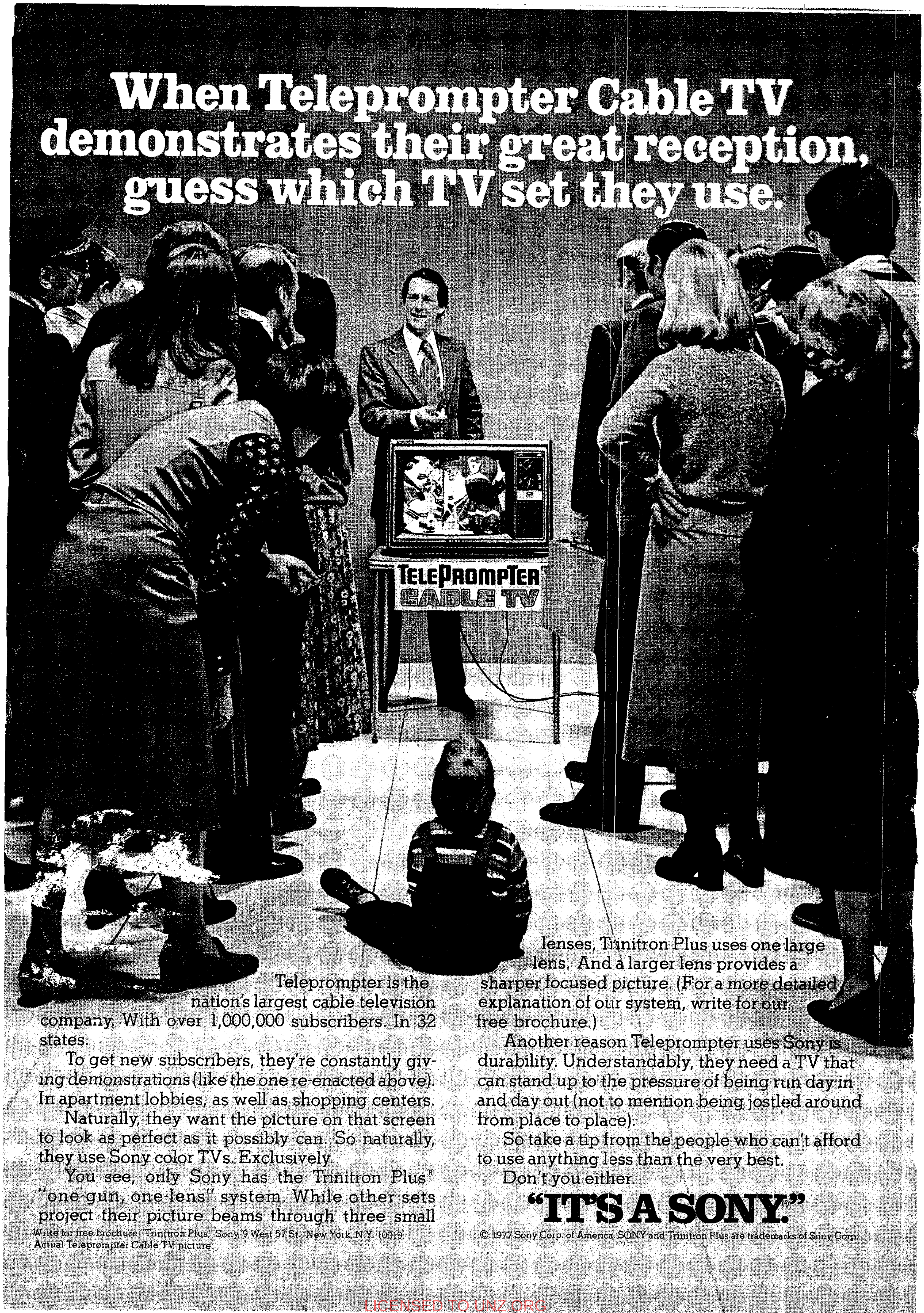

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